

Young Man Red Pill

ARCHIVE

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ABOUT THIS ARCHIVE

An archive of the blog **Young Man Red Pill**, as held by TheRedArchive: 67 posts published between August 2012 and August 2014.

About Young Man Red Pill. Young Man Red Pill was a blog written by "Keanu" around 2012-2014, aimed at young men discovering Red Pill ideas. It covered game and dating, self-improvement, fitness, money, and lifestyle from the perspective of a man in his early twenties navigating the modern sexual marketplace.

About TheRedArchive. TheRedArchive is a free, public archive of the Red Pill community, built so that none of this writing can quietly disappear. It holds **1,686,426 posts** and **38,841,813 comments** from 45 subreddits and 56 blogs. Much of it survives nowhere else — the accounts deleted, the subreddits banned, the websites long offline. All of it is free to read, search and download, and always will be, at www.TheRedArchive.com.

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Best regards,

/u/dream-hunter

Founder of TheRedArchive
July 29, 2026

Cognitive Dissonance

Keanu · 3 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The discomfort caused by holding conflicting **cognitions** (e.g., ideas, beliefs, values, emotional reactions) simultaneously is known as **cognitive dissonance**. For example, a child who has only seen olive skinned mexicans may think all mexicans are olive skinned. Then one day his mother points out a red-haired mexican, which briefly forces the child into a state of discomfort until he determines that either 1) my mom told me a lie or 2) my old worldview was flawed and mexican gingers do exist (**they do**).

Another classic example: if your longterm girlfriend will only have sex with you with the lights off in the missionary position and then you find a video of her up on red tube getting gang banged from when she was on spring break, you will experience a brief period of cognitive dissonance as you attempt to rationalize what you just saw. Initially your brain will attempt to explain away the situation without changing your worldview, asking questions like, "Maybe she has an identical twin she hasn't told me about," or "Photoshop does amazing things these days," before you accept that yes, it is actually her. When you realize that your madonna is also a whore **it can make you spit up your beer at first**.

Or there is the classic college graduate realization that you just spent over 100k to get a liberal arts degree that everyone told you you needed, then graduated to a shitty 9-5 and found out that your expensive degree-looking piece of paper does **not entitle you to a happy life**.

The thing about cognitive dissonance is that, although uncomfortable, it is necessary for growth to occur. When you are in love with 'the one,' break up, and then not only realize but truly *internalize* the fact that oh shit, there isn't just one person for me in this world, because their can't be, you grow from it. Rational Male had a terrific post not too long ago about how those who shy from new experiences find themselves trapped in **the adolescent skill set**. Yes, it sucks to break up for a little while, but afterwards you realize that it is time to move on. The trick is not to wallow in your own self pity—get to the gym, read some books, focus on bettering yourself, and move on to the next one. Hate your job? Instead of whining, start building a new skill set that will get you into a better situation. At least get a **side project**.

Mental growth is analogous to physical. In the weight room you destroy your muscles so they recover and become stronger. Mental and life growth is similar: you must break your worldview down in order to build it back up. The most important thing to remember about CD is that it is temporary. Push through the pain and get the ball rolling on your new experiences, don't run away from them.

The manosphere one of those places where CD is commonplace for the new reader. Any neophyte of game blogs or the godfathers will likely be so entrenched in the fem matrix that he cannot stomach reading Rollo Tomassi rolling the shit out of a shaky feminist argument without having anti-misogyny instinct warning bells going off in his head. The voice speaks to you: *who do these assholes think they are, posting misogynist stuff like **this**?* It truly makes you uncomfortable to read about **fat shaming**.

At first.

A close self examination will reveal that this attitude results from of his ~~money-burning party~~ liberal arts degree, pop culture, too many awful (not necessarily female) public school teachers.

For a while I resisted unplugging. I tried to believe that my previous worldview worked, that women like to be treated like princesses and not gamed. My worldview might have survived, were it not for one big and sometimes uncomfortable thing: the truth. I've seen too many of my friends get AFC'd by girls they pedestalized, too many boys overmedicated for ADHD. I'm trying not to come off as bitter here, because I'm really not. The societal pendulum forever swings back and forth. I am just one of those fortunate enough to see the matrix and be aware the **third wave** as it is happening. Welcome to Young Man Red Pill. Let the unplugging begin.

* * *

Frost had some great thoughts a while back on the [first post](#) (even though he ironically ended up abandoning that blog and going back to Freedom 25). Sometimes it's fun to blog random addresses and check out the blog graveyard...the blogosphere is littered with authors who put up one or two posts and then abandon their pursuit. My post topic today led me to check out [cognitive dissonance.wordpress.com](http://cognitive-dissonance.wordpress.com), a perfect example of the former.

I have been toying with the idea of starting this blog for a while now, and it's time. The [young guns](#) of the manosphere need some more intellectual firepower. Let's get this party started.

Speaking of parties, it's friday.

Turn down the Radio, Turn up the Gangsta

Keanu · 5 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I love gangsta rap.

I'm not talking about recent Jay Z, or even early 2000's 50 cent. I mean, they aiiiight though.

I'm talking about the old school early and mid nineties classics, like early Dre, NWA, Ice Cube, Tupac, Geto Boys.

The lines they spit are so raw, so very un-PC in contrast to what is heard today (with a couple exceptions), it amazes me in the best way. Even Ludacris, the king of the dirty south, wasn't as raw in the same way as Cube was in his first couple of albums. If you want to get a break from **the false romance narrative** in pop culture, look no further than 90's gangsta rap.

Everyone knows that gangsta rap pissed off a lot of people in the 90s with lyrics that were lewd, inappropriate, racist, and dirty. There was an added reason that it struck at the core of people though: the large doses of uncomfortable truths that the music carried. People don't usually get pissed unless they really feel threatened by something. Gangsta rap threatened the status quo because it was too real. Let's take a look at a song from my favorite Ice Cube album, *Death Certificate*, "**Givin' up the nappy dugout.**" Some of my favorite **lyrics** from the song:

Your daughter was a nice girl and now she is a slut

A queen treatin niggas just like King Tut

Gobbin' up nuts, sorta like a hummingbird

Suckin up the lynch mob crew, and I'm comin' third

...

Mr, Mr, before you make me go

I'm here to let you know your little girl is a ho

Nympho nympho boy is she bad

Get her all alone and out come the kneepads

Talk about an uncomfortable dose of reality. It reminds me of when my high school track coach's daughter would sneak off during night meets to hook up with some dude in the adjacent baseball field dugout during meets. The rhymes are real, raw, the language is creative, and it's just straight pleasurable to listen. He pissed off a lot of people but but *Death Certificate* sold over 100,000 albums the first week it was released.

Let's have a look at a contrasting popular song from the epoch. **Here** we have a song from the Backstreet Boys, which dominated the airwaves Justin Bieber style for some time back in the 90s, "As long as you love me." A quick refresher on the lyrics:

I don't care who you are

where you're from

Don't care what you did

As long as you love me

A decoding of the lyrics leaves the listener with something along the lines of 'I don't care how long you've been riding the unicorn carousel baby, I'll still love you even with that triple digit number.' Okay, I'm exaggerating a little bit, but it is encouraging girls to think that guys should love them for essentially no reason, and guys to think...that they should love girls for essentially no reason.

The question I pose, though, is how mad can a person really get about stupid surface level love songs and movies? Correct me if I'm wrong, but doesn't everyone know that music and poetry and romantic comedies are full of shit?

Most logical people do understand that no, movies are not reality...but there is some little part of women that would like to believe that, yes, maybe I'll go to college and meet the **prince of denmark disguised as a regular student**. I would throw out that there is self fulfilling prophecy at work here as well: people tend to believe what they want to believe. When someone someone finally publishes a real account of how shit goes down in the world, people tend to cry douchebag, **ban the book**, or in the modern day and age, **make blogs with no logical argument**. All the habullaloo made against the truthsayer generally has an inverse relation to the amount of truth being put forward. That is, the more a particular truth goes against the grain of the current matrix, the harder it is to swallow. This is nothing new; it's been happening since the **earth was the center of the universe**. It's simply the way of the world: challenge the status quo, upset the mainstream worldview, take a bunch of flak for it.

Young red-pillers, and quite frankly everyone, should go through at least one solid gansta rap phase in their life where they listen to it nonstop. I've got a pretty extensive knowledge of G rap to give out, but I'm also open if anyone wants to throw some classic album suggestions my way. And a piece of advice: for the love of god...turn off the radio as it plays Call me Maybe for the 113,000 time this summer and turn up the Notorious B.I.G. You'll be happier you did, *trust* me.

Make your Intentions Clear

Keanu · 8 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

After having lived abroad for a couple of years in my early twenties and now come back to my hometown, it's fun to meet up with old friends and dissect their game and views about how to get women. I'm still no guru, but I continuously shock them with enlightening opinions about what they are doing wrong, not doing, or over doing. I had a conversation recently with a friend of mine who has really come into his own over the last couple of years while I've been gone, and it's awesome to see how he has changed. In pua terms, he has put his inner game on lockdown: he's happy in his job and is making money, has been working out and looks good, and has developed an edgy sense of humor. I see him go to work on girls in bars and I can tell the girls have him on their radar now who wouldn't have even considered him before. He's only got one more hoop to clear: putting his closing game on lock down. He is one read of Bang away from ending his scarcity mentality on girls.

Over beers we were chatting about girls and dates. I was saying how I had not taken a girl out on an actual 'date' to a nice place in over two years, and that I thought it was a waste of time and \$ especially if you are only looking for something casual, which he is. He said that he doesn't think dates are necessary either, but that he likes going out to fancy new places to try out different kinds of food for himself, and that he enjoys taking out girls on dates just for fun, attractive female company in fine dining spots.

That's all fine and good if you want some solid company as you try out that sweet new sushi place, but by default, the vibe you are putting out by taking a girl to a nice place and paying for everything is that you want to be a provider for her, not that you just want her for a slam piece. I gave him that exact advice, using a lot of FFY's **Dating is Dead** logic. From the look on his face, you would have thought I was a tarot card reader who just accurately described a vivid event in his past. Which, actually, I had, I as he explained to me:

"That's funny you say that girls you take to a nice place get the wrong message, because the same girl I had taken out to [fancyplace] came over to my apartment a couple of nights later. We were in my room, with clothes flying off. We are just a few items of clothing away from crossing the line, and she hits me with 'Hey, I'm sorry, I can't do this. It's just...I'm not interested in a relationship at all and I don't want to hurt you. I'm kind of looking for something not so serious. It's better if you don't get involved with me. I'm going to go.'

"So I came back with, 'Oh no, are you kidding me? That is *totally* fine with me. Let's go for it.'

"She responds 'No, Jeremy, c'mon. I know guys like you...You're a *nice* guy. I can't do this to you. I'll see you later, okay?' And she gives me a kiss on the cheek and leaves."

The irony was thick enough to hack with an ax: Jeremy is not interested at all in a relationship right now, yet he couldn't properly convey that to a girl who also wasn't interested in a relationship and got friend zoned. His last second recovery attempt was weak and strictly verbal, and thus failed.

Throughout their interactions he hadn't conveyed the proper vibe to the girl via his actions and vibe, so she left. There are lots of ways to remedy this problem, but I offered him three concrete points of advice to ponder:

A) Don't take her to a nice place, especially for a first date. Wait until you have locked her down as a casual hookup buddy to bring her as company to a nice place. Take her to a bar or somewhere casual on the first date.

B) Work in some of **Krauser's overt sexual comments** to make your sexual intentions known. "I just checked your [insert attractive part of body]. I approve."

C) Sometimes, the most effective route is the easiest: just be straightforward and tell the honest truth: "Hey, you seem really cool and I'm enjoying hanging out with you tonight. But just so you know, I'm not really looking for a serious relationship right now." Bam. Either she is down or she isn't, and this way there is no wasting either of your time on future dates. Win/win or no deal. I will say that sometimes more subtlety could be required, but with a lot of American girls, the direct approach works fine.

One experience solidified this view for me. I had a very drunken one night stand with a cute girl, and a month later we were at a hotel pre-gaming before going out for the night. The group separated for everybody to shower and get ready to head to the bars, and I walked her back to her room, saying that I wanted to have a quick chat. When I arrived, I said the following:

“Hey, I that was pretty fun what we did a month ago...but I just wanted to let you know that I’m not looking for anything serious at all right now. I mean, hooking up is fun but I don’t want you to get the wrong idea. I’m just looking for something casual at this point in my life.”

Her: “Are you kidding me? I’m not looking for anything serious right now either.”

Me: “Okay cool. (pause, slightly shocked) So...do you want to have a quickie before we go to the bars tonight?”

Her: “Yea. Yea that’s totally cool. How much time do we have?”

We banged before and after the bars, and many times after.

It sounds almost too basic and easy to just be so direct. I was shocked at how this one turned out for me the first time I tried it. Surely there are situations and girls that call for slightly more subtlety of intentions. But this is one of the effects that the 3rd wave has brought to society: girls are often just as down for an F-buddy as are guys. In some situations, all you need to do is be honest with yourself and your lady friend and make sure there is no doubt about your intentions. It might sound and on some level counterintuitive, but it’s worth a try. And the cool thing is that once you are in, you’re in for good. There is never any doubt between the two of you that you are in a sexual relationship.

This is not any kind of breakthrough in human knowledge. Unfortunately my blue pill generation is just too unaware of how the real world works. Cognitive dissonance appears again; for many guys it is counterintuitive that to take a girl to a less classy place will actually help you get some. To conclude, I’ll let Ice Cube in his NWA days break it down in lay person’s term:

I tell a girl in a minute, yo, I drive a bucket, and won’t think nothin’ of it

She can ride or walk, either leave it, or love it.

A brotha like me is only out for one thing

I think with my dingaling but I won’t bring no flowers to your doorstep

When we goin’ out

Cuz you’ll take it for granted no doubt

And after the date, I wanna do the wild thang

You want lobster? HA, I’m thinkin’ Burger King

Throwing in the towel (on life)

Keanu · 22 August 2012 · Archived copy · Original

The guy had the body type that makes you understand where the phrase 'spare tire' comes from. He was probably about 50 years old, and at least 270 lbs, with all the weight around his waist. He was well spoken though, and he organized us very efficiently as we took our team pictures; he was a good guy. I thought of the minor irony that the man himself was probably not requested to have many pics taken of him.

He was well spoken though, and I felt a pang of sadness for the fact that he was so fat. My mind wandered to a sex life might be for a person so obese. I mean if his wife's arms were strong enough to lift up his flab long enough to give him a beej, more power to her, but I sincerely doubted that as a physical possibility because of the serious camel toe he had going on. Unless he had the most dedicated of spouses, she wasn't begging for a ride on PictureGuy's tiny unicorn express. It got me thinking, when did he throw in the towel on life? Or, at least, the physical part of his existence? When did he accept his fat self?

One day did he wake up and say, you know what, fuck it, I am going to eat McDonalds 4 times a week and stop working out?

Maybe he went through a tough, stressful time in life, and fell into some unhealthy habits and never fell out.

Or, maybe he has just always been kind of a loser. I mean, let's face it: his job is as a *picture guy*.

Then I realized that most likely, it was none of these three. Okay maybe it was #3. But as a 20-something starting out in the workforce, I am seeing exactly why lots of people 'throw in the towel.' The way I see it, in your mid-twenties, you have a few different ways you can deal with post-college/beginning the real world depression. The realization that you not only have to work an often boring 9-5 but also have to do things you have taken for granted like cook for yourself can often send you reeling. Often your response to such stresses will be to not confront them at all, and as a result many people make unhealthy lifestyle choices. This is unacceptable if you want to still be enjoying life 30 years from now, and even right now. DO NOT let the prevailing culture of fat unhealthiness seep into you, ESPECIALLY when you are just developing your habits. It is imperative to have a strong frame in terms of being healthy.

Here are a couple of questions to ask yourself if you want to figure out out strong your frame is in terms of having a healthy lifestyle:

1) It's 11 p.m. on a Tuesday. You have to wake up tomorrow at 5:45 for work. You have no lunch ready for tomorrow. Do you

A) Decide that a Mickey D's will work for tomorrow's lunch

B) Go a little 'healthier' and shoot for Jimmy John's or Subway

C) Decide that diet > 30 mins of sleep and bake up some salmon to make a salad for tomorrow

D) You made all of your healthy meals for the week on Sunday night, so you are already good to go.

2) Your somewhat annoying but sometimes cool work friend keeps pestering you to go out for him after work on Friday afternoon, your big lifting day. Do you

A) Say for sure, go out and get hammered with him and forget about whatever else you were going to do Friday

B) Tell him to go stuff himself and lift anyway

C) You already had plans to work out with with your training buddy and then go out with awesome people after, so you have to decline the invite politely

Obviously C for (1) and B for (2) would result in the same health benefits, but they still aren't ideal. Good habits

require forethought. If you chose D and C, you are not just making healthy choices but planning your day-to-day around a healthy lifestyle. Plan healthy, then add on from there.

Or, fuck it, just throw in the towel and do nothing. But the thing is, either you are getting fitter and developing healthy habits, or you are getting fatter and doing nothing. There is no in between.

On the other hand, who am I to judge? Maybe it's just time to **accept fat acceptance**.

Make the World your Oyster

Keanu · 8 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

It's the feeling of excitement you get when you step off the plane to live, study, or even just stay a few days in a new city.

It's the thirst you have to seek out a new adventure every day, even if all you are doing is getting on the bus and going to work or school.

It's the realization of the fact that you are going to die one day and you had better make the most out of every moment you have on this earth.

It's acting on that realization, and not just thinking about it.

It's the zest for life that makes you want to talk to elderly women at the bus stop and to drunken old men at that hole in the wall bar. You want to hear their story not because it's the cool thing to do but because everyone has one and you just might learn something.

It's the feeling that what you are doing today has purpose. That today will be *fun*.

It's the 'World is your Oyster' feeling. Some days you may feel its presence more than others. If you get into a funk, you might not have it for months at a time. Maybe some periods of your life pull you into an introspective, or workaholic mode. And that's fine, long as it's not a permanent feeling.

Back at home after years of travel, I can feel my own 'the world is my oyster' feeling disappearing. I surrender myself to my 9-5ish job, my commute, I fall back into old friendships, old habits. I sit in my parent's house and channel surf shitty ass tv as old people walk their dogs in front of my house. Old apathy toward making the world my oyster. I avoid controversial topics of conversation with friends and family. A month into my new job, I'm too tired to post on this blog, finish the book I am writing, or I decide that no, I actually can't change the world, so I should stop putting in so much effort trying to.

But that 'the world is my oyster feeling' is perhaps the most important feeling in the world to have. Once you lose it, really what are you besides a dead man? If your normal does not include the seeking out of any new experiences as a man in your mid-twenties, I have some bad news: it's not going to get any easier later.

So embrace the world as your oyster. Embrace life. Make it your default position. If you are married, fuck it, embrace game and learn to classily flirt your ass off with women. You know your wife or girlfriend (if she is worth anything) is getting flirted *with*. She's spending some poor sapp's money on her bachelorette trip to Vegas. It's only fair that you keep your game sharp.

There is no special, magic formula to use or book that can show you the way to keep the world as your oyster. The secret is there is no secret. Every single game or self-help book boils down to one thing: get out and live and do not fear failure or rejection. And then learn from your failures.

Our time on this earth is limited. Make the most of it while you can, starting with today.

Any Aggression is Wrong or the Beta White Knight intervenes

Keanu · 22 September 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Watching Patrice O'neal take on the PC police is incredible:

"Now, what would you do if you were walking through the halls and you overheard a girl talking to someone else about her boyfriend's aggressive behavior?"

(answer)

"Yes, that's right. You should report it immediately so that the proper action is taken toward the boy."

This is a true dialogue that occurred in an anti-bullying program in Suburban Creamcheeseland, USA. It is one example in thousands. It pains me to report that this is a true story.

So, to get this straight, kids are encouraged to tattle tale, to REPORT a boy who some girl has been heard saying that he was possibly 'aggressive.' This is the sort of thing that needs investigating these days, regardless of the details. What does 'aggressive' mean? Is he texting her a lot to try to go out with her? Did he try to kiss her last night and get shut down? Or maybe he tried to go a little bit further? I can just imagine how this confrontation will go.

"So, Trevor, we have reports of you being, well, aggressive toward your girlfriend Tammy. What do you have to say for yourself?"

"Well Mr. principal, my gf and I were making out the other day and I got a boner. I wanted to escalate things past 2nd base but she said no, said I was being too aggressive. 3 months, and she still won't help me out. Definitely marriage material, wouldn't you say?"

Believe me, I am the first one to denounce domestic violence. And I know I may be cherry picking an example of idiocy here. But the problem is, I don't think I am. I think this kind of 'women are wonderful' mentality is past the point of logic, to the point where it is causing the pussification of guys. In said discussion tried to add some logic to our discussion of bullying, and how maybe we should use some discretion, but I was hushed to a shocked crowd that I would even question the value of investigating every overheard adjective of 'aggression.'

And the thing is, most guys will probably take this to heart. They'll be so non-aggressive just to err on the side of caution. Better to be a beta than to force confrontation, the masses will think.

Then some day, after watching the asshole who always got in fights get the girl, they'll discover the manosphere, learn game, and rediscover what it takes to be a man.

Now a contrasting story from a marine buddy, a jacked black dude.

Enjoying a late night McDonald's hamburger while bickering with his girlfriend and telling her to 'shut up,' and he might have thrown "you're a bitch" in there somewhere (she was being an idiot, they were drunk), Mr. Beta walks over to my friend. He's got his pussy friends 'backing him' from about 10 feet back. Mr. B has clearly made up his mind that he is going to 'say something.'

Mr. B: "Hey. You can't be talking to a girl like that."

Jacked marine: "Shut up. I'll talk to her however I fucking want."

Mr B proceeds to whip out a knife, but instinctually, marine jacks him square in the jaw with a right hook before he gets it all the way out of his pocket. Marine's hands are cut but not badly with the knife. His friends came up like they are going to 'do something.' Yea...you just saw your friend get knocked the fuck out, so that was doubtful.

Let's rewind for a second. After hours McDonalds....random guy thinks he needs to interject in a private

conversation to defend the honor of all women...brings a fucking KNIFE to make his point...gets decked. And it's not like marine wanted to get physical with anyone.

To recap: random white knight defending a woman after hearing an argument completely out of context. I guess he was raised in the anti-bullying program any drift of meanness being investigated. It is indeed a very peculiar era we live in.

Sometimes I think about the manosphere and if it will be a meaningless blip on the socio-historic radar, or if it is the 21st century intellectual equivalent of Freud and Jung writing letters back and forth. Apple and oranges I suppose, but one thing is for sure: beta-ization is still on the upswing. A new generation of men is coming up and many of them will undoubtedly go along will go along with feminist WAW (women are wonderful) mentalities.

The Worst Way to Lose Your Virginity

Keanu · 23 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Dan was a typical ‘nice guy.’ He was smart, but he was by no means a genius. He had gotten into our moderately selective liberal arts college as a math major. Dan was not what you would call a social butterfly, but the odds were stacked in his favor at our liberal arts college where girls made up 66% of the student body. Dan did all of the conventional things you are supposed to do be successful with women, like treat them nice, buy them flowers, spend money on them, etc. Unfortunately, that attitude got him nowhere. After three years in a sexless relationship he even ended up in a mental hospital after a breakdown. This is his story.

* * *

Dan’s dad was a heavy drinker, so he swore he wouldn’t drink in order to be productive. He was smart and had attended one of the best high schools in the nation. He got good grades but though he lacked a little bit of initiative. Overall though, Dan was a great guy. He would never DREAM of cheating on a girl, Dan was incredibly awkward around girls. He wasn’t bad looking, although he had little style and no vibe.

In the middle of our freshmen year of college, Dan found a gf. She was tolerable, and became roommate #2.5 for the rest of the year. She and Dan were in a stable relationship for three years. Dan could not have been a more dedicated boyfriend. She was his only focus.

Unfortunately, in being so dedicated, he was exuding more clinginess than attraction. Yes, there was probably more to their decision than just lack of raw attraction, but for 3 years, Dan and his gf did not have sex. Let me repeat that for clarity: there was no penis-vagina contact between them. FOR THREE YEARS OF MONOGAMY. AT A LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGE.

After 3 years, his lack of coitus was getting to him. He pressured her more for it, and like a Chinese finger trap, she tightened up even more and was put off by his desperation. Finally, he couldn’t take it any more and broke it off.

The same night that Dan broke off his relationship, he made one of the most tragic decisions I have witnessed, although it did have a certain logic fucked up logic to it: he went home with a random girl. She was a butch, chain-smoking tomboy with a boyfriend. All Dan wanted was to get some ass, and ButchBlondie was happy to cheat on her boyfriend and oblige him.

I was saddened: Dan lost his V-card to a rando who he had absolutely no interest in personally after having spent three years in a loving relationship with a girl he was truly romantically attracted to. If only he could have had his first sexual experience be positive. It was unfortunate to see such a negative precedent set for his romantic life: love means no sex, and sex is better off to be had with a rando.

The summer after we graduated, Dan had a full on breakdown. He had to be interned at a mental hospital for a few weeks. I can’t help but make the connection between Dan’s lack of sex and the breakdown, although I doubt a conventional diagnosis would do so.

Personally, I have almost always been lucky enough that I have rarely had a shortage of available girls who want to hook up with me. The only time I have been in a real rough drought was the first 11 months I was in the Peace Corps, when I was living in an isolated rural farmtown with zero available girls in the vicinity. I tell you what though, after those 11 months I was starting to feel pretty on-edge myself. I was starting to think the 45 year old senoras with 8 kids were ‘not entirely unattractive...even after no beers. (Love those well-suckled mom-boobs. Yum!)

This is why I find offensive articles like [this one](#) which shame guys for seeking to better their skills with women. Whether they get that advice from a dating coach, pua, or just a friend who wants to help is irrelevant. How else are guys supposed to figure women out? Magic?

To say that Dan and people like him shouldn't be allowed a dating coach is laughable. Think of the ensuing outcry if the female equivalent were printed: that women should not be allowed to seek dating advice on how to find the best mate. Yes, we should ban Cosmo. The only place an article like that would ever be published would be The Onion. Crazy.

Whoever thinks that this generation of men is unaffected by watching loads of dirty porn and then hiding those desires from their pedestalized girlfriends is simply mistaken. I believe it is greatly disrupting guys' mentalities toward honesty in relationships and causing us to have even greater **Madonna-whore complexes** than normal. We need to work on **being honest** with ourselves. Nice guy Dan **fapping it** every day is not a positive expression of sexuality. Men and women don't need to feel shame for their desires, they need to work on a mutual, healthy, loving outlet for them.

Do you have a ridiculously bad virginity losing story? Send it to me at [youngmanredpill \[at\] gmail \[dot\] com](mailto:youngmanredpill@gmail.com).

Anonymous Identity vs. Known

Keanu · 25 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Brevity is the soul of wit, so my goal for the first few weeks of posting regularly with this blog is to keep my posts under 500 words, following the advice of the Mano [gurus](#).

* * *

Ah yes, Christmas time, and with it comes the family party. My Irish-Catholic family get-togethers continue to get more and more fun as more of my cousins come of drinking age and a proportionate amount of liquor is consumed.

However, the family party is a perfect example of keeping conversation light and rarely delving too deep underneath the surface of matters. For example, ideas that I explore in this blog I would not dare bring up with anyone in my family. I occasionally allude to red pill logic (“cuz you need to work on your game”) and it tends to freak people out when I do it.

This brings me to the point of this post: secrecy vs. embracement, or even celebration, of identity. Roosh talks about when he was ‘outed’ and had to just embrace his pua identity. Krauser is super upfront. I have a ton of respect for guys like those two who put themselves out there publicly and are completely open about what they are and what drives them. It takes a lot of balls to be as honest as they are. Or maybe that’s just the way of life they’ve chosen.

But, myself being honest, I am not able to be as frank with the world as Roosh and K, at least not yet. I like to think it is more of a job/realist thing than a fear thing. If people at my place of work found out that I had a red pill-gamish blog, my colleagues would be freaked out. It’s possible (probable?) that I would lose my job.

I think we all have a natural curiosity for our own ‘Tyler Durden’ or Mr. Hyde side, the one that most people keep hidden. I’m fine with developing a hidden blogger personality—I need to see how far down the rabbit hole goes...

And it seems like it goes pretty fucking far down.

* * *

In timely fashion, after my post about Dan losing his V-chip, I just ran into the first girl with whom I remember having sex with (whole nother story) last night. An interesting conversation ensued and that is definitely a topic for a post soon. Until then, Merry Christmas motherfuckers. I hope Santa brings you exactly the fake boobies for your girlfriend that you needed.

Holiday Special: Why You Should Give Your Boyfriend a Box for Christmas

Keanu · 25 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Ladies, today we are going to talk about something that you hopefully are already very well aware of. Your box.

Although guys might not always express it, a pretty box is very important to us. More important than you think. I am going to give you a very concrete example from my own life that illustrates just how much you need to treasure that gift you have.

Recently, I was at a wedding for the best friend of my gf. It was a super traditional affair, as both the bride and groom came from very religious families. The wedding ceremony was Greek Orthodox so there was not even any music. After attending such a conservative church ceremony, I was somewhat surprised (eh, well not really) to learn that one of the underlying forces that brought this couple together to be wed on this day was the bride's box. Allow me to explain.

On the day of the wedding I went up to the hotel room where the bride and all of her bridesmaids were getting ready for the dinner. I arrived and my gf was there: "Thank god you're here. We've been talking about boxes nonstop for the last 2 hours. Evidently Jennifer has just an amazing one. These girls can't stop talking about it."

So that was kind of weird to me. But whatever, right? Probably just some fluffy bridesmaid talk to pass the time and make Jennifer less nervous.

Nope. Her box was...well, legendary according to everyone I talked to that day. One of my best bros from high school knew the groom really well from college. He gave me the dirty on how the groom first fell for the bride:

BroFriend: "I remember the first night Greg hooked up with Jennifer back sophomore year of college. When he got back to the dorms, he couldn't stop talking about how amazing her *box* was. Bro, that's what made him fall for her initially. I shit you not. I'm not saying Jennifer's not a great girl obviously, but he was obsessed with her box for the longest time"

Me: "Ahahaha. So her BOX was the spark for this whole relationship??? That is great. Dude, you HAVE to tell that story when it comes time to make a toast. Do you know what she has??? Landing strip? Shaved? Wild Forest? Dude she's SHAVED, isn't she??? I mean, the rest of her body is so hairless! Tell it!!! Everyone will die laughing. If you don't I will."

BroFriend: "Haha dude fuck you. I'll kill you. DO NOT say shit about this conversation"

No, I could not convince him to tell the story of Jennifer's beautiful box. But there it was, right beneath the surface of this whole ornate wedding ceremony. The reality was this: if Jennifer's box wasn't so beautiful, she probably wouldn't have been walking down the aisle with Greg. A lifelong commitment sparked by...a box. I know, makes guys seem pretty superficial, right? Well, fucking newsflash: guys fall in love more easily with girls who are hot. One way to be hot? Have an awesome box.

Yes, she used her box to reel him in. And ladies, if I may, Greg is exactly the kind of guy you want. He's super down to earth (but he's got that slight edge you need;). He has a great job and comes from a great family. He is super happy to start having kids. Now as Jennifer has a bunch of student loan (read: law school) debt and she can't currently find a job in this shitty market, he is even paying for it. Some might say it's a sugar daddy situation but you know what? Even if it kind of is, she fucking earned it. She's a great girl, she's loyal to him, and, above all, she knew how to harness the power of the box while its stock was at a high. I hope she is rocking out with her box out today as they celebrate their first Christmas as a married couple.

So ladies, if you are still trying to think of that a minute gift for that special someone, I highly suggest putting your box in a box for Christmas (Also appropriate on flag day). Everyone involved will be glad you did.

What is your experience with a beautiful box? Did it tip the scale? Email me your box thoughts at [youngmanredpill \[at\] gmail \[.\] com](mailto:youngmanredpill@gmail.com).

How the Feminine Imperative Drives (Beta) Males' Perception of Sex

Keanu · 28 December 2012 · Archived copy · Original

With all this talk about how sluttery is at an all-time high these days, a question has been popping up in my head lately about our pop-culture:

Is our culture sex positive or sex negative? That is, is sex (and especially casual sex) portrayed as something beautiful and mutual, or is it portrayed as vile and taboo?

I got started reflecting on this question when I **re-read** a post in the RM archives about what angers men about the 'feminine imperative, or *fem-perative*' that guys are sold:

The truth about men's mid-life crises isn't about recapturing youth, it's about finally understanding the trappings they've been sold into through their 20's and 30's and coming to terms with that often horrible truth. Some men do in fact buy the sports car, get the new hottie wife or act in some fashion that appears reckless and irresponsible. This isn't due to infantilism, but rather new understanding of their own position as men. They've "lived responsibly" for so long and for so little appreciation that when that true realization is made they feel the need to move. They've become respected, put in the hours, the sacrifice, the censoring of their own views. They realize now that they've sold off true passions in favor of maintaining what others have told him was his responsibility – whether it was his choice or not. And all for what? A fat wife? A shrew? Maybe even a fantastic marriage and a wonderful family life, but also a nagging doubt about not seeing enough of the world by 40 because of it.

I would like to add something that I believe is relevant here and actually subtly disagree with the first sentence in that paragraph. Not only are guys bitter about having bought the 'trappings' of the *femperative* without completely considering what they got themselves into, but I do think that recapturing youth plays a part. Many guys buy into a key falsehood about sex for many years—that women do not enjoy it. I am not sure precisely how this attitude enters guy's psyche, but it is present in many guys.

Allow me to offer my evidence, although perhaps it is more anecdotal than logical.

Take the average, nice, supplicant male and how he reacts to the stimuli with which is is presented throughout his teenage and college years. After having it drilled into him that 'one in x% of rapes is by acquaintances,' many an average, well-meaning guy's thought process continues along these lines:

- 1) I love and highly respect woman; maybe I have a sister, close female friends and I am extra empathic with females. Therefore:
- 2) I would never wish anything so traumatic on females as unwanted sex, therefore:
- 3) I would never think of even pursuing my girl "friends" (even girls I have crushes on) for sex, as if it was unwanted I would be damaging them, which I don't want to do since I am a nice guy; so it follows:
- 4) I perceive most all sexual contact with women as being unwanted (by them)
- 5) While being a nice guy, I watch my (alpha or other) friends get with the girl(s) I like as I take a backseat
- 6) Things happen between my girl 'friends' and I while we are both hammered...we rationalize away what happened as 'a silly mistake.'
- 7) The perception of sex as something negative holds.

This is a pattern of behavior that I noticed very often in undergrad. It is not obviously not an ideal way for female-male interactions to take place. I believe this is one of the fundamental shifts guys make when they discover game.

The mindset shifts from “oh, there is no way this girl that I have a crush on *actually* is interested in just some casual sex with me—girls don’t like sex” to “Well of course girls like sex...why wouldn’t we want to have a good ol’ friendly bonking session?” Girls have moved on to feminism 3.0, but a lot of guys have not.

For me, personally, this was a major paradigm shift that when I finally figured out how to make **my intentions clear**. For a lot of guys, failing to hook up isn’t a matter necessarily of being Beta or Alpha or not having airtight game. Instead, it’s a matter of having an antiquated paradigm that assumes that most girls are looking for relationships and not hookups: “I like this girl and would be down with a little fling, but I’m sure she’s looking for a steady bf because she’s a girl and that’s what they look for...right?”

Once this mindset is shifted to ‘Oh wait...girls are down for casual sex just as much as anyone,’ the floodgates open. Guys who have this figured out can show interest sans desperation and will get just win/win (guy wants casual sex, so does girl) or no deal (girl doesn’t want it, so guy doesn’t pressure more for it) in his relationships with girls.

When you *make* a girl feel like having casual sex with you is slutty or out of the normal, she can *feel* you projecting that guilt or slutty vibe onto her and therefore she’ll feel uncomfortable putting out with you and probably won’t do it. But when you communicate through your words and actions that the casual sex you are pursuing isn’t that big of a deal for either of you, she is fine with it.

Speaking from personal experience, the first few times women took me home (I can definitely emphasize, that for at least the first two, it was *them* who were doing the taking, not me), I woke up the next morning to assume that they *regretted* what they had done with me, that they thought had made some kind of mistake. I would slink out and pretend that the event had never happened. Shit, was I ever wrong. Little did I know, they were always proud to have bedded me, the attractive, good-natured, boisterous bro.

To offer up a concrete and recent example, I just saw an old hookup of mine who was one of the hottest girls at my high school, a dancer with those incredible gravity-defying bouncy boobies (still looked good). Years ago we shared a lovely night of passion in my friend’s hot tub. The sex was so good and she so hot, I could only *assume* that she had made a mistake by hooking up with me, and I never called her again. But when I saw her a few nights ago and brought up the event, she giggled and talked about how fondly she looked back on our night, as one of those youthful dalliances we all have. She even alluded to wanting to do it again...

The belief set I have outlined is a common one for males of my generation. Many males have the idea that a hookup must always involve the male aggressively pursuing the female. We buy into the version of the predatory male, and thus reject our own masculine instincts by not going after women shamelessly like some guys do. We buy into the feminine imperative and become the white-knights of the world, while watching the aloof assholes seduce away. Then, when we finally have our ‘aha’ moment and realize that we are not, in fact being asshole by following our own masculine imperative of shameless pursuit, we think to ourselves “why wasn’t I doing that all along?”

I had it, I grew up with it, my friends had it, yet I could not tell you precisely from where this sex-negative belief set comes. Hollywood movies? MTV? Anti-sexual assault campaigns by women’s groups on campus that made me feel guilty for showing interest in a woman? Growing up Catholic? I am personally still on the journey of figuring out from where these belief sets come, but the image of the predatory male still persists and makes guys feel guilty for following their masculine imperative. I foresee that the need/market for dating coaches/and positive roll models for men to correct this mindset will only increase this decade as the feminine imperative continues to quietly have its way.

– I’m hoping to move this blog forward in the next months and offer up something of a fresh, young perspective on the de-masculinization of and demonization of men everywhere, as I sometimes feel that the manosphere gets hung up on the abstract and could use more anecdotal from those who are in their 20’s and actually witnessing the theories so often referenced (i.e. the cock carousel and it’s effects on marriage rates). At the same time, my evidence is more anecdotal and I welcome critiques about misconceptions in these posts. Feedback is appreciated.

-

-Keanu

Game 101: No Shame in Your Drunk Game

Keanu · 5 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I just got back today from 'Nawlins. That's New Orleans for all y'all northerners. And my god, is that city amazing. The music, the drinking, the atmosphere, the general vibe. I could go on and on. Shotout to [Danny from 504](#) for some sweet recommendations on hotspots. I'm a bit tired right now but I wanted to post this while it was still fresh in my memory. This is my first realtime game account.

The scene is my GF and I's hotel room, as we wake up hungover after a crazy night of drinking, dancing and debauchery on Bourbon Street:

Me "Whoa what happened last night? I totally blacked out after we left the last bar"

theGF: "Well, uh, we came back and...wait you don't remember last night??? You requested, no, you DEMANDED I put a little show on for you in my lingerie"

Me "Oh, sweet. How was it?"

theGF: "HOW WAS IT? I was about about to just jump into bed with you when stopped me short with a 'whoa whoa whoa hold it' followed by a finger twirling motion. I guess you wanted to see me from all angles"

Me "muhaha, drunk Keanu's game is off the hook"

theGF (playful) "Shut up. I am NOT going to do any more shows for you when you are drunk"

Me "On the contrary, put it on right now. Morning showtime!"

She put it on, and I got a rerun within minutes. We had morning sex. The end.

You can take what game lessons you want from this interaction, but personally, I think that just getting drunk and letting autopilot take over works wonders sometimes. At the very least it assures that you keep your intentions clear!

And never apologize for shit you do when you are drunk. A small part of me was about to say 'oh, I made you do a show for me last night and I don't remember? That's so mean I'm sorry.' That would have been dumb as shit.

Agree and fucking amplify that shit. Why the fuck would you ever feel ashamed for telling your gf to put a show on for you? You wouldn't. So don't. In only rare circumstances should you communicate shame.

Is a Kinky Maid Fantasy Sexist?

Keanu · 7 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

My GF and I sitting in [New Orleans](#) talking about kinky fantasies as we eat our [Po-boys](#). Now, my GF is pretty cool, obviously. She self identifies as not being a feminist. But when I say that one of my fantasies is that I want a girl (aka her) to get dressed in a short French maid skirt so that I can seduce her while she pretends to dust some mantels, even she goes all feminista on me. She says that she could never participate in this sort of fantasy, one with a lady cleaning, because it reinforces gender stereotypes.

You heard that right, her gut reaction is that my *fantasy is sexist*. Let's pause the TIVO right there and break it down.

A scant two or so years ago, my (blue pill) answer might have been "Yea I could see that" and I would have just moved on, admitting defeat and succumbing to the fem-matrix we all live in. But c'mon, I'm Keanu now, and this is one of those times where I can see the blue pill shit being flung at me from a mile away. The bullets [whiz by my head in slow-mo](#) and I decide whether to dodge them or engage in battle.

I consider going with agree and amplify (i.e. "Damn right it's sexist, and it's hot as hell") but I decide instead to go the logical route with this one and take a stand.

So allow me to break down what I broke down for my GF on why me having a kinky cleaning lady fantasy is in NO WAY sexist. It's a little crazy to me that this argument even needs to be said, but apparently it does:

- 1) Let's start with what I'm NOT saying. I'm not saying that I'm never going to touch a vacuum* or that women should be the only gender who does housework. In no way was that implied by what I said.
- 2) Reverse the gender roles. Let's say a woman has a fantasy about a sexy plumber, which is a male stereotype. Is it sexist of a woman to have a plumber fantasy? Of course not. That wouldn't even enter into the equation.
- 3) I'm just talking about a *fantasy*. *Fantasy is not equal to reality*.

After I pull out the red pill guns, my GF quickly admits defeat and says she hopes to one day fulfill my kinky Mexican house-cleaning lady fantasy. Victory.

The point is, though, that knee jerk reactions to these types of gender role situations are all too common. And they don't get called out like they need to be. Consider the below situation:

Guy "Hey baby can you make me a sandwich?"

Girl "What because I'm a girl? You want me to make a sandwich and you are going to just sit there watching football and drinking beer? Nah I don't think so, this is a post-feminist society"

Guy "FML"

I don't get pissed when girls ask me to help them carry shit, or get shit down off of tall shelves, and I enjoy cooking up a good meal for my gf. Yet too many girls I have talked to are expecting all this from their guy...and won't even put on a kinky French maid outfit for him. Yowza.

Many guys (or gals) don't want to call out a female's bullshit for fear of being labeled a sexist themselves. Don't be one of those guys. Do yourself and everyone else a favor, and call someone out on her (or his) bullshit today. If you are reading this blog, you have the tools.

And you can feel good about yourself doing it: you'll have knocked something off [Ian Ironwood's incredible list of Alpha/Red pill resolutions for 2013](#).

Not to mention that being a semi-asshole gets the ladies' tingles going.

**On the other hand, I haven't touched a vacuum in almost 4 years. Also, I highly doubt I will do more than 50% of the housework when and if I marry...Not because I'm sexist, but because I just won't give as much of a shit as my lady will about having a clean house. Anyone who has ever seen one of my humble abodes would realize that.*

Girlfriend Game: Reading Between the Lines

Keanu · 11 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

One of the biggest benefits to the red pill is being able to consciously see through the shit that women say, and remember that words do not necessarily correlate with desire. Recently, I had an experience with my girlfriend which illustrates this phenomenon perfectly.

It is 10 am in New Orleans after a late night out. My gf and I are just coming to, and we have to check out of our hotel soon. In each other's caress, we start to kiss and grope a little. Then she says "We shouldn't...we have to check out soon."

Wow. I stop and let her words run through my head. *She says she doesn't want to hook up with you, Keanu. Okay? Well what should I do?* Hmmmmmm. *I guess I should respect her wishes?*

Pre-red pill, I probably would have pushed through anyways and hooked up with her. It's hard to stop a guy in his early 20's with a chubby from having sex. Afterwards, I probably would have felt guilty about it though, as if she didn't totally want to have sex with me (even though this is one of the loves of my life). Keanu, fortunately though, has come to understand gamespeak. So let's translate what she *said* to what she actually *meant* when we read between the lines:

GF (actual English words): "*We shouldn't...we have to check out soon.*"

GF (Gamespeak translation): "Really, you think I care if we check out like 20 minutes late? Shit, they aren't even going to charge us. I could care less about checking out of here on time...but I need you to take the initiative right now. I need you to BE A MAN, take control of the situation, and fuck the shit out of me. I want to feel like you want it so bad that you are OVERCOME with lust for me, and even though I try (a little) to slow you down, you still want me so much that you just take me over.

Epilogue:

We fucked. We both loved it. Yea, we were like 40 minutes late for checkout. And well worth it, we both agreed. Neither of us felt bad.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the red pill in a nutshell. It is the conscious knowledge of a disconnect between words and reality. And it allows you to not feel bad about hooking up with your GF when she shit tests you. Happy swallowing.

First Edition of YMRP Link Love and a Little about Me

Keanu · 16 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I've been reading mano blogs since about last February when I randomly googled 'reviews of Tucker Max Hilarity Ensues' and read an extremely **thought provoking piece** written by frost. Incidentally, I had also just finished reading 'The Game,' which was my introduction into the world of pick up artists. I clicked around the Freedom 25 blogroll and before I knew it I had discovered the New Age Tucker (FFY), Roosh, and others. I quickly realized that the manosphere was, essentially, the continuation of the Tucker Max forums I had witnessed in their infancy.

This was a huge coincidence for me, as I had been living in an extremely isolated situation in rural Latin America for two years (no internet), yet I had had some epiphanies in my time of reflection about American culture and, I shit you not, swore to my friends that when I got back I was going to start a blog explaining 'everything that is wrong with sexual relations and male shaming today, because it's a market that needs to be opened.'

In case that doesn't seem shocking let me reiterate: I felt something was so wrong with American inter gender relations that I literally started writing a book on the subject *while living in complete isolation of American culture, and without any influence from the manosphere or game blogs*. (chapters from which may make it onto this blog sometime soon). My own enlightenment had more to do with seeing how genders related in Latin America and comparing that with my own experience in a very, very, VERY liberal-artsy gender neutral grrrrrrl power girls good and boys bad university environment.

Little did I know, the manosphere already existed. I was flabbergasted to see that many words and stories were already in existence of frustrated, over-feminized men who felt like they had been sold a false worldview. I felt like the manosphere might have mined the depths of my own shamed male consciousness to find its content. I was hooked. It's been an wild intellectual ride ever since. The red pill is still settling for me.

Anyhow, today I am going to link to a few of my favorite posts:

Danger and Play is stepping his game up lately with a new format. This post about the Men's Health editors marketing LeanGains 100x better than its proprietor is interesting and serves as a good lesson:

Execution Trumps Idea

I have always felt Donlak marches to the beat of his own red pill drum, and I love his posts for it. This one is possibly my all-time favorite manosphere post. Red pill logic at its finest:

Marriage lacks cultural significance – or, what's in a name change?

This post is on Dannyfrom504's blog, but written by Deti. Solid advice for your son, or daughter, but mostly your son (wish I had seen this maybe 9-10 years ago):

Advice for your son

Lastly, a shoutout to the ladies of the 'sphere and everywhere, the ones who are smart enough to realize when you are getting wasted with friends and everyone is blacked out, who the fuck knows what just happened:

Good thing Keanu is sexy

I've gotta lotta post ideas fresh in the head. So far this blog has been a little vague with my story so y'all can get to know Keanu a little better in subsequent posts.

Keanu is a truth seeking 20 something who enjoys decoding what women really want. Tune in next time for more decodification of the complex sex.

MSN Dating Advice: How it steers you wrong

Keanu · 17 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

This morning as I was trying to enjoy my day, an MSN dating article hit me in the face. The article is titled: “13 things men still don’t know about women.” At first glance you might think the article is a piece of vanilla fluff.

Unfortunately that is not the case. I wish I believed in God so I could pray to him that no one else was reading the article and developing their worldview in any way shape or form from it. The list follows, with my thoughts below each:

1. Sometimes, we’d rather sleep alone: We don’t *always* want to be held.

Make sure you can recognize the difference between a girl who is putting out that ‘hit it and quit it’ vibe and the ‘I’m feeling a need for security’ vibe, mmmkay? Very important decision could be the difference between 0 and 15 years.

2. We prefer “comfort” bras.

So DON’T expect anything especially lacy or whatever the fuck that dirty thought was that just entered your mind. SHAME ON YOU!

3. The longer you date us, the less we shave our legs.

You gotta learn to love those prickly legs...personally, a little leg stubble while having sex really gets me going! GRRRL POWER YAYA

4. Sometimes we’re in a bad mood just because: It’s not “that time of the month,” so don’t ask.

How are you supposed to know if it’s that time of the month, you ask? You PLEBIAN! You should be keeping a calendar of your lady’s cycle...so you know if she is in a ‘regular bad mood’ or if it’s from something egg-siting her body (Yep, that egg joke just happened). WTF does it matter anyways? I can’t ask my GF why she is pissed off? What planet art thou on, o author of msn?

5. Put it in writing: We expect a card with the present.

Even if it’s just *skittles*!!! Joke makes sense if you are familiar with *this guy*.

6. Maid to Order: We’re not your mother: This should be pretty self evident...We are not here to pick up after you, and we don’t want to nag you about it—but we will if we have to. So don’t make us.

Sorry, *Betty Frieden*, looks like we’ve got a long way to go for complete gender equality if msn is still posting about guys who won’t clean the house. So let me help you out and repeat for my penis-having brethren: PICK UP YOUR SHIT and you’ll be rewarded somehow...with blowjobs I’m guessing? Oh What’s that? Last time you cleaned the house you got a verbal ‘thank you?’ Then when you were a total asshole you pissed her off so bad you had to have make up sex and it was awesome?

7. Sharing Is Caring: We always want half of your dessert

I honestly don’t think the author realized the punchline being set up when talking about women eating more dessert. But this much is certain: *Accepting Fat Acceptance* is here and it’s real. *Like it! Love it! Want some more of it!!!*

8. Looking Back: We will judge you—and ourselves—by the women you dated before us.

Even that land beast (who gave AMAZING head) who I banged a bunch of times when my friends weren't around? Don't beat yourself up too much! She's pretty hard to match up to!

9. In the Know: We expect you to remember our birthday. And the name of our first dog, where we went to college and how we like our eggs. Is that too much to ask?

I would go a step further and add: make sure you write all this personal information of your lady down on your first night out. Constantly bring this up on the second date, and I guarantee you get laid. Oh what's that you say? You say you tried that before and it got you nowhere? And then you read this stupid misogynist blog that told you that **girls like assholes** and it all made sense why girls go home with bros who couldn't give two shits about birthdays?

10. Blues Clues: We notice your jeans.

So guys, you better hit the gym. Maybe while your lady is finishing her dessert.

11. We don't want you to be better dressed or have better hair than we do. Yes, we want you to look good, but in that rugged, manly, didn't-try sort of way.

Basically, be born with **good genes** that make your butt look nice in jeans!

12. Take Charge: We want you to make the first move. As long as you're a well-adjusted guy with emotional intelligence, trust yourself to know when a woman is into you. We want to be approached, we want to be asked out, and we want you to be confident enough to do those things.

Just don't say one of those *stupid* pick up lines. Say the smart one. You know the one I'm talking about. Say it with authority.

13. One of a Kind: No two of us are the same. We don't all love to shop, drink cosmos and watch romantic comedies. While some men think that "you know one woman, you know them all," each woman has her own unique history and habits, her own endearing quirks and idiosyncrasies. Embrace them!

Finally, some REAL advice! What I don't understand is why no one is out there giving the following equivalent advice to women about men:

Ladies, remember that no two guys are the same. We don't all love to watch porno, smoke cigars, and play sports. You might think that you 'know one man, you know them all,' but each guy has his own unique habits. Some of us may even like to get drunk and play video games in our parents' basement! Embrace those quirks! They are what make men men! Porno and Videos games! Bros rule! Marry us!

This is a gender neutral article like girls enjoy taking an awkward dick from a hipster. This is the world we live in though...where this shit passes for normal.

Well, I guess we better learn to enjoy our...

Ubiquitous Ex Texting

Keanu · 24 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The ability to instantly communicate with anyone just about anywhere on the globe has turned into a ubiquitous part of our culture. The culprits are gchat, email, but especially texting. I'm not saying easier communication is bad for us but I am saying that it has created a generation of people for whom constant validation has become the norm.

Take ex-texting. This is a common practice in couples these days, obviously. Let's throw out a scenario: Guy dates girl for one year, girl and guy break up and start dating new people, but continue to stay in occasion friendly contact keeping each other on the back-burner, through texting and chat.

Or similar: girl and guy are fuckbuddies for a few weeks.

I came across a yahoo thread the other day where many people were deciding if the texting that their new gfs/bfs were doing with their ex's crossed the line. They were obviously insecure and wanted to know what is the 'norm' for texting ex's, how much is too much, what kind of friendship is appropriate to allow their new ex's to take on, etc.

I found this question of 'what is normal' to be very interesting, as people seemed to be missing the point: *there is no 'NORMAL.'* *This issue just came into being a few years ago.*

Did my dad worry about my mom texting her ex's when they were dating in the 80s? Fuck no. No such thing. If she wanted to get in touch with someone from her past, she had to CALL them on a fucking landline, risking talking to HIS new gf and creating a whole drama factor there. Even moreso before phones. For tens of thousands of years of humanity, if you went to see someone that you had fucked, yea you better believe some jealous emotions surfaced if either partner knew about the encounter. Now, when you grew up with texting and Facebook as a part of your life, it's not even an afterthought as to whether or not you should occasionally text ex's and see what they are up to these days, how they are doing, whatever. Again, if we go back to the years previous to the 90s or so, if you find out your ex wrote a letter or called someone who they had been with intimately, that's a fucking *conversation*. Now the conversation is 'my gf/bf is way jealous, s/he freaked out when I got in touch with (ex's name).' The paradigm has effectively shifted.

Think about that: you are dating a girl and she gets a text from some guy. "Who's that?"

"Oh, that's just Mark."

"Yea where do you know him from?"

"Well we hooked up for a couple of weeks...oh that was a long time ago though. And it was just a hookup, nothing serious."

Thanks for that. I feel great about putting in lots of effort to dating you now.

Is being continuously romantically validated by several guys/girls normal for you? Do you chat up your ex at the drop of a hat on gchat? Yea it's a nice benefit of technology to chat with old friends, but keep in mind: why do guys keep in touch with old flings? Yea it's nice to have good female friends, but you better believe that not far beneath the surface of our skull we are thinking, "hey, I slept with this girl. Why not keep the oven at like 100 degrees in case shit goes south with her bf? I'll be right there to pull the ex swoop." Not sure if ladies feel the same.

Game for a Larger Market

Keanu · 30 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original

CH has been **on fire** lately. I am in particular drawn to a conclusion of a recent post of his:

...This bizarre epoch will come to be seen as a time when women were led so far astray that they became, socially and biologically, men. And men, for their part, became **manboobs**.

I am hopeful that the conclusion of a recent post will prove accurate. But how will it happen? There will have to be a major cultural shift in order for his theory come to pass.

To me, the most important question of the manosphere is how to reach the younger audience effectively? How can another generation of men be halted from growing up afraid of their own masculinity, only to discover once it is too late that they had been entirely misled, that everything they have learned about how to have effective relationships with women has been wrong?

I'm simplifying here, but the manosphere has several different camps to it. A lot of the comments I read are from guys who have been burned in a divorce, or who are already married and trying to make the most of their relationship with their wife and trying to keep the bedroom as fun as possible. The older manosphere crowd, if you will.

There is a third younger camp that the manosphere/game blogs appeal to, and it is interesting to delve into why. What kind of young demographic find and follow manosphere blogs? On the other hand, what does a true alpha who has never had any trouble getting pussy think of a book like a game? One friend of mine, who is as Alpha as they come, had this to say:

"A few weeks after reading it, I ran into some girl in a bar when the subject of the book 'The Game' came up. I told her I thought it was fucking stupid. And yea, she laid me that night, ironically."

Even though blogging doesn't make you Beta, I think it's fair to say that most natural Alphas are not concerned (especially at their younger age) with a game blog or adding to the manosphere. Ladies come too easy to them, anyway. And they are busy fucking and

It's easy in the manosphere to keep droning on and on about examples of how the fem-centric sphere is destroying positive masculinity, demonizing male desire while pedestalizing women. But what does repetitive whining do? To a degree is it necessary to point out how the fem-matrix is everywhere, but only to a point.

I read on one manosphere blog recently, "when the problems of the world turn too great, the powers that be will surely turn to our corner of the internet for answers." Really? I highly, highly doubt this. I think this is self-aggrandizing delusion. Hate to burst your bubble.

I don't mean to discount the ideas of the 'sphere. Quite the contrary. Anyone who has tried even the slightest bit of game becomes attuned to how accurately it describes human nature, for better or for worse.

My prediction: When a product/show with game underlinings becomes mainstream in the next few years, it will be because it is 'cool' to share with friends in all circles, a la Tucker Max. And it will be a BIG deal. I love Roosh and I think BANG is a great read for anyone trying to develop a specific social skill set with girls (maybe the best pickup book out there), but he's too extreme for the mainstream.

What the manosphere needs is a spokesperson that can speak manosphere and mainstream at the same time. This person will be very famous, and will probably come around in the next decade or so. He will be the "Neo" that will make masculine cool again.

Btw, Keanu is my pen name because it was my nickname at college, not because of some Matrix fetish I have. I've

only seen the first one, actually.

Do Good-looking Guys Need Game?

Keanu · 1 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I'm a modest guy in general. Blame my midwestern upbringing, or blame whoever, but I don't give myself enough credit and it has hurt me in my dealings with women. Keanu is attractive, bottom line. It is not uncommon for me to get approached by women without even talking to them. By not uncommon, what do I mean? Let's see...

Yesterday, at work, from my boss: "Hey Keanu, I want to ask you a non work related question."

Keanu: "Okay."

Boss (leans in): "Are you... 'available'?"

Saturday night at a bar, 2:30 a.m.: "Hey. Nice shirt. Are you Latino?" (I was wearing a soccer jersey)

So these were from the past week... Thanks mom and dad for my tall stature, facial symmetry, and long eyelashes!

Even though being good looking can help you out with girls, it won't help you seal the deal. For that, you must have game.

I was recently reflecting on how much I got friend-zoned by girls I knew during my freshmen year of college. The thing is, if I had even an ounce of game the friend zone would have never happened. The first friend zone experience:

Freshmen year, on move in day, a cute sophomore girl was helping my roommate move his boxes into our room as part of a move-in volunteer corps. Well, she ended up talking to me, getting *my* number, and saying that I should swing by her dorm later for drinks. I'm sold.

She texts me later. Come by at 7, she says. Cool, I think. This girl seems nice and is cute. I head over to her dorm, alone. I arrive at 7, not drunk. There is a crowd of people outside playing bags. I walk right up to her.

"Hey Marta whats up?"

"Oh hey..."

"So what are you guys up to? Do you want to hang?" I say earnestly, respectfully.

I'm not sure of the particulars of the dialogue that transpired after that, but within 30 minutes she was ignoring me and talking to some other dudes. And yea, maybe she used me for a pawn to make some other guy jealous or whatever. But she made it suddenly clear to me by distancing herself that a romantic thing was not happening for me, with her, in the near future. Especially not tonight. Blue Pill Keanu was shocked and pissed. Red Pill Keanu is not at all surprised by her reaction. Let's break down how she probably perceived me. I had:

- 1) Rolled up alone, no bros or sidepieces
- 2) Rolled up not drunk
- 3) Rolled up on time.

What I should have done:

- 1) Rolled at least 8-9 bros deep. The deeper the better. Ideally with some ladies too
- 2) Rolled up packing heat of the whisky sort, possibly with Keystone Light to chase
- 3) Rolled up at least one hour late and made no apology.

Mainstream romance advice columnists would no doubt call this advice 'manipulative' and somehow wrong. But no. Just the facts. This would have worked. Girls cannot resist the allure of 10 bros rolling around drunk, chanting shit, and making fun of everyone in their path. I don't know, something about the tribe, loyalty, gets the panties

wet. It's not phony, just setting yourself up for success, and making sure the girl's perception of you shows 'who you really are' and at the same time gets her tingles going.

But alas, 18 year old me spent that night alone in my dorm room, trying to figure out where I went wrong, how I could have better to met Marta's needs. I focused not the specific words I said to her. Why could I not see? The whole environment was off if attraction was going to take place. I was trying to make a nail go in with a screw.

If even sexy-ass Keanu can get friend-zoned, then what hope is there for my game-less brethren?

The time is now: learn game. Embrace self-improvement in the area of your life that is undoubtedly applicable: how to deal with women. Unlike all those shitty bio, chem, math, and foreign language courses you poured years of work into during high school and got next to nothing out of, you can rest assured you'll be dealing with women for, oh, a few hours a day at least, until the day you die...

Blue Pill Post Coming soon:

Blue Pill Keanu Still Shames Fatties

The Virginity Losing Aftermath

Keanu · 2 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The post on this blog with the most hits, by far, has been the story of my college roommate Dan losing his **virginity in the worst way possible**. To sum up: he was blue-balled by his girlfriend (who he treated like gold) for the entirety of his college experience. This was a girl who he truly loved as much as any guy can at ages 18-22. He loved her and did everything for her and waited to have sex with her, to consummate the bond. This surely got to him as he watched his roommate Keanu (that would be me) consummating many bonds with throughout the course of freshmen year with different girls, all of whom he refused to consider becoming monogamous with...

To make a long story short...four years and no sex for Dan. TheGF didn't hold out for religious reasons either (not that I would have respected that anyway). Dan let his gf run the show. Blue pill Keanu simply thought Dan was an idiot. Red Pill Keanu sees the problem very clearly now though: Dan needed to create the tingles in theGF, not worry about washing every fucking dish in her apartment, and get a life of his fucking own.

Like I say, Dan needed an overhaul. He wasn't a bad looking guy and wasn't dumb, but he lacked ambition and, more importantly, did everything TheGF asked him to do. Hoping, hoping, hoping for sex to come at some point if he did everything she asked. For four years, it never came.

Then, one night, Dan said fuck it, broke up with his GF and was deflowered by a butch drunken softball player with a boyfriend. Well, we all gotta lose it some time, I suppose.

What I haven't yet gone into is the psychological aftermath of this situation for my friend. For one, I have only recently been made privy to the details of Dan* (obviously not real name)'s situation.

The summer after senior year, his mood fluctuated up and down, bi-polar-ish. Finally, he broke down and ceased to function normally. He ended up in a mental treatment facility because he literally had lost touch with reality. He didn't recognize people he used to know. He spoke gibberish. The kid was fucking twenty-two years old. He should be in the prime of his goddamn life!

For the next year, he was on psycotropic drugs. He is *just now*, at twenty-five, starting to fully recover. I asked my friend TBone, who was best friends with Dan throughout college, to give me his analysis. TBone is a historian who identifies with being a feminist, and who consequently has been friend zoned and 'a shoulder to cry on' more than a male cheerleader. Oh how I have been trying to subtly fill him with Red Pill Knowledge...

The point I want to make is that TBone is sympathetic to feminism but even he diagnosed Dan's problem this way:

"Dan was dating Steph for four years, man, four years. And no sex. That shit got to him. For four years, he had defined his life according to her, he thought they would be together. When it ended and then fucked that random to top it off, he had no purpose, like he was aimlessly floating, like the last four years had been a waste."

In other words, Dan made it his main purpose in life to supplicate himself for his girl, like a good Beta should...but the attraction wasn't there (for her). When the walls came tumbling down and reality was revealed, Dan couldn't handle it. I mean hell, what would you think if you had just poured four years of your prime into a relationship with someone who you didn't make tingle enough to have sex with you??? You'd feel like a worthless, no-good piece of dung. I'm actually getting angry writing this, but I can't help but realize that the anger is misdirected.

TheGF tried to be a good GF, she TRIED to be attracted to him, but...couldn't. What she needed, wanted was the impossible: for Dan to man up and become more of a man, more *masculine*. She couldn't *make him* change. Dan had to do it himself.

So, four years and no physical intimacy in your late teens and 20s. Talk about creating a worldview of scarcity mentality in terms of girls.

Don't feminists understand that this is why a lot of guys are so pissed off? That most of the manosphere isn't

misogynist, but that they just feel like it is no longer okay for them to man up? That every guy who follows the feminist mold for males will get screwed (sorry, I meant *not* screwed) like my friend Dan did? That this is why most guys learn game? So they can manage relationships better, not so that they can slam 100 **boxes** per year?

* * *

I said something to TBone and Dan the other day that seemed to confuse the hell out of them. We had been out at a bar and these 2 slutty seeming girls had tried to follow my friends and I to a late night bar in an attempt to hook up with one of us. Tbone and Dan aren't as huge bar hounds as I am, and were surprised by their behavior. We are driving home, having a debate about prostitution and paying for sex, and I make an off-hand remark worth noting here:

"Damn TBone, but American girls are so slutty these days anyway. Why the fuck would anyone even need to pay for sex? I mean you saw those girls tonight."

Dan and TBone looked at me, but almost through me. It was as if I just told them that string theory now proved that God existed. I saw it in their eyes...they had no idea, and were not even close to finding, what it would be like to perceive an abundance mentality when it comes to women. They were still fighting to get out of the friend zone with the world.

Most guys still don't get it. I don't know if they are scared of the red pill or what, but they can't make themselves take it.

Men, find your purpose. While you are young, lend yourself to as many new experiences while you can handle.

Travel, lift, read, watch good movies, talk to intelligent people about their passions. Find a good mentor. Have role models. Yea, school can be good but above all learn things from people you meet. If people treat you like you are worthless, move on. If girls blueball you, move on. When you are secure in your position in life, then think about finding a woman to support you in your journey...if that's what you're into.

How the Red Pill Found Me

Keanu · 3 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A frog put in warm water that is slowly increased to a boil will die. A frog that jumps directly into a pot of boiling water, however, will jump right back out.

For most guys who take the time to blog and comment in the manosphere, I feel like they needed a moment where they felt like they had just jumped into a pot of boiling society. This is the story about how I (Keanu) found the manosphere/red pill, or more accurately how it found me.

My first 'red pill' moment was reading Tucker Max when I was 22 and dating a girl who I was very in love with, but with whom I never felt like I was sexually free, or comfortable enough with her to do anything I wanted. We had been going out for over a year, and I still could not even get her to have doggie style sex with me. This was a big deal to me.

Like a lot of guys I'm sure, my first thought after finishing *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell* was "It's official.

Assholes have awesome sexual experiences with girls." It was **cognitive dissonance** at its finest: I had thought up until that moment that the way to get the girl of my dreams was to buy her flowers, and act really nice around her.

Meanwhile Tucker was...well we all know how much ass he was getting. I loved my girlfriend but...goddamn it the world didn't make sense any more somehow. My gf wouldn't even have sex with me doggie style, only missionary...how was it that with the woman I loved and was supposedly completely comfortable with would only want missionary style sex with me, yet Tucker was able to be a huge asshole and bone everything in sight from every angle? Had my gf been like this with other guys, I wondered, or just me?

This tipped off an intellectual adventure which has been going strong now for almost four years. I read everything I could get my hands on about evolutionary psych, stuff like *The Moral Animal*, Richard Dawkins, *Sperm Wars*, *Sex at Dawn* to name a few. I moved to rural Latin America for two years where I lived like Henry David Thoreau. I experienced being a part of gender roles that we now in modern (American) society call 'antiquated.' Men were generally manly and did the heavy lifting and worked in the fields, while women took care of babies, treasured their virginity until they lost it with their husband, with some exceptions of course. Suddenly, I was looking back at U.S. culture with an objective lens. And things seemed weird-looking. My boiling water moment.

Oblivious that there was this thing called the 'manosphere' developed and living with no internet for those two years, I still had a sinking feeling about gender relations back in the U.S., that they had moved far away from true masculinity. I thought about applying to grad school to do gender studies. (hahaha, yea, I really thought that) The earliest articulation of what I felt that I saw was "brocism," a term coined by a site **many probably don't remember** to talk about bro haters. Why did I think 'brocism' was real?

Well, at my liberal arts college which was 70% girls, faculty constantly demonized fraternities for...well they are not sure what for still, mostly because we were male. Meanwhile all of my (male) friends and I made (and continue to make) an effort that is well above the average person to try to make the world a better place in real, measurable terms. Friends of mine were accused of date rape by their psycho, drunken girlfriends and their reputations were tarnished. I reflected on how I had lost my own virginity, and, whaddya know, I was evidently raped myself by some people's definition.

Meanwhile the program I worked for was all about implementing international 'gender equality,' and by that it meant to make learning more accessible for girls. Little problem though: In the incredibly low income schools where I was placed, the vast majority of the failing students were male. A low, low, low percentage of the high school grads were male. I worked with literacy in the elementary and middle schools and discovered how much better the girls were at sitting still and thus able to pay attention and learn things. There was no ADHD medicine for these people. I felt bad for the boys. They were yelled at the most, and the education system was set up least of all for their success.

Then a year ago, I read my first manosphere blog post through google. It was a review of Tucker's last book by Frost. For better or for worse, I have been voraciously devouring everything in the sphere. It's addicting sometimes, and I've tried to give it up, but I can't. Sometimes I feel like being a proponent in the sphere is just the male version of being a feminist whiner. But then I read a post by CH or RM and I am reminded how goddamn sensible and intuitive so much of the advice is in the sphere. Game describes human nature too accurately to be dismissed. In a world that is becoming increasingly politically correct, the manosphere is a voice of reason. It is the intellectual club of the 21st century, a movement toward logic and **destroying pretty lies**.

So that's why I took the red pill, or became interested in this movement, whatever you call it. There have been good nights and bad, but in the end, I feel like I have a set of beliefs that accurately describe the world around me, which is what I preference above most other things.

Girlfriend Game: When “No” Means “Yes”

Keanu · 8 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

For whatever reason, Thursday nights are when I like to post. I'm not quite sure why the creative energy amps up on Thursdays. If you are tuning in to Young Man Red Pill for the first time, feel free to check in next Thursday for more moves you can try out to increase sex frequency and intensity. Also, comments are definitely welcome.

Today's post will dive into the murky waters of verbal consent within hookups. Like a lot of red pill wisdom, this post runs contrary to popular belief, and most ~~propaganda~~ mainstream dating advice. There is a lot of blabber about consent these days. While I do not in any way condone forced sexual contact, some people take consent too far.

That is, when two people are hooking up, 'no' doesn't always mean 'no.' It can mean a lot of things, like, "Are you sure you want to do it?" "Maybe in a little bit," "Not now," "Up your game and we'll see," and, yes, sometimes even, "yes."

The following is a real life example of when 'no' pretty much meant 'yes.'

I was hooking up with my GF today. The scene: Her parents are gone, but her little sister is upstairs. We are making out on the couch in her living room. I start to undo her blouse buttons. The following dialogue occurs:

Keanu "Where can we hook up right now?"

GF "No."

Me "What? I asked *where* we could hook up."

GF "Oh. I thought you asked *if* we could hook up right now."

So that's a no from her side. We go back to making out and dry-humping for a few more minutes. Three minutes later, without any prompting, she says:

GF "Nope. Can't think of anywhere." (It is obvious to me now she is racking her brain for places to hook up.)

At this point, I know what to do. I didn't used to, but now I know that words are not always equal to desire. When my GF says no, she wants, *needs* me to initiate the hookup in spite of the fact that she turned me down. Does she want it to be her fault if her sister walks in and catches us in the act? Of course not.

But what if she just happened to be so hot in that particular moment that she was simply irresistible to me? What if my hands started derobing of their own will? What if it became too hard to think straight with all of that blood rushing to my big head...

Two rationalizations occur:

A) she feels sexier because she was irresistible, and B) if her sister does catch her, it's not her fault. It's MY fault.

So, I say nothing. I take off her pants, go to finger bang town for a while, and a little while later she gives me an outstanding (and standing) bj. Her sister doesn't come down (girl is smart, obviously).

Later, in the car, going back to my house, she says to me:

"Well that was pretty fun...dangerous, and maybe not the best idea, but definitely fun." (Smiles). Ah, I love her smile.

So there you have it. No actually meant yes!

If how I acted in this hookup situation sounds like normal behavior to you, then good. But the reality for me is that to know that I should just proceed with escalating a hookup when my gf says no initially required a paradigm shift from a few years back.

Unfortunately for some guys, they don't get this information...They are listening to the people tell them **"Only**

'Yes!' with a capital Y and an exclamation point means yes!!!! Okay?!?!??, as the girl who wrote this article from XOjane states in the last paragraph of this "advice" piece:

A LETTER TO MY COLLEGE-AGE BROTHER: "YOU CAN GET LAID WITHOUT BEING A JERK"

To be honest, I wrote out a 600 word diatribe tooling the above article, but is it even worth it anymore? If you want to see dumb feminist advice to boys in action, read it. AT NO POINT DOES SHE GIVE ANY ACTUAL ADVICE. And the article is published on a site with 16,000 Facebook likes.

Somebody is taking that advice. Oh I know who...it's my old friend Dan who had a girlfriend for 4 years in his early 20s and was afraid to make a move on her.

Don't end up like Dan. Read between the lines.

Alpha Move: Shag your Woman good

Keanu · 15 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Fucking your wife or girlfriend is a taboo topic for many. You can talk with your bros about banging ho's all day, but what about your long term girl?

Guys, I want you to picture yourself shagging your gf, wife, or lady friend right now. Okay. Now picture yourself shagging her as hard as you can.

Pretty hard eh?

Now, I want you to visualize yourself as a fucking sex god. Sex machine. Picture yourself fucking your gf with the strength of 10 men and absolutely destroying your gf.

Notice a difference? Expectations, boys. There is an important distinction between fucking hard and fucking *hard*. That difference has to do with your energy and passion level in the moment, and hopefully will produce a noticeable vocal response in your GF/Wife.

* * *

My GF keeps me abreast of the details of her friends from college's relationships. Mostly to tell me how awesome I am in comparison to her friends' bf's, of course. Recently, she told me a very telling story about her friend Rebecca who has a problem with her bf. Namely, Rebecca can't get her BF to go down on her nor fuck her hard enough.

The Players:

Rebecca— Sizzling hot (I give her an 8.5) and very sweet girl who unfortunately has very low self-esteem. Also, Keanu's friend from high school. See: tumultuous relationship with father=low self esteem. She cheated on her (now ex) bf Josh, probably b/c she unconsciously thought she wasn't good enough for him. Josh never forgave her. Josh sure did fuck her good when they were dating, though.

Josh— Rebecca's ex-bf from college. A sexual madman. Comes from one of those rich, old fashioned republican families. R and J have been broken up for years, but she still thinks about him. A lot.

Robbie—Rebecca's recent bf of one year. A super-nice, cool dude, although he is missing a couple of important categories.

Cool apartment and job? Check.

Cool friends? Check.

Cool dude? Check.

Goes down on his gf? Uh oh...

Fucks his GF hard enough that she has stopped craving her ex-bf's cock? double uh oh.

Allow me to delve into the impetus for this post, which was a little convo I had recently with my GF:

Me: "So wait...are Robbie and Rebecca still having bedroom problems?"

Jane (my gf): "Well, Robbie still hasn't...you know, given her what she wants and needs."

Me: "So he won't go down on Rebecca?"

Jane: "Yea, exactly. She's too shy to tell him what she wants. And well...I think she's thinking about Josh. Josh was a sexual deviant, from what Rebecca has told me"

Me: "I can see where she is coming from in a way. I mean obviously she doesn't want to be all 'hey Robbie, can

you flick your tongue on my clit horizontally? And...maybe a little bit of hair pulling and just a liiiittle bit of slapping? Omg when (ex-bf) Josh used to do it, it drove me *crazy*.”

Jane: “Hahahaha. Yep that’s exactly what she told me. She compares Robbie and Josh all the time...and Robbie still hasn’t given Rebecca...what she wants.”

Me: “Guy needs to man up. Bottom line.”

Jane: “Yea...well he needs to man up real quick...or Rebecca is going to end up making a real bad decision...”

Translation from Gamespeak: Rebecca’s going to end up jumping on some random penis to try and feel like she did with Josh. The ironic thing, though, is that even when she was with Josh, she cheated...damn, seems like a problem of low self esteem.

Well, whatever the case, gentlemen, do your self a favor and fuck your gf hard tonight. I know you think, yea yea I am fucking her hard. Well I ask you, really? Is that the best you can do? Do some dirty stuff tonight. Try something new. Give her a mushroom stamp. Legs behind her legs and curl her up into a ball. Get a little slap happy. Seriously, what’s the worst that could happen? “Oh baby you fucked me too hard tonight, how *dare* you!?”

What is this, nineteenth century Victorian England? A man can’t give his GF a ridiculously hard ride on the pound town express? Now I mean obviously if she’s like “stop this really hurts,” don’t be a dumbass. But guys, it’s important that you take the initiative and really, really pound your girl. If you are waiting for her to say to you one day before sex, “Hey can you please fuck the shit out of me doggie style while smashing my head into the pillow and spanking me, then pull out, throat fuck me and cum all over my tits and face” you are going to be waiting for a long-ass time. You have to be the one to escalate the action. Men, it doesn’t matter how independent your woman is—escalation of sex is your responsibility.

And, If you think the problem goes deeper than just you banging the hell out of your girl, I recommend you check out [Red Pill Orgasm](#). Authored by a fellow manosphere blogger, it is an in-depth, non-mainstream guide for how to give your girl insane pleasure and have the sex life you want. Having an awesome sex life is not an overnight “AHA!” moment, it is a process. Red Pill Orgasm will give you the roadmap so you can discover great sex.

Happy Fucking,

Keanu

My Blog: Censored?

Keanu · 17 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A week ago I wrote a post called ‘**Girlfriend Game: when “No” really means “Yes.”**’ The point of the post was that sometimes my GF will say ‘no,’ even when she really does want to hook up with me. She just doesn’t want to make it easy for me. I know consent can be a polarizing and controversial issue, but this was not my intention at all with the post to tell guys, yea hook up with girls who don’t give you consent. Far from it. I just wanted to show guys an example of how sometimes it can actually kill attraction to ask a girl ten times if she’s really, really, really sure it’s really okay if you go down on her. It’s hard to understand that this mindset exists in guys, but it does indeed exist. I know because I once had it. Ladies DO want to feel comfortable and somewhat secure with a man that they are about to hook up with, but they don’t want to be repeated verbally asked to approve every single action that happens during a hookup. The attraction is killed.

Evidently the title “When No Means Yes” was too hot for wordpress, because it actually does not appear on my blog’s home page. You can go there and see for yourself. It definitely wasn’t me who edited away the title.

So guys, I take back everything I said. Just go with the consent form. It’s the only safe route.

Why Does Good Sex Fade? Manosphere vs. Mainstream Rationale

Keanu · 17 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I recently was forwarded a [TED talk on how to maintain desire in a long term relationship](#). It is given by Esther Perel, author of [Mating in Captivity: Unlocking Erotic Intelligence](#). It's a really good talk, and I highly recommend you click through and watch it if you have 20 minutes today to [learn about the erotic](#) dynamics of marriage.

The question she is trying to answer is one that manospherians are veterans at taking on, particularly [CH](#), [RM](#) and [MMSL](#):

Why does good sex so often fade, even for couples who continue to love each other as much as ever?

A few of her points:

1) When I look at my partner from a comfortable distance, I am most attracted to him/her.

I agree completely. Start working out and get some hobbies, let your LTR see you on a stage.

2) There is no neediness in desire... Caretaking is mightily loving, it's a powerful anti-afrodisiac.

I could not agree more. Kill your inner Beta, and for God's sake, don't be needy.

3) Frame lack of desire in terms of 'I turn myself off when' instead of 'YOU turn me off when...'

This is where I hear some therapist babble coming on. This is true to a point. But if you are fat, out of shape, and a supplicating Beta who give's in to his wife/GF's every whim, then the lack of desire is actually your fault.

4) The more responsible you feel with someone, the less you are able to let go with someone.

Me: This is the [madonna-whore complex](#) in a nutshell, something that I have noticed with women throughout my life. Dirty sex with a girl I really like and could see even a short term future with is more difficult to do.

This is all old news for a redpiller, but the TED talk is good, especially if you want to forward it to a blue-piller and have beginning red pill discussions.

If you are wondering what the manosphere would add to this discussion, I would direct you to these posts:

[Fat Kills..Marriages Dead](#)

[Kill the Beta](#)

[How to \(actually\) make a woman want you](#)

[Married Man Sex Life: Explaining the Blue Pill](#)

[The Reality of Gender Roles](#)

As Bad as it Gets

Keanu · 23 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I don't agree with everything that gets said in the manosphere, and sometimes I wonder if accounts of how bad some guys have it in their marriages might be exaggerated. Like [this guy](#). Can your wife really be such a huge bitch to you after you have tried to build a life together?

Are things really THAT bad? Are you sure you didn't do something to bring this on?

Tonight I am unfortunately here to say that, yes, sometimes things *are* actually that bad. Tonight I met the prototype bitch wife who makes guys start hating their life until they discover [mmsl](#) and run the MAP. When you read on, you may think I am making these up, because they fit so perfectly into the stereotype of the insufferable/slutty wife that gets thrown around a lot in the sphere. I am not making these quotes up. After I left the bar, I actually raced to my car to voice record them into my iphone.

She was 44 years old or so lady tonight and we got to talking at the bar. I have a way of connecting with people quickly, and I knew our interaction was destined for great things when she said "You are cute...So much cuter than my husband..."

I looked at the huge rock on her left ring finger.

"No shit. I'm also 26," I said.

I could see the entertainment value coming from a mile away, so I pried into her relationship with her husband as she drank her strawberry vodka rocks. These are actual quotes from a conversation I had not 5 hours ago:

"My husband, he cries sometimes. 'Why won't you have sex with me?' he says."

"I sleep with him like once a month just to keep him happy. I hate it."

"I swallow but I don't swallow my husbands"

"Let me tell you something: big dicks don't matter. My husband has a huge dick but he can't give me the pleasure I want. How big are you by the way?"

"Every Saturday he pokes me in the morning and he's like 'when are we gonna have sex? huh? When?' and he grabs my boob and I'm like ewwww get away from me."

"Oh I can't wait to put this sexy picture of me in lingerie up on [AM \(Cheating website\)](#) and see all the messages I get from guys. That'll show my ex-bf." (Yes, she has an ex-bf in addition to a husband)

"My husband always asks me what I want, and what he can do for me to give me pleasure... 'Is this good? Is this good? How about this?' He wants me to tell him every angle to do. I'm like I don't care let's just get this over with."

So let's sum up: Her husband begs for sex and she hates giving it to him, but she sleeps around on him. She loves doing dirty shit with other guys while never doing her husband the pleasure of having his cum swallowed. She seeks validation for herself from lots of guys by putting pictures of herself on Ashley Fucking Madison and seeing how many emails she gets from horny 40 year olds whose wives are putting them in the same situation as she is putting her husband in.

Isn't the world so perfectly ironic sometimes? I wouldn't be surprised if her own husband messaged her at some point thinking she was some random slut.

Honestly, I just felt fucking bad for the guy. She kept saying 'I hate him, he's an asshole,' but what she meant was 'he's a big beta pussy.' He obviously cares about her and wants to make her happy. But what he can't figure out is that the answer to his problems will not be found by asking his wife, but by just manning the fuck up, and not asking for sex. He [needs to pull an alpha move](#). The guy needs to learn how to maintain frame. Honestly, I'm going to search for his email and send him a random link to [mmsl](#) or something, [jesus](#).

I know this woman was probably beyond repair, but in spite of the game I spit I am actually a nice guy at heart. So I tried to make her understand how much of a bitch she was being. Here is how I did it:

Me “Hey so you have a son?”

InsufferableWife “Yea, he’s 11.”

Me “So, aren’t you kind of worried that he’s going to have a wife who hates him as much as you hate your husband?”

IW “Yea. That’s why I am training him to be a good husband though. *I am teaching him how to cook and clean.*”

I literally started choking on my Guinness when she said that. She is trying to teach her son to be a good husband by turning him into as big of a pussy as her husband is.

Me “Listen...you know that teaching him to cook and clean is not the answer...he’s going to be a nice guy and his wife is going to be able to walk all over him. I mean, your husband, well it’s obviously a lost cause by now, but you don’t want your son to be fucked over by his future wife, do you?”

I actually saw the wheels in her brain turn at this point. I thought maybe I was getting somewhere.

IW “OMG you’re right! He needs to have...like, a spine! He needs to have a backbone!”

Me: “Now you’re thinking.”

I felt a little bad for this women, too, because she seemed borderline bat-shit insane. After our conversation all I could think was thank god **not all women are like her**.

Until next time, yours truly and my favorite,

Keanu

When She's too Good to Be True

Keanu · 28 February 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Today's post is YMRP's first guest post from Nick Black. You can check out some of his other stuff at [Stories Dad Never Told You](#). I really liked this story though...I'll let you read and give your own interpretation.

Time: 2005, the Summer after finishing high school but before freshmen year of college.

Place: Uncle Mark's parents' hot tub.

"You called me Shannon last night while we were fucking. TWICE."

–Nicole, the first girl I remember having sex with, the day after we did it

If sex was supposed to be beautiful, **like my Mom claimed**, I didn't find that out until I was almost 22. In the meantime, I had to figure out the path to sexual satisfaction on my own, without the guidance of my parents, teachers, or catholic priest. Their 'just don't do it' and look the other way mantra scared me off from talking to them about the things that mattered to me at that age and thus, delayed my maturity in the area of sex. Generally, my way of 'confronting' the contradictory messages of sex I was receiving was to get blackout drunk and *then* hook up with someone. If you are borderline blackout drunk and have no control, you have no responsibility for your actions, right? I think a lot of college freshmen would agree with me on that one. *It seemed like a great idea at the time! Bon appetite!*

For me personally, my practicum sexual education started in a hot tub at age 18 around 4 a.m on a July weeknight.

I had sneaked into my best friend's backyard hot tub with an beautiful blonde named Nicole who had graduated with me in my high school class. Nicole was so hot that I was paradoxically relieved when she dropped out of my trig class earlier that year so I could stop having to tuck up the 8:45 a.m. boner I consistently got when she walked into the classroom. She had legit DD's, which got in the way when she was doing all the dancing she did as captain of the Eurhythmics squad. She was as flexible as a Russian gymnast and also spoke Spanish fluently. Yea, she was an intellectual hottie with a body and I had had a crush on her for a while. To say I was surprised that fate had somehow brought us to Mark's jacuzzi would be a gross understatement.

Ostensibly we were at my friend Mark's house to 'just keep drinking some more brewskis.' I was playing it cool, but of course I was hoping the beers would turn into a late night make out session. Make out session I would get, and much more. After a few minutes I noticed (again, I was a little drunk) that she was naked on top of me, grinding on me. I was at full mast. She grabbed me and put me inside her. She seemed to know what to do.

I swear this thought went through my brain right that second: *is this was beautiful sex is supposed to be like?* The words my mother had spoken to me echoed through my head. I was so drunk, though, that the thought was quickly lost as I stared at the huge boobs in front of my face as we splashed the water in the hot tub. In the midst of splash-fucking, I bust out with this gem, completely in the moment, without even a second thought:

Me "Oh my god, Shannon, holy shit! Shannon!" She slows down for a second. I am confused.

Me "Why are you stopping?"

Nicole "Nick what the fuck? Why are you saying Shannon? My name is Nicole!"

Me "Oh yea, right. Sorry, Nicole."

She starts grinding again. 3-5 minutes later:

Me "Shannon, holy shit!"

Shannon "Stop saying fucking 'Nicole!' You're with Shannon, goddamn it, Shannon!"

Me: "My bad."

Contrary to lying youporn videos, sex in a hot tub is NOT as awesome as it potentially sounds. The hot tub water neutralizes the naturally lubricating juices of the woman, which makes the penis-vagina friction suboptimal. Of course, at 18 and more or less a virgin (I'll get to that later), I have no idea this is the case.

I just know that my penis feels awesome at the moment.

After an hour or so of fucking we stop and decide it is time to leave. The funny thing is that we don't stop fucking because I accidentally call her 'Shannon' twice, we stop because we keep activating the motion censor light on Mark's deck, and we are afraid his parents would come out and see us as we get closer to sunrise.

In a drunken post-sex haze I walk Nicole back to her house as the sunrise ebbs and the suburban sparrows begin to chirp. As we pad barefoot and naked the block back to her house, I vaguely hear her say something about 'can't find my bra' but I'm not sure because I am too busy staring at her huge yet mysteriously gravity defying breasts, and thinking how those things need to be studied more closely so that they can be replicated. Then my balls twinge, and I realize I have been blue-balled. The combination of binge drinking for 9 straight hours and non-lubricating hot tub water has kept me from orgasm. For future reference, if you are drunk enough to call a girl the wrong name, *twice*, there's a good chance that you won't be ejaculating. The person who invents a whisky that actually makes you more virile will be a rich man (or woman), and also will be responsible for many abortions to come.

I kiss Nicole goodnight and walk the mile and a half to my friend's house where we had started out the night and pass the fuck out in his parents' bed since they are away on vacation and my house is far away (If you are reading this, thanks for the crash pad, Mr. and Mrs. K!).

I wish the story ended there. But, after somehow arriving on time and not drowning or puking during the swim lessons I taught to children at 9 a.m. the next morning at the local pool, I go home and pass out to nap like I have been roofied. I wake up with a huge boner. My balls are so swollen with finally sober sperm trying to escape that I have to rub at least two out, maybe three. I don't even need to watch porn; last night's highlight reel is more than enough. Any dude knows that blue-ball loads always come the quickest and yet somehow yield the biggest in quantity. For me it was no different: I probably shot out a quart of sperm right then. If I'd have taken that load to a sperm bank, they'd have owed me triple.

Fast forward a few hours, when I go out to a party and see the girl out again. Nicole and I see each other from across the room filled with 25 or so drunk-ass 18 year olds. We give each other the 'let's meet in the stairwell and talk in private' eyes.

When we meet in the stairwell she is conveniently one stair above me, which means I have to concentrate in order to not look at the boobs that were floppily thrust in my face less than 18 hours ago.

Nicole (smiling seductively) "So last night, that was...really fun."

Me "Agreed. Uh...that was the first time I've done that."

Nicole "WHAT? You? But you are so...I can't believe that! I can't imagine that you hadn't...You're a virgin???"

Me "Was."

Nicole "Well you weren't bad for your first time."

Me "Thanks."

Nicole "Yes, most of it was really good, Nick. But part of it was really bad."

Me "Which part? Can you clarify? To be perfectly honest, I don't remember every single detail from last night"

She leans in really close to me and whispers, "You called me Shannon while we were doing it. *Twice*."

I take a step back and view her with wide eyes. "Holy shit, are you serious? Oh my god, I'm really sorry, Nicole, I was so drunk. I don't know why I would say that. I actually think you are really cool"

Nicole eyes me with seductive eyes. “That’s alright. Just don’t do it again...okay?” she says sweetly. She leans in and kisses me on the cheek.

The significance of what I had done did not dawn on me until Nicole called me out right there. Sober, some realizations sat in for me:

- a) I had called a girl the wrong name in the act of sex...And ‘Shannon’ happened to be her best friend’s name (who incidentally was known between my guyfriends as probably the hottest girl in the school) as I had my penis inside her. Not once, but twice did I call her the wrong name.
- b) The girl who I had insulted wasn’t very upset by this fact. She was cool with it.
- c) In fact, Nicole was implying that she wanted to do this again. Alrighty then.

Nicole goes back to playing beerpong and drinking with our friends. An hour later, she comes back to talk to me and says she is tired and wants me to drive her home since I am the designated driver for the night. You don’t have to ask me twice.

After we arrive to her house, she invites me into her basement, which has a door that is accessible directly from the outside. We go inside and she says she wants to do again what we did yesterday. *Fuck yea!* I think. Emily starts taking off her clothes until she has absolutely nothing on. She sits on couch with her legs wide open. She leans back on the cushions and pulls her shins up to her shoulders to show off her flexibility. “I want you to give it to me, right here,” she says, pointing at her pussy.

I disrobe before you can say Jack Robinson and try to put it in her. Except my penis decides to go Benidict Arnold on my ass: it is almost totally flaccid. I am a combination of slightly embarrassed and also pissed. I mull over the possible reasons for the penis betrayal. Is big Nick in denial at the fact that this incredibly hot girl is actually seducing me? Perhaps I’m not emotionally attracted enough to Nicole. Or maybe the quart of sperm I had unloaded earlier in the day is coming back to haunt me.

Whatever the case, the reality was that I, a healthy, sober, 18 year old, just could not get it up.

Nicole notices the situation and seductively eyes me. “Mmmm...I know what you need...”

She takes me in her mouth for a few minutes. Nothing. It just. Doesn’t. Go. Up. I left Nicole’s house, disappointed and with a hint of anger.

That moment will forever be etched in my memory like it happened yesterday. The hottest girl I had been with up to that point, naked, stretched in front of me, begging me to have sex with her, and I couldn’t do it.

Looking back though, I think I know what happened to me that night: guilt. The situation was *just too good to be true*. Incredibly hot knockouts don’t just beg normal dudes like me to fuck them, right? I assumed she had gone temporarily insane, and essentially never talked to her again after that incident.

It’s a shame, because in addition to being hot, Nicole was a really cool girl. I often wish I would have gotten to know her better and had regular hot sex, even if we weren’t destined for a long term relationship. But at 18, I still had this ridiculous madonna/whore paradoxical attitude. The Madonna/whore paradox states that in a guy’s mind, girls have to fit into one of two categories: a madonna or a whore, an angel or a slut. Mothers, sisters, wives and the virgin Mary end up in the madonna category, and prostitutes, one-night stands get lumped in with the whores.

That was exactly how I saw it at age 18. I ‘knew’ that a girl who I slept with would have to fit, without exception, into one of two categories: a whore who would get with anyone or a madonna who would marry me and never want to leave anyone but me. I knew I couldn’t handle a girlfriend, and I didn’t want to just sleep with a girl who gets around like a record.

Here is the problem with that mindset, though. I was 18, had the normal hormone and testosterone levels of a male that age, and was about to head off to college (no parents, no rules!). So I made an unconscious compromise with

myself: I would only sleep with girls when I was blackout, or at least brownout, drunk. That way, I could avoid confronting the idiotic simplicity behind the madonna/whore complex. See, nobody had ever taught me how to say 'yes' to sex. My parents, public school health teacher, and catholic priest had failed me in that regard. It was up to me to figure out the details on my own.

Lesson learned: Sometimes, you get lucky and a super hot girl will be into you and will want to sleep you with little or no effort on your part. Do not come down with a case of 'this is too good to be true' syndrome. Sometimes, it's just true. Do not categorize the girl as a 'slut.' Leave that to the other girls. She is just a nice girl who understands how to enjoy her body. As for my dumb 18 year old ass? I never even called Emily again.

Lesson #2: If you are considering giving a girl a call back...don't be a coward. Put your ego and your fear aside and call the girl back. Yea, it could crash and burn, but who knows? She just might be too good to be true.

If you liked this post, you might also like [Sex is Beautiful](#) and [How it Began](#). Next week's story is *How Your Dad Lost his Virginity* (A letter from the girl who took it). I will be posting it one week from today.

Late night Link Love

Keanu · 19 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I have several posts in the works right now, but nothing is polished enough to publish as of right now. I've been super-busy lately with life, but I just saw a bunch of memes for the stubenville case and I have a couple of awesome posts I am going to link:

[Judgybitch on the Steubenville Rape Case](#)

Nick Black's next story, [A Letter from the Girl who Took my Virginity](#).

Post coming up soon on whether or not the manosphere will go mainstream in 2013, as quite a few people are predicting...

The Manosphere Needs a New Vessel

Keanu · 24 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Roosh has **asserted** the manosphere is approaching a tipping point. He stated that 2013 is the year in which the manosphere will be 'discovered' by the mainstream media. He makes some good points. I have to respectfully disagree with him, however. The manosphere, as in, this collection of blogs and ideas, will never go mainstream. Everything that it spouts is mostly true. However, no one wants to hear it from a bunch of internet bloggers.

Here are the faults of the manosphere as I see them, and why I do not think it will go mainstream:

A) The knowledge that the manosphere contains is already is 'mainstream.' Look at Adam Carolla. Mancow. Bill Burr. Patrice O'neal. Tucker Max. Etc. Those guys are mainstream. You can bring them into a conversation with anyone and they will follow the reference. These guys have the exact same message that the manosphere is sending, but they make people laugh and thus, don't get into blog wars with manboobs over insignificant shit. These guys follow the guideline of *"If you want to tell the truth, make people laugh."*

B) From inside the sphere, everything makes sense. To most outside people, it's a fringe group of misogynists. For guys to understand the mentality of the manosphere and what it is actually about (not just a bunch of misogynists), they need to have a *reason* to understand it. Getting screwed over by a girl works pretty well. But many are content to drown in a sea of video games, porn and weed as they watch those 10% of guys with game roll all the pussy they want.

C) Lastly, but perhaps most importantly, people don't like hearing a male-power movement from a bunch of guys blogging online. It's simply not fashionable. Women take offense to guys who actually call out their slutty behavior, even though they do it to themselves all the time. For manosphere ideas to be accepted, they would have to take a different form. Look at schoolofflirting.com, for instance. This woman is teaching women how to be feminine, something that the manosphere does. But look at the presentation of her website! She's an old, harmless looking woman! What bad could come from her teaching girls how to bat their eyes who have forgotten due to their gender neutral upbringing? She's like that cute old Grandma that you can't get mad at. Yet the girl game she teaches is similar to the things that **JudgyBitch** and **CH** tell women to do, but no one can accuse her of being sexist.

Ah yes, presentation, not truth. One must learn to play the game. The truth bears no power in a sea full of ignorance. No matter how true it might be that 90% of the male population could stand to benefit by working on their game and becoming more masculine, that will not matter unless the argument takes an acceptable form that people can attach themselves to. Most manosphere bloggers are anonymous, with a few exceptions. That tells you something about the opinion we expect that most people will have about our life views.

Thus, the manosphere will not be going mainstream anytime soon. I mean, honestly, I think that's a crazy assertion. Hell, no one from the sphere even has their own podcast. No one has a book written and endorsed by a major publisher. The ideas are valid, powerful and useful. Someone will probably be able to market them. But my guess is that it will be a woman. Red pill wisdom is just easier to take from a Grandmother than a scary looking wolf.

Will a huge, momentous occasion occur in which the manosphere and its ideas are 'outed' to the world and a cultural shift occurs? Hell no.

What do Normies Think of the Manosphere?

Keanu · 25 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Today's post is a follow-up from yesterday's post, [The Manosphere Needs a New Vessel](#). I wanted to provide some concrete evidence for my assertion that the manosphere, as it stands right now, will not go mainstream.

Normie: Noun. Someone who embraces mainstream culture.

What does a normie think of the manosphere? I will show you. I came across some mainstream research entitled

Dare to be different: Defense of the research of sex differences.

The authors of the piece are neuroscientists who are obviously in favor of researching gender differences, something that is apparently controversial now in academia (god help us!). My friend Nick Black posted a neutral comment on their site and a link to one of [Chateau Heartiste's posts](#), hoping for an intelligent (yet mainstream) response:

Nice post. The fact that you even have to make the point that the genders are different is absurd. It also makes me glad I do not work in academia...yet at least.

I think this post begs another question: Even if we could make the genders as similar as possible and try to negate some of the hardwiring, would we want to? Men and women are wired certain ways for specific reasons.

Also Katy, I came across this a while ago and I am really curious to hear your intelligent thoughts on the scientific argument he puts forward:

<http://heartiste.wordpress.com/2013/01/15/the-manjaw-ification-of-american-women-science/>

Yea, probably a trigger warning on that one.

The response he got, from a Neuroscience Ph.D. student:

Whoa, you are posting a link to a pickup-artist website describing how folks treating their daughters as equal to their sons causes women to grow "man-jaws" in response to Katy's very even-handed blog post about physiological sex differences? I don't want to put words into Katy's mouth, but I will take a few from her post above: "It should also be our responsibility to monitor the way our results are interpreted by outside sources and to counter misrepresentations." I would describe that link as a misrepresentation of the research carried out by Amy Cudy. To put it lightly. (One of the many, many things wrong with it: we discussed using testosterone measurements to draw conclusions about behavior during previous sessions of the Neuroethics Journal Club — it is not a perfect method, and higher testosterone doesn't always correlate with higher aggression, risk-taking, or other stereotypically "Alpha male" behaviors.)

I think Katy's critiques of the way some feminists have approached research on sex differences are totally valid — it's foolish to say that male and female brains aren't different just because their gross anatomy is the same.

But, reading blog posts like the one you linked makes it easy to see why some feminists feel the need to take hard-line positions against the use of scientific research to "prove" sex differences, especially when it comes to studies on brains and behavior (as opposed to more socially neutral processes like digestion). *When a study on elevated circulating testosterone (in both men and women!) under certain conditions is used to argue that the "rancid ideology" of feminism is being used to "MAKE WOMEN MANLIER," it's enough to make me want to give up on those kinds of studies forever.* Thankfully I'm not the only scientist in the world, so I'm sure someone will keep on doing them. (emphasis mine)

To sum up, she calls the manosphere a 'rancid ideology.'

Push hard, and you'll only encounter more resistance.

Personally, I think anyone who thinks the manosphere is going to suddenly pop out of the woodwork in 2013 is delusional.

Commenter Francis Begbie sums up:

With all the white nationalist shit at Roissy's blog, Roosh's pessimism, Dalrock's christian slant, Rollo's academia style of writing, there's little there to appeal to the mainstream. Roosh is the unofficial head of The Manosphere at this stage, and like you said, he isn't really marketable.

Do you think the manosphere will go big time mainstream any time soon?

Why the Manosphere Exists in One Post (For Beginners)

Keanu · 30 March 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Reader Audrey makes a wonderful comment, one which I think embodies quite well how the average person reacts when they stumble upon the manosphere:

I really don't understand the manosphere. I came across a blog article one of my FB friends posted and then discovered that there was this whole "manosphere" on the internet. I've been reading a bunch of blog entries, and haven't read anything on this blog other than this one entry. I figured it'd be a nice place to ask some of the stuff that I am wondering.

What I don't understand is why there is so much backlash against women on these blogs. How does someone hurt you guys so badly?

I don't know, I think at one point in my life (in high school), I was one of the girls you guys would have been hurt by. I wasn't sleeping around, but I was the attractive girl who was friends with all the nerdy guys (who all had crushes on me) and dated the self-confident jerks.

The thing is, after I was hurt a couple of times by these jerks and went to college, I realized that that's not something I want out of a partner. I now date a completely different type of man. I guess maybe y'all would call my current type a beta, but I don't think that's true at all. I think that a real man doesn't have to flaunt that he is one in such an obvious way. And yes, a real man takes care of his significant other.

Maybe what I'm saying won't register to any of you, but all of my friends have undergone the same transformation (we're all 22 at this point) and started dating kind and caring men at some point during college. The whole shtick advocated by the manosphere (be dominant, alpha male, whatever) doesn't work on us. I don't want to be dominated. Maybe that's because my friends and I are looking for real, meaningful relationships with guys.

For example, my current boyfriend was a super shy, gamer engineer whom I brought out of his shell because I saw something special in him and was attracted to his brain, personality, and looks. To me, he is the whole package. He is manly, but also gentle and kind to me. He takes care of me when I'm sick and I do the same with him. I don't notice other guys much because I love my boyfriend so much.

Sure, everyone makes mistakes (and I have admitted to passing over quality guys for jerks in high school, but I was young and didn't know better), but all I see on these blogs is a bunch of guys who are letting their high school insecurities dictate how they will behave for the rest of their lives. You're trying to become the jerks. I don't understand that. If you don't like something, sure you can change it, but don't turn into a jerk and try to manipulate women into getting with you in that way. What kind of a person does that make you? That's not what relationships are built on.

Thanks for the thoughtful comment, Audrey. It's very heartfelt and you have some great points. I consider myself a moderate in the manosphere. I don't have a *super*high partner count, and I am young but not actively gaming—I'm in a monogamous relationship with a girl I love. I think you've come to the right place for an even opinion on why people get drawn into it.

First, to answer your question "Why do guys get hurt so badly?" I will direct you to the story I wrote about my own college roommate:

<https://youngmanredpill.wordpress.com/2012/12/23/the-worst-way-to-lose-your-virginity/>

To sum up, my roommate, "Dan," had a girlfriend for four years who refused to have sex with him even as he was the nicest boyfriend on the face of the earth. He would do anything for this girl, and she didn't reciprocate with sex because he was such a pushover. Dan is an example of someone who has been over-feminized by today's society

and cannot man up and take control of his relationships as a result, especially the sexual side. He feels demonized by his own human (sexual) desires.

There is a large population of guys like him these days who have never been able to find a willing partner because they have been LGBF'd (let's just be friends-ed) by lots of girls. They watch the girls they know hook up with the very guys they complain about. Nice guys get very sexually frustrated, this can lead to frustration in other areas of life as well. In the case of my roommate Dan, after four years of blue balls he finally broke up with his college GF and then went and had a one night stand with some random. Sad, I know. Not long after, he had a breakdown and ended up in a mental hospital (true story).

It is often hard for girls, especially attractive ones, to relate to a guy like Dan. This is because it has always been incredibly easy for a young female to find a willing mate if she decides she wants sex. For example, even my own gf, who is awesome, hot, and down-to-earth, has trouble empathizing when I tell her how hard guys actually have to work for sex. Yea, the guys that get it a lot make it look easy, but that's about 1/10 of the male population. The other 9/10 are working their asses off.

When people have problems, they search for answers. They question their worldview. The manosphere is made up of lots of guys like Dan questioning "Why am I so bad at managing my sexual relationships while for other guys it doesn't even seem to be something on their radar? It just 'happens' for them?" "Why have I been whacking it to porn on every night but I can't ever have a real, meaningful sexual relationship with an actual girl?"

The answer to Dan's conundrum lies in the fact that he has never been taught relationship skills. But where is he to learn those skills? They are not taught to him by his father, nor his mother, nor his high school teacher. No, instead he is afraid to initiate sex with his girlfriend because he is afraid that he might not have consent, even with his longterm girlfriend, since he's read too many articles like this one and follows them to the 'T':

<http://pentopapertherapy.blogspot.com/2013/03/how-to-tell-if-you-may-be-rapist.html>

What Dan NEEDS is to overcome approach anxiety and gain some basic relationship and social skills. Sometimes, though, he might become bitter and the result would be what you wrote here:

Sure, everyone makes mistakes (and I have admitted to passing over quality guys for jerks in high school, but I was young and didn't know better), *but all I see on these blogs is a bunch of guys who are letting their high school insecurities dictate how they will behave for the rest of their lives. You're trying to become the jerks.* I don't understand that. if you don't like something, sure you can change it, but don't turn into a jerk and try to manipulate women into getting with you in that way. What kind of a person does that make you? That's not what relationships are built on. (emphasis mine)

I can see where you are going here, and there is some definite truth to this statement. Some guys are manipulative in the sphere. But the manosphere is about more than revenge of the nerds (in most cases).

Now I'll get specific. There are a few different categories of guys to whom the manosphere especially appeals. Below I have provided examples of typical blogs:

1) Guys who have been burned, badly, in divorces, or watched their wives get fat in marriage and thus stopped having a sex life are on the manosphere. Some of them lost a bunch of their stuff to their wife (I'm stereotyping here!). These are the comments you will see from guys on manosphere blogs saying 'never get married! It's the end of your life!' Many of them probably fall into the mainstream category of 'misogynist.'

<http://heartiste.wordpress.com/2009/02/18/why-i-left-my-fat-wife/>

<http://www.returnofkings.com/319/who-is-mark-minter>

2) "Nice guys" who have been seriously over-feminized (read: they are afraid to take initiative) by our culture and have had trouble getting quality girls to sleep with them or be their gf. Meanwhile, they watch "asshole" masculine

dudes who are the antithesis of them sleep with loads of women. Thus, they seek to become more proactive in relationships as opposed to reactive.

<http://thequestfor50.com/>

<http://stagedreality.wordpress.com/author/leapofabeta/>

<http://www.rooshv.com/feminism-killed-the-nice-guy>

3) Guys, (and some girls) who recognize the hyperfeminization of men and the masculinization of women in our culture, away from their natural state, and don't like it. Some of these guys are married with families and just want to improve their sex lives. They might comment on the skewedness of our legal system towards women in reality, while the mainstream media tells you otherwise. Or they might just give other guys advice on how to have sex with their wife more than once per month by giving real, as opposed to mainstream sex advice:

<http://rationalmale.wordpress.com/2013/01/09/nice-like-me/>

<http://dalrock.wordpress.com/2012/12/08/children-are-as-likely-to-end-up-living-with-neither-parent-as-they-are-with-just-their-father/>

<http://marriedmansexlife.com/2012/12/sexy-move-wont-know-until-you-try/>

4) I'm giving **JB** her own category because I love her so much. This is the best place to go if you want to find out about why the manosphere exists. JB has a son and two daughters and stays at home with them right now, but will undoubtedly write a famous book sometime in the near future, mark my words (you read it here first, JB!) She deconstructs examples of feminist arguments with a flair and logic that I simply don't see elsewhere. She has really been coming into her own as of late.

<http://judgybitch.com/2013/03/29/men-stand-up-for-yourselfs-and-we-will-hate-you-the-new-feminist-war-cry/>

<http://judgybitch.com/2013/03/26/older-men-with-younger-women-bad-older-women-with-younger-men-okay/>

5) And me, you ask? Why do I put energy into this blog? I spent two years in the **Peace Corps** immersed in a culture in which the masculine-feminine roles were clearly defined, and both men and women embraced them. When I got back to the states, I realized how far away we have swung on the pendulum as a result of feminism. And that while feminism has had some benefits, it has also caused some problems. Guys are told not to be men, and women are told not to be ladies. There are more personal reasons too, that I won't go into, but let's just say I decided to join the manosphere conversation because I believe I see value in the intellectual conversation being had about why men find it hard to be manly these days.

The cultural movements of history swing on a pendulum. For example, the counter-culture of the 1960s was mainly a reaction against the social norms of the 1940s and 1950s. What we are seeing in the manosphere is the manifestation of a counter-culture rebelling against a super-pro-feminist society. Men and women in the 'sphere don't like the current cultural status quo. So...they blog about it.

I hope I didn't get too much off on a rant there, but I really thought your comment was sincere and I wanted to respond as fully as I could. Thanks Audrey, and I hope this post will help you as well as anyone who is curious about the manosphere to understand it better.

Manosphere References Outside of the Sphere: PostMasculine Podcast

Keanu · 2 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

The manosphere does not have a lot of podcasters as far as I know. In fact, I have not come across the red pill/manosphere in any other media (youtube, TV, radio) aside from the blogosphere and ebooks. A few days ago, however, I stumbled upon a [PostMasculine podcast](#) that references the manosphere. It is a Mark Manson interview of [Ricky Raw](#) from [The Rawness](#) (on the blogroll of [Le Chateau](#)).

Some red pill readers are probably familiar with the self-development website [Postmasculine](#) founded by Mark Manson. It's not exactly mainstream, but I stumbled upon it about a year ago when one of my female facebook friends posted a link to an article of Mark's. I think this is important to that a female (feminist-ish!) friend posted the link, since I have never seen a link posted by one of my friends about the manosphere. Even though Mark is a former pick-up artist and still essentially teaches guys how to approach women on his site, he has managed to distance himself from the manosphere and pick-up artists through the name of his brand.

You can listen to the podcast here or just search it on Itunes. There are two parts to the podcast, and the manosphere is referenced about 5 minutes in to the 2nd podcast. Some interesting quotes from the interview (from Mark, not from Ricky):

"I get criticism from the so-called manosphere...It's a collection of blogs, lot of men's rights type stuff. It's a collection of men who are anti-feminist, pro pick up, pro learning game, and they talk about mens issues, getting laid, society and whatnot..."

"I get a lot of flac from them sometimes because I'm about vulnerability, authenticity, non-neediness. I get accused of being a 'beta-male,' or supporting beta behavior..."

"Not to put it out there or wave my flag, but I used to get laid more than all you guys...(@manosphere)"

"It just becomes an ideology with these guys"

"It's ideological, it's not a true inquiry to find out about a greater truth or a deeper information about society..."

"It's interesting how people's identities get tied to things." — talking about the manosphere.

He even specifically mentions the red pill and how he doesn't like it because it makes it seem as if we are the gate-keepers of this specific, special (red pill) knowledge and no one else can have it except through us. I guess that doesn't bode well for the name of this blog then...

Other themes covered in the podcast:

- bio-diversity movement
- intelligence and IQ
- scientific racism
- narcissism
- the cult of progress

If you are an intellectual or a psychology buff, I highly recommend giving the whole thing a lesson. It's cool to hear two young guys talk intellectually about red-pill relevant topics. Sometimes they do get a bit theoretical, though, even for me.

Regardless of Mark's criticisms of the manosphere, I really like PostMasculine as a professional development site. I appreciate his openness to other arguments and intellectual curiosity. His message is very similar to lots of red pill

blogs, but his writing appeals to a wider audience, although some may accuse him of just watering down the manosphere's message. Personally, I think he has some good content on his site and it would be worthwhile to **check him out** if you are starting your red pill journey.

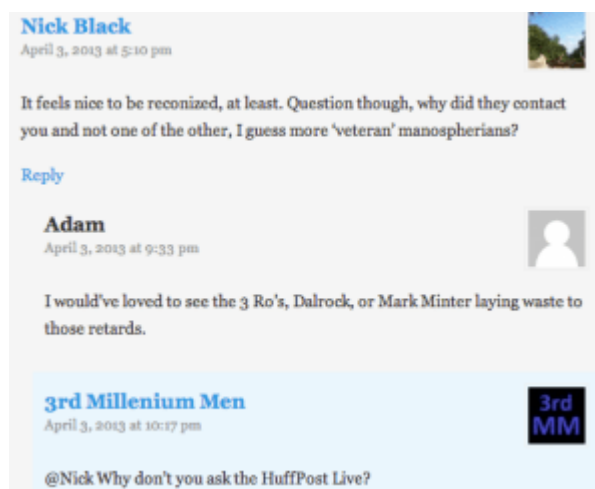
George of 3rd Millenium Men does an interview with the Huff Post!

Keanu · 2 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

And a fantastic job he did. You can watch the [video](#) on the huff post [here](#). And check out 3rd Millenium Men [here](#).
The manosphere has broken into the mainstream. You were right, Roosh.

Why 3rd Millenium Men?

Keanu · 4 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original



The HuffPost contacted George over at [3rd Millenium Men](#) for an [interview](#). The question I am wondering is, Why George? Why not another, more established manosphere blogger? I propose that the HuffPost wanted a persona just like George. Why?

Let's assume for a moment that the one who did the contacting did his research on manosphere blogs. He would undoubtedly have come across the most respected authority blogs, and blogs which I would allege are at the cusp of innovative thought in the sphere. These are the blogs that I read when I want to be challenged intellectually and learn how the feminine imperative is present in my daily life. Reading RooshV, Dalrock, Chateau, Rational Male, MMSL over the past year has been probably the most important part of my red pill journey. These guys have been around for years expanding on their viewpoints, and analyzing in depth.

Meanwhile, 3MM had it's first post back in July of this year. They are relatively new to the scene.

I submit a possible reason that they contacted 3MM is because they a) put a positive spin on their posts and b) doesn't get overly misogynistic, academic, or religious. I have read many, many posts by 3MM. While they are certainly red pill, they are not bitter like some posts and comments of others can be. They even did an "[I Love Women](#)" post series. Meanwhile, CH is posting about how to [screw with your cheating whore of an ex...](#)

Personally, if I were doing an interview, I would think that 3MM is a solid call too. They aren't just whining, they are posting actionable advice to both men and [women on how to act](#) to be happier given the sexual market.

I quoted this comment in a [previous post](#), but it is too applicable to leave out here. It sums up just why I think George is a good representative for the sphere. Francis Begbie said:

With all the white nationalist shit at Roissy's blog, Roosh's pessimism, Dalrock's christian slant, Rollo's academia style of writing, there's little there to appeal to the mainstream. Roosh is the unofficial head of The Manosphere at this stage, and like you said, he isn't really marketable.

Is 3MM..."marketable?"

After rewatching the interview, I'll repeat: solid job. The only people who said anything sensible in that discussion were him and blondie anyhow. Although I kinda wonder...what the hell were they going for with those other two dudes they got for the interview? They had essentially no credentials. How did the HuffPost find them anyway?

The manosphere's first 'official?' break into the MSM is bound to get overanalyzed as it already seems to have done. How much can we talk about a 27 minute interview anyhow? We shall see what more is to come in 2013.

Your friend and my favorite,

Keanu

On Encouraging Douche Behavior

Keanu · 19 April 2013 · Archived copy · Original

There is a fine line between being a total sociopathic douche, and simply having a strong masculine frame. Let's delve more into this distinction.

Commenter Wingwoman has an interesting reaction to the manosphere:

The worst way to lose your virginity is to get raped.

Encouraging douche behavior and self promoting products that don't work makes most of the sphere look bad. Speaking in generalities, being hostile to people who even disagree slightly are routine.

I think some good could come from these blogs but it often turns into the nasty side (people with serious possibly mental (personality disorder or psychopaths) or criminal issues) or impractical side(so cons thinking everybody should be a virgin never get divorced etc...).Hyper masculine advocating attracts the kind of people who are harmed by helping their victims get away from them.

Have never figured out why the racist show up a lot except they have some cross over beliefs that correlate with the others.

Thanks for the comments, wingwomen. I like when people not from the sphere post thoughtful comments about the sphere, as it provides a window into the mindset of people who just stumble across the sphere.

Allow me to agree and then respectfully disagree with some of your points. I agree that rape is probably the shittiest way to lose your v-card. I am definitely aware of this fact since by the feminist definition I was raped to lose mine (was black-out drunk, girl was older, I did not remember consenting). And I agree with you that there is some major groupthink going on in the sphere at times. And I agree with you that the racist argument is stupid.

Now I will respond to a few of your points I take issue with:

"Encouraging douche behavior and self promoting products that don't work makes most of the sphere look bad."

Most manosphere blogs do not promote any products. And most of the products that are promoted actually do work. Are you disagreeing with 'game' as a functioning method for self-improvement? And saying that 'game' means 'acting like a douche' is a misinterpretation, in general. It is a guide to self-improvement and acting more confident.

Hyper masculine advocating attracts the kind of people who are harmed by helping their victims get away from them.

I don't understand the point you are trying to make here. But I will say that the manosphere does encourage males to become more masculine. This is attractive to a lot of guys because inherently males are demonized by the mainstream media. The manosphere is about learning not to feel shameful about that masculinity and become masculine in a positive way. We're not trying to act douchy, just...more masculine. Kind of ridiculous that we have to relearn it.

I will say this about the current state of masculinity: we have not agreed on a simplistic version of strong masculinity that is comfortable for all men in the 21st century.

Question. Would you, as a women, be attracted at all to a man who was smaller, physically weaker, lower-status, and a little bit dumber than you?

If you answer yes, that's another debate we can have. But the point is, the manosphere is about men trying to regain all of these characteristics. They need to be such a way in order to mate with, hook up with, and marry a good woman. Some commenters, **reviewers**, and bloggers get a bit rambunctious at times talking about how to manipulate women, but they don't speak for everyone.

Yours Truly and My Favorite,

Keanu

The Danger of Not Following your Dreams

Keanu · 8 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

To follow your dreams, or to half-ass them? Yes, that is the question we must ask ourselves today. This is perhaps the most important question you will ever ask yourself. For if you are not the architect of your own life, then who will be?

I am at a crossroads right now, personally. I can see two roads emerging like a Robert Frost Poem. When I think about my job this year, this has easily been the most frustrating year of my life. Allow me to rephrase that.

Frustrating is optimistic framing, since it hurts me to think that I might actually hate my life. I have been at times miserable in my job. I have lashed out several times this year in different ways, something incredibly uncharacteristic for me.

I have lived abroad for 3 years of my life, and by nature I am an adventurous person. But I am in a career where I will be rewarded for stability and staying at the same institution. Once I get in somewhere good, I can move up the ladder and watch the paychecks get gradually bigger. With little threat of me getting fired. Stability. Stability. Stability.

I have two options: I can go red pill all the way or I can swallow the pill halfway down and choke on it for a bit, still wondering if it will go all the way down or want to come back up. I can zombie on at a job that I half care about and often don't want to wake up for. Or I can burn all bridges of a past life and pour all of my energy into a business that I have been dreaming up for the past year, and just go full tilt at it. Follow a dream. Realize that I am 26, and this passion and energy I have for an idea might be my chance. The chance I'll always wish I took.

Or I can suffer during the day at a my normal job, and try to make the business work on nights and weekends and back out of my normal job when things seem a bit more secure. *The standard route. Use my liberal arts degree that I paid an arm and a leg for. Pay off my damn student loans.* This way, things won't seem so scary. I won't have to jump off a cliff, so to speak.

On the other hand, no one ever became great by playing it safe.

Just two days ago I picked up a classic book that I should have read a long time ago: *Think and Grow Rich*. (Kindle version is 99 cents on Amazon, just an FYI). One of the main tenants of the book is that if you want to be great, you must indeed burn all bridges to your past life and ways of thinking in order to do it. Your old job, most of your old friends, they tie you to a previous you, the mediocre you, and you must leave them behind if you want to be something great.

To be honest, in my current mindset this is scary to me. But I'm actively trying to eradicate that mindset. Forces within me fight a battle. It is security vs. adventure. Old vs. new. Past vs. Future. Sheep vs. Wolf. Boredom vs. Loneliness. Stability vs. freedom.

* * *

Just as I have been poring over this thought, Samseau wrote a timely [post](#) on ROK about one of the Godfathers of the Manosphere, a fellow named [Pook](#). Having discovered the manosphere just last year, I had never heard of Pook, but I was instantly struck by how much his writing coincides with my own thought process at this crossroads in my life, as the red pill tries to work it's way down my esophagus.

I am going to quote Pook at length here. If you have already read this post you can scroll down to read my final analysis. Also check out the [original post](#).

"Two paths in love and life. Live your dreams or live other people's dreams. One path is HARD. The other path is EASY. One path leads to SECURITY. The other path leads to FREEDOM.

Permit me, for this paragraph, to use the analogy of money to love and life. We know how rich people live and

what they drive. And let us assume, for this paragraph, that all people want what the rich have. There are two ways (in this paragraph at least) to obtain it. One is to buy the super cool car, big house, and everything else on bad debt. The other way is to obtain the assets and wealth to actually buy them. One way is EASY. The other way is HARD. One way requires little to no risk. The other takes a lot of risk (obtaining wealth and assets takes courage to go out and create. Bad debt does not). By going into bad debt, you end up literally working for those who lent you the money. And you know what? The world encourages you to get into bad debt. You can easily get a loan on a house you cannot pay off within 30 years. And look in your mailbox. Is that another pre-approved credit card? It's the third one this week. There are lots of people who 'look rich' but they are in major debt. I ask you, 'Are they free?' They will be working for the bank and car companies to repay the debt with most of the days from their life.

In the same way, young men do the same for women. They look 'rich' because they have the women and can enjoy them, but what was the price they had to pay for it? Whose dreams are they following? And because of that choice, who is he working for? Both the seducer and nice guy work for the women's dreams as they seem to have none of their own. It is the price for security. And just like bad debt, the world seems to want you to take this EASY path. Movies exemplify this thing called 'love' that you must sacrifice your dreams to. Pop songs are modern prayers to the Woman Goddess, to satisfy her and your addiction to female praise (which, today, we label as male 'love').

Let me show a chart to illustrate the point.

Pook drags a display up onto the stage.

Turn on the light, please. Thank you. This, gentlemen, is what I call the Security Path, the easy path that is default in 90% of young males:

Time Difference in the Security Path

Current

Girl: Has girlfriend, multiple girlfriends.

Friends: Hang out with old buddies.

Job: OK job. Steady paycheck. Pays the bills.

Family: Loves you.

Later

Girl: No girl or same old girl.

Friends: Same friends.

Job: Same or similar job. Promoted perhaps.

Family: Loves you.

Pook hits the chart with his pointy stick.

In both current and later states, his family and friends are pleased with him. After all, he has a girl. He has his buds. He has a steady job that more than provides. And his family loves him. After all, he repeated exactly what his Dad did. So what more could he want?

Now scroll your eyes over to the 'later' side. He will one day wake up and realize he is now 'average' in life. He has not grown at all during the time difference. He is what he was with just an aged rotting body. Where is the dream?

All right guys, bring out the next chart.

Time Difference in the Freedom Path

Current Girl: No girl.

Friends: Left many behind.

Job: Transitional. Sometimes jobless.

Family: Thinks he will become a loser.

Later

Girl: Has girl (or girls) who likes his life and him. (Life gets richer because she is with him because of the dreams he embraced, not to be a mere workhorse.)

Friends: New friends. (Often smarter, cooler, better people).

Job: Got the job or made the business/investments he always wanted.

Family: Often despises him for his success.

Pook tapped with his pointy stick.

Here, he seems like a loser currently. Yet, he wins in the end. It is painful and hard to not go for the nearest girl but rather for the girl who likes what you like. (Note: why is so much attention on obtaining the girl but neglecting ourselves? The answer should be obvious.)

Look at his friends! He had to leave them behind. It is painful for sure. But he made new friends which helped develop himself into a better character.

Oh, and there is the job. He was transitional. He was trying out different jobs. He was starting businesses. *He was making mistakes.* The Security Path is scared of making mistakes. In fact, the Security Path praises itself because it is mistake-free! But in the end, the Freedom Path gets to work in his job of choice.

What I find particularly noteworthy is how there is the frustration that starts early in the Freedom Path, it vanishes over time. However, in the Security Path, the initial pain is not there but accumulates over time. The poor soul either suffers or lies to himself: i.e. "I have done the honorable path." But you did not honor your dream and so committed treason against your Gift."

* * *

The quote that struck the biggest chord with me was the very first part:

Two paths in love and life. Live your dreams or live other people's dreams. One path is HARD. The other path is EASY. One path leads to SECURITY. The other path leads to FREEDOM.

Bam. That's right where I am at.

The question gets even harder, than, however. Okay, so I should live my dreams. What are *my* dreams? Parents would say to find a good girl and an honest job and have a family. Five year old me would tell me to go play baseball. John Lennon would say to make lots of music. The PUAs would say to go forth and have lots of sex with lots of women.

But none of those are *your* dream. So wtf is your dream? How do you find it?

I'm not sure, but I do know this: it's not easy to find it. It takes trial and error and failure and fate and who fucking knows? But it's only possible to find it if you seek it. It is, however, *not* possible to find your dream if you are scared to seek it. And that is the danger of not following your dream(s): if you don't follow it, you will by default be living someone else's dream. You will end up a grumpy old man, or you will rationalize, and find a way to say that what you lived was your dream, in spite of logic. The male rationalization hamster.

Men and Women have Different Prime Sexual Years: Is there a solution?

Keanu · 12 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

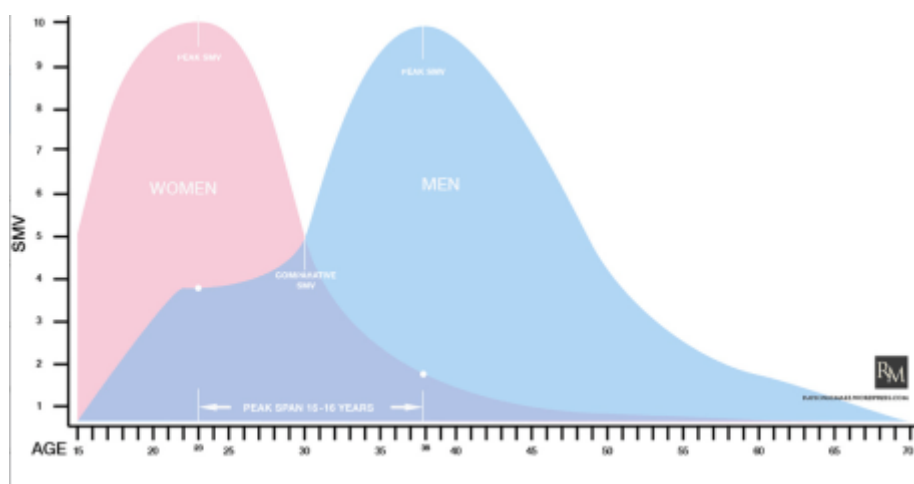
By temperament, which is the real law of God, many men are goats and can't help committing adultery when they get a chance; whereas there are numbers of men who, by temperament, can keep their purity and let an opportunity go by if the woman lacks in attractiveness.

-Mark Twain, **Letters from the Earth**, dropping red pill wisdom in the early 20th century



The modern sexual marketplace is driven overwhelmingly by females' sexual needs, not males'. A place where this fact is evident is the college campus. Girls who are decent, but not exceptionally attractive enjoy hooking up with high status alpha males, like star athletes, frat bros, and those perceived to be in positions of power (frat president?) and money (rich parents). These girls enjoy their ability to hook up with high status guys simply because they are young and nubile and therefore desirable. There is very little work involved in order for a woman to slut it up in college, unless you consider it 'work' to go to a bar and bat the eyelashes. As for guys who are not so high status, and lack game? They take what is left. They accept fat acceptance and rationalize that they are with a girl because her personality is better than all of those other, hotter girls. These guys put hotties on pedestals and beta orbit them, hoping to use the friendzone orbit to get close enough to hook up with them. We all know they get promptly and awkwardly rejected at some point. These poor saps simply have no idea how they can create attraction in the eyes of women. They lack a strong, masculine frame and a lucrative job, they are out of shape, and they don't have the edgy attitude that girls want. The average man doesn't develop these sexy qualities until a bit later in life. This creates a disparity. Once they can finally attract women who are hot, they are in a long term relationship and unable to hook up with hotter women without cheating.

I hope Rollo won't mind if I employ his graph of the **modern sexual market place** to illustrate the situation:



Given that this graph is accurate, it is easy for men to get slightly bitter from a pure self-interest standpoint that they were never able to maximize their SMV in the hookup world, whereas women were. Average age for women getting married is about 27, and for men it's 29, so we are both getting married at about the same age give or take.

Women are free to slut it up in their prime years (18-23), as many do, whereas males who get married pass up their prime years of value (30s) by getting married. This is why a lot of guys end up cheating on their wives right around this age. It's the middle age crisis. It's an existential realization that, *hey, I'm aging like a fine wine and a lot of women that I didn't have sexual access to in years past are finding me attractive. Should I indulge? I mean, I only live once, right?*

To sum up, average women are able to have fun in their peak years (ride the carousel with high status men), but the average man is wifed up during his prime years, and often spending his younger years pretending that he enjoys hooking up with moderately good-looking girls as much as he would with real hotties.

This trend is concerning, as I want to have a wife and kids some day, yet I would probably fall into this category. I consider cheating Don Draper style on one's wife to be one of the worst things you can do to someone you have decided to build a life with. Growing up, I always have looked at men who cheat on their wives at that age with a bitter scorn. This is in part because of one of my high school friends' Dad. *Jen*, a girl that I beta-orbited during high school's dad ended up having an entirely different apartment, car, life, and (surprise!) younger, hotter girlfriend in the city whilst he was seemingly 'happily' married to Jen's mom. Jen found this out when she was 19 and it completely shattered her worldview. She started slutting it up bigtime. My reaction was, "Jen's dad is such an asshole, I will never cheat on my wife if that if it is the last thing I do. I could never do that to my kids and to her."

But alas, the sexual marketplace is a place where hearts are broken, and the laws of biology trump our manufactured concept of 'true love.' Chris Rock said "A man is only as faithful as his best option." Who really knows how they would act in that situation? How do I know that her dad wasn't getting stood up for sex by her mom for years and finally said to hell with it? And now Jen hates her dad.

So, Jen's dad was demonized for embracing his prime value in the sexual marketplace, while Jen's mom could have been a big slut in college and he would have been expected to just forget that, since it's in the past.

Now, this is a simplification of a very complex situation. Jen's dad could have been a huge slut in college also.

Jen's mom could have been virtuous. Whatever. My point is simply that in the modern, natural male sexuality is overly demonized, whereas women are empowered to do what they want during their peak years.

These are averages, and as humans we are not bound by our biological urges, thankfully. But a quick glimpse at modern western society shows how much of a self indulgent culture we have become and gives us an idea of where we are headed. We want what we want, and we want it now. Why not self-indulge? YOLO.

I want this food/beer/TV show/sex/porn and I want it now. I don't want to have to wait. Three minutes later you are done eating/drinking/watching/having sex/masturbating and all you're left with is your dick in your hand and a

vague feeling of emptiness and dissatisfaction.

This is our culture. From the moment a person is born now, he is inundated with this very message of self-indulgence. Join Match.com and you'll be happy. Drink a coca cola and you'll be happy. Have a Miller and you'll be happy. Watch MTV and you'll get the latest, best entertainment. None of it works longterm. It's all surface level indulgence.

My Grandpa and Grandma would have been damned to hell before they got a divorce. They've been married for over *60 fucking years*. Just wasn't something that was an option. Now though, YOU come first. Yes, I am talking to YOU, reader. YOUR happiness. Newsflash: marriage was NEVER all hot sex and passion. Getting married to the same person and staying together for a long time isn't going to be easy, no matter HOW compatible you are with your significant other. The difference is that many of our generation puts our own happiness first, before those of our kids. Our consumerist culture trains us to do so. And sexual contentment is something that is always on the human brain. Hooking up with an attractive man or woman is a good feeling. It is validating. It is in our nature.

The way sluttiness is trending, both men and women are going to have to become a lot more okay with their partner having had a high number of sexual partners before them and maybe during them. This goes against the grain of conventional manosphere wisdom. But it's just something I don't see changing. Girls are gonna enjoy their early 20s, guys are gonna be more desired later in life. There is no easy solution. Well, a threesome with your wife and a young hottie, maybe?

Technological advances (hookup apps) + birth control (no age for more after pill law passed) + 3rd wave feminism = lots of sluttiness, lots of self indulgence. Goddamn are we headed for some interesting times as a society.

Feminism: the Water All Around You, or Why I'm not a Feminist

Keanu · 13 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original

If you are a younger male and you don't know what feminism is and how it affects you, you need to read this fucking post. Ladies, you can read it too. I don't care how dumb your high school teachers have made you or how much you think history and any "ism" doesn't apply to you. This one does. So listen the fuck up.

If you had asked me four years ago if I was a feminist, I probably would have said yes.

Yes, I believe that women should have the right to vote.

Yes, I believe that women should have equal rights to men.

Yes, I believe that women should be able to work outside the home.

But in truth, I didn't know what the fuck feminism was or what modern feminists want. I was like the fish in this video (You can watch it all, but you only need to watch the first 20 seconds to get the context for this post):

Like the fish in the video who have no idea what water is, many people don't know what feminism actually is. So what the hell is feminism?

I do understand feminism finally. And I must say, fuck feminism. Let's get in to what feminism is and why *Fuck Feminism*.

My experience with feminism:

I went to one of the most feminist colleges in the U.S. It was a place where fraternities were looked down upon just because 'all those *guys* don't need to be living together,' and where male and female bathroom symbols were replaced with gender neutral symbols. Where the gender and women's studies majors complained that there weren't enough physics and math majors so we needed to change admission standards, yet the population of the college was almost 70% women. It was a place where a fraternity brother of mine was accused of rape one day by his insane, cokehead, drunken, whorish ex-girlfriend because she regretted a hook-up, and we met as a fraternity in the middle of the night to discuss what the fuck we were going to do since our reputation had thus been tarnished forever because one slutty girl regretted a decision she made while she was blackout drunk. Meanwhile, **my fraternity brother Dan respected his girlfriend like a princess and could not get any**. It is a place where two recent (beloved by all students, male and female) administrators were let go because they did not take an anonymous grievance panel (rape situation) seriously *enough*. (They took it seriously, just wasn't up to par with what the anonymous griever wanted). There are no surveys about this, but I can personally attest that it is in the 10% for ugliest, fattest schools in the nation (not just girls, btw).

Highly selective school too. Go figure.

I had a decision between going to a large state school, and going to this small school. I decided to go to the small school where I could play college sports and pursue in depth studies for my future career in medicine (this didn't pan out).

During my time at this school, however, I had no clue about how much of a role feminism was playing in my college experience. I was always a go with the flow kind of guy. I had no idea much it was impacting my perception of what I wanted for me. I thought I wanted an independent, tomboy-ish, masculine girlfriend with short hair. I really did. Why? Well, What the hell is water?

The feminist viewpoint has come so far from its original goals in this country, to get women equal rights, that it is absurd. Even my girlfriend, who has a vagina (and provides actual value to the world) agrees with me on this point. I'm going to guess this is because she is smart, and, oh, I don't know, has spent her formative years developing an actual skill set besides being an expert on bitching about glass ceilings.

How Feminists Screwed Themselves Over

Feminists don't want women to have the option to be homemakers. They want women to work outside the home, period. No exceptions. Just look at how this feminist talkshow host reacts to Christopher Hitchens (one of the most respected academics of our time) when he says that no wife of his is going to have to work outside the home and that women are better than men at working with children. She *literally* thinks he is joking:

Let me tell you something: I work with a lot of middle aged ladies in my profession. A shit ton. Who do you think complains the most at my job? Ladies aged 35-55. The guys complain ZIP (Well we do actually, mostly about how much the ladies complain). Feminism has taught women that they need to, they must work forever or else this is some kind of a setback to womenkind. *Us ladies must prove that we can do it!* Trust me, a large percentage of 40 year old single women (or full-time working mothers) wish they could go back and bitchslap the 22 year old, hotter version of them that didn't marry a guy who made enough money when she could.

This is how feminists screwed themselves over. Now, in order for a family to make a middle class wage, you **MUST** have a double income from both man and wife. This is the "water" that people don't realize about feminism: it doesn't give females the *option* to work, it makes it so they *must* work to bring in money, unless the man is making bank at a 6+ figure job, and/or the wage that the woman would make working is equal to or less than the cost of child care.

So take action. Guys, you need to get your shit in order and build something great, pursue greatness so that you can take care of your lovely lady later in life. Ladies, be real with yourself about if you want a job later in life or not. At least think long and hard. It's your choice: you can spend your hot 20s aimlessly hooking up, or you can look toward the future and be a classy yet sexy girl who in turn deserves a man of class (and marry that motherfucker while you are still smoking hot). Well, actually it's not your choice any more. Most of you will *have* to work to provide your family with a double income to keep the standard of living you have become accustomed to. And remember, when you hit 40 and are vaguely dissatisfied because you have to work a 40-50 hour job that you hate, you have feminism to thank!

The Fate of Men in Suburbia

Keanu · 23 May 2013 · Archived copy · Original



I live in suburbia, Middleclassville, U.S.A. The price range of homes in the area: approx **\$100,000-\$250,000**. Since the real estate bubble burst in 2008, many homes are closer to the lower end of that.

Lately, I've been thinking about the fate of the men who live on my block. What do their lives come to? Who are these men living in the houses around me? And you know what? I don't have any models of masculinity that make me pine for the future of my life as a middle class 9-5er. Let's delve into some of the characters of my block who make me think that way. (Names changed, of course).

We have John. I knew John growing up as the guy who threw the best halloween party on the block. The guy was obsessed with decking out his residence with halloween decorations and inviting everyone over come october. John was about six feet tall, balding, in his fifties, and at least 300 lbs. I was away from my house for a couple of years, I found out that John committed suicide two years ago, at age 58. With a handgun. This is tragic, and obviously there was probably a lot going on behind the scenes there. Nevertheless, the tragedy made me think about how my life will be in the future. What drove him to do it? He seemed like a normal guy to me.

Then there is Ralph "The Rapper." Ralph is about 70 years old, lives alone, and has earned his nickname on the block as Ralph "the Rapper" because he raps, or knocks rapidly, on his front window almost every night between the hours of midnight and 3 a.m. When it is hot out during the summer and our windows are open, Ralph has the ability to wake us up with his vigorous rapping. We have asked Ralph about this, and he denies doing the rapping.

We have even caught him in the act. He still denies it. Ralph definitely has a screw or two loose. To me, this is an cry for attention, understandable in many ways.

Then there's Mark, the beta-ized neighbor on the corner with the wife who runs the show.

There's Jerry. He works long and hard hours to bring home the bacon for his 2 plump daughters and plump wife. Who are very nice people, by the way.

There's Frank, a house down, who was the first man I saw die with my own eyes when he had a heart attack at the age of 59 and got taken away by an ambulance. Smoked a ton of cigarettes, watched a ton of cable TV is what I remember about him.

And then there is the bastion of hope. Josh, my neighbor across the street, who is married to a pretty cool and decently attractive lady, his high school sweetheart. He seems happy. He has a couple of kids, including a daughter my age, who was known as the town bicycle when I was in high school.

Then there's my house, where my parent both leave the house at about 6 a.m. to go to work, and get back between 6 and 7 p.m.

I try to formulate a model for my own happiness from the men around me, but I cannot. Maybe I'm being overly cynical. I'm sure these men lived great lives at one time. Just now...they are settled down. Plus, what do I know about the personal lives of these men? Not enough to make broad accusations. But...this is how I see their lives. I don't desire to be like them.

I read a study one time that said the lower class vision of happiness is to enter the middle class. The middle class version of happiness is to enter the upper middle class. The upper middle class version of happiness is to enter in to the upper class. The Upper class want to become extremely rich. And the extremely rich?

...I don't know, have an affair or two, have some plastic surgery and live like Gatsby? The Sweet Life, baby. Rock on, Frankie.

Summing Up the Current Gender Discussion

Keanu · 17 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Just came across this series of comments when reading the Article JB linked in her latest [post](#). It **sums up** the state of gender dialogue in this country pretty well:



longbow1 wrote:

9/11/2012 6:51 AM CDT



In addition to breaking down stereotypes, which is a worthy cause, it would also be nice if society could celebrate gender differences instead of looking to eliminate them all. The feminine and the masculine each have their own beauty. Trying to make women into men and men into women in every conceivable aspect is simply demeaning.



LaxBuddyz1 responds:

9/11/2012 7:29 AM CDT

Agreed. I have been saying this for years. Men and Women can be equal without being the same.



10famillion responds:

9/11/2012 8:34 AM CDT

Girls are pretty and they smell nice - ipso facto, they win.

The first two comments are people trying to have a legitimate dialogue.

And then the 3rd Point comes in: semi-joking but also serious. The ‘battle’ of the sexes is a battle, it’s not a ying-yang situation where we compliment each other, especially not for feminists. By dictionary definition, feminism is the belief that men and women are equal. As anyone who has ever tried to speak with a feminist knows, modern feminism has become the belief that women are as good if not better than men at everything imaginable and if they aren’t it is because PATRIARCHY.

I know, it’s just a fucking comments board. What real significance could possibly be garnered from it?

Well, from what I see, the current dialogue on Men’s rights (gasp! I’ve never used that term in this blog before) goes a little something like this:

Man “I want to make a point about how the (court system, school system) is much more favorable to women and gives men the shaft.”

Mainstream “Ha you actually think men could POSSIBLY have it hard or be discriminated against in this country in some way?! You’re crazy!! Haven’t you heard of Glass Ceilings! Motherhood! Rape! Hahahaa”

Man “Well I what about the fact that colleges now graduate 60% women, or the overwhelming population of males in prison, or this other study that says...”

Mainstream: “Hah! Men don’t get to college because they aren’t as smart as women! And they go to jail because they are more violent and have worse human natures than women! You and your studies... haha women smell so good”

Seriously...has anyone ever tried to reason with a true feminist? It’s some serious **allegory of the cave** type shit.

The fact remains that pendulum has swung far in the direction of ‘women are superior angels who can do no wrong.’ Still wondering if it might actually swing back...That might be wishful thinking though.

All I know is, when I ask my girlfriend if she can make me a sandwich for when I get home, feminine as she is, I see that gut reaction of ‘are you trying to oppress me?’ flash across her eyes.

Good Girls are Out There

Keanu · 26 June 2013 · Archived copy · Original



In DC right now, the place Roosh alleges is the capital of **broken women**.

Maybe it's true. I met a women or two this weekend who:

- 1) Broke up with their (cool sounding) BF to follow their career
- 2) Were fat, and generally not attractive
- 3) Were not thinking about babies any time soon
- 4) Were slamming straight into the wall and just not realizing it yet

On the other hand, a good friend of mine has a gf that...

- 1) Likes to cook for him
- 2) Likes taking care of her body (is not fat)
- 3) Wants to have babies
- 4) Is fun to be around
- 5) Is not ashamed of 1 & 3.

Nice, feminine, American women are out there. You just have to look around a little bit. There is one meme of manosphere commentary that your GF is supposed to spend every waking moment dedicated to her husband. She must: stay in great shape, want to have a bunch of babies, want to fuck you all the time...and supposedly this ideal is to be found in foreign countries with more patriarchal societies, and in the 1950s. This is an ideal that never really existed. We are being nostalgic for a ghost.

Have you ever seen the landbeasts that guys must wife up in these countries? We may be the fattest country in the world, but that isn't because their are no fat South American housewives who let themselves go. Yea, guys may _____

marry a girl when she is young and beautiful, but he will not divorce her under any circumstances.

My point is, guys bitch about how there are no good women...while enjoying the ability to hook up with loooooots more than most guys in a lot of foreign countries would ever have access to.

A man is most happy in a prison of his own choosing

Keanu · 2 July 2013 · Archived copy · Original

“A man is most happy in a prison of his own choosing.” Some thoughts.

Indeed, how true this quote rings. It seems that I am in the exact opposite throes of this question. Let's do a little analysis.

To be happy in a prison of your own choosing infers that you have consciously carved out your place in life. How hard it is to carve out such a purpose, when one knows so little at the age when one makes the decisions that affect the outcome of one's life. But then, you must choose your position and be okay with it. I, in this moment, feel like I have not necessarily chosen my space in life, or that I have not necessarily actively carved out my position in life. I feel reactive. Not proactive. A prison...not my choosing.

Why do I feel like this? Is this just red pill awareness at it's finest? Some of the thoughts which most occupy my mind are those of bitterness and missing out. Is this just the Beta's lament? I have a wonderful girlfriend who is pretty and sweet and kind and smart, a beautiful person. 25 years old and we have been through a decent amount together. I am reasonably sure that she will be faithful to me. She indeed wants to build a life with me. She has expressed this interest. She loves me a lot.

Yet I find myself concentrating on the negatives of the relationship: I have at age 26 with some healthy life experience, a slight knowledge of some game concepts, visibly noticed an up tick in the kind of girl I am able to attract. I flirt with them all the time to get their numbers, but then don't follow up. It's for sport. And I feel shitty about it after. But wow is it fun: to finally be able to attract legit hottie girls, the girls that I never managed to get with in high school.

So this, then, is what it comes down to: almost a biblical understanding of temptation. At 26, do I choose a relationship and long term security, stability, or the way of the lone wolf: adventure, hop from one semi-relationship to another, enjoying the unprecedented carnal pleasures that this century's 2nd wave sexual revolution has to offer? And take advantage of the hotties I am finally able to really enjoy, having essentially never lived by myself in an apartment where I can bring girls back, and never had the degree of 'game' that I have now?

This is what I struggle with. It is an unsettling struggle. And sometimes I wish something could happen one way or the other so that I could just be forced into a decision. GF gets pregnant: I stay with her and make the most of it. One of us fucks up and gets with someone else: I can easily choose the way of the lone wolf and fully embrace it.

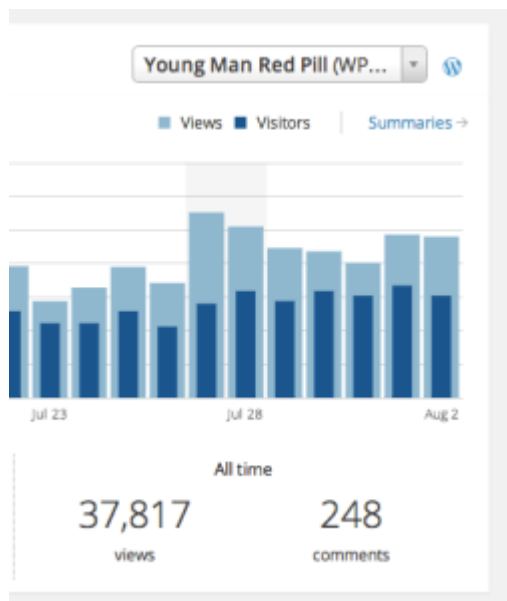
The problem, though, is the cognitive dissonance that occurs when one doesn't accept one's position. Beliefs cannot exist that are in direct contradiction with one's behavior for long. Either the belief or the behavior **MUST** be altered so that one's beliefs and actions are in sync with each other.

Lessons from a Year of Blogging: the Red Pill Series

Keanu · 3 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Yesterday, WordPress reminded me that I've been blogging on YoungMan RedPill for one year. After a year of blogging and 43 posts, I find that blogging is a great exercise for intellectual development, helping one to develop ideas and writing skills. I'm no expert, and I'm not trying to sell anyone anything, but nonetheless it is still a fun hobby that I believe will pay intellectual dividends in the future. Hell, it already has. If you are on the fence about starting a blog, I recommend it.

Currently I'm averaging about 100 hits per day, mostly from google searches:



Consider blogging an Apprenticeship for writing and understanding women. I've learned more in a year of blogging than I have in any high school class that I have taken. To elaborate a bit further, I would like to reference Robert Greene, author of *Mastery*. Greene theorizes that there are 3 stages to mastering any skill: 1) The Apprenticeship, 2) Creative-Active, and 3) Mastery.

Within the Apprenticeship Phase, Greene asserts that there are three Steps or Modes:

- 1) Deep Observation–The Passive Mode
- 2) Skills Acquisition–The Practice Mode
- 3) Experimentation–The Active Mode

Personally, I'm probably somewhere between Skills Acquisition and Experimentation. And I'm fine with that. I've been reading and putting into practice lots of red pill maneuvers over the past year. It is my belief that the learned charisma that game can bring is of utmost importance for a man in the 21st century. Indeed, what is more important than an understanding of one's one masculinity and what it really means?

Even the natural may one day hit a rough spot with women and not understand why. The red pill man will always understand.

As a first year anniversary post series, I am going to share the insights I have picked up from 1 year of blogging and pursuing a 'red pill' way of seeing women and men.

At its core, the 'red pill' movement or whatever you want to call it is the pursuit of a very basic question in the world is "What is happening and why is it happening?"

The main “What” of the manosphere is ‘That guy is getting with girls. I’m not.’

The main “Why”: Why is that guy getting lots of girls and I am not? And let the endless blog posts commence.

The Red Pill Ideology series: a breakdown

In this series of short posts, I am going to break down Red pill viewpoints into digestible snippets called the Red Pill Series. You’ll want to check these out if you are a red pill beginner. On with the first post:

Red Pill Series #1: Male Fitness & Attractiveness

Red Pill Man Series #1: Male Fitness & Attractiveness

Keanu · 3 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

In this series of short posts, I am going to break down Red pill viewpoints into digestible snippets. You'll want to check these out if you are a red pill beginner.

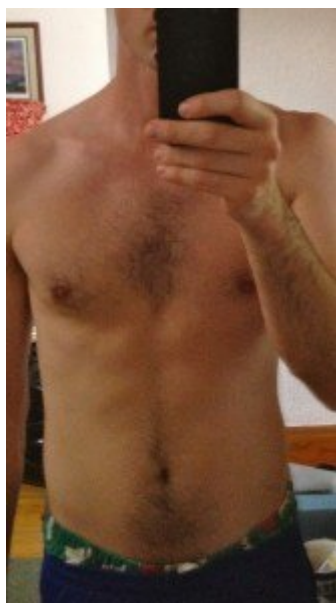
Red Pill v. Blue Pill Male Fitness & Attractiveness:

Blue Pill: Some girls love skinny guys, others are into big muscular guys. It just depends on taste.

Red Pill: All girls prefer muscular men. This is obvious to any man who has lived life as both a skinny man and a buff man.

My take:

I'm a skinny guy naturally. I ran cross country and track in high school and college, which helped me become athletic with muscular definition. I could run 12 miles like it was nothing. But the manosphere has helped me realize my own personal "hamster" rationalization in thinking that girls prefer my 'skinny man six pack' to a guy who is big, bulky, and dominant. A year ago my weight hovered around 160 lbs after I got done traveling for 2 years. I'm 6 feet fucking 2 inches tall. So 160 is emaciated looking. By lifting and eating a shit ton over the past year, I've upped that to 180. I have to admit though, that 180 is not 100% muscle. I'm shooting for somewhere between 190-200 this year. I'll be interested to see if there is a noticeable change in the way women, and people in general, perceive me and act toward me as I progress. Honestly, I can't tell a HUGE difference between these two selfies, but here is me at 165:



And then at 175:



I'm still holding out for those 185, 195 gains.

If you are holding on to your view that, “yea, but skinny guys can still get girls,” I will grant you this is conceivable. It is possible. But is it OPTIMAL? For me, the nail in the coffin is this: how many girls enjoy being heavier than their boyfriend? The answer is none. Zero. And if a girl is happy to be heavier than you, you sir have a rough road ahead of you if you want to have a fuckable girlfriend/wife.

If you are a skinny guy and you ask a female friend if they prefer big guys or skinny guys, it is likely that they will say ‘ohh I don’t know, it depends.’ They are saying that because girls will LIE to you (shocking, I know) to protect your self-esteem. Think about if a girl asks another girl, “How do I look in this dress?” In her head a smart girl thinks, “She is a fat cow, and I pity her boyfriend.” What comes out of her mouth though? “I think that color goes great on you. Really complements your skin.” It’s bullshit rationalization. Period.

Don’t listen to girls for advice. Especially for anything having to do with attraction.

If you are like me, you won’t gain weight unless you really force yourself to down food all of the time, but, it is worth it. Stop running, lift some heavy weights (deadlift! GRUNT), and just start shoveling lots of food into your mouth post workout. It’s not that fucking hard. Make it a habit, not something you do 1-2x a week. Good luck.

Your Man,

Keanu

PS: Tomorrow’s Post: Red Pill Session #2: Female Fitness and Attractiveness

Red Pill Series #2: Female Fitness & Attractiveness

Keanu · 3 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

[In the red pill series I write about what a year of blogging from a red pill lense has taught me.]

Blue Pill View: Big is beautiful. Men should like girls for “who they are.” Girls are unfairly judged based on their appearance!

Red Pill View: Stop feeling ashamed for not liking fatties...it's normal. Men have a biological predisposition for youth, which is signified by thinness.

My take: I remember when I was living in Spain, studying abroad at the age of 20. I was fucking this girl who had a great “personality” (i.e. she would give me head in all sorts of random places in the city). She was also very helpful as I was learning Spanish. She came with one caveat though: she was overweight by about 20 lbs. One afternoon, when myself and fatty were on the subway together, I noticed another student from my program board the exact same car I was on. You know what my IMMEDIATE, GUT reaction was?

SHAME.

I felt Shame, and I thought “Shit I hope he doesn't see me with this fatty. He might tell other people.” It was VERY crowded, so he didn't see me. But, my gut reaction says a lot about how guys who have fat/ugly gfs feel: ashamed of them. B/c bottom line, if they could fuck/wife up a hotter girl, they would. Going against this is going against 1000's of years of human evolution...it's just how male biology works.

Fat girls are indeed like Mopeds. Fun to ride but you wouldn't want to be seen by your friends riding one around town.

Red Pill v. Blue Pill Series #3: Expressing Masculinity

Keanu · 4 August 2013 · Archived copy · Original

In this series, I celebrate one year of blogging by exploring the differences between 'red pill' and 'blue pill' ways of thinking. Previous posts were about [male fitness](#) and [female fitness](#).

I don't claim to be a top alpha dog PUA guru who bangs hordes of women (though I've had my fair share, almost all of them before I learned about game).

I'm just a guy who thinks that society is at an all time high in terms of the bullshit you are supposed to buy into.

Today, I am going to address the topic of the expression of masculinity in the U.S.

Masculinity: pertaining to or characteristic of a man or men.

There are two separate narratives of what the ideal masculine is in today's society. One is a lie, the other is the truth.

The Blue Pill version of masculinity tells us:

- 1) Boys who are distracted from boring elementary/high school classes should be medicated.
- 2) Men should not fight.
- 3) Men should not pee outside.
- 4) Men should be docile and submissive to their wives and corporations.
- 5) Men should open doors and pay for dates.
- 6) Men should not hit on girls; that is 'creepy.'
- 7) Hooking up with a slightly buzzed girl, even if you yourself are too drunk to consent, is rape and your fault.
- 8) Lifting weights is 'so cliché.' You are such a typical bro, Bro!

Essentially, in the blue pill narrative, most things that men want to do or that makes them feel good, they shouldn't do it. This is the suppression of the true masculine (in males).

Red Pill Masculinity:

- 1) ADHD is over-diagnosed for boys.
- 2) Fighting and physical escalation is a natural expression of men's rage which has been around for 1000's of years.
- 3) Men should display their dominance.
- 4) There is no need for chivalry if your end goal is to get laid and not LGBF'd.
- 5) Men should be the main provider in the family, at the very least making more money than the wife.
- 6) Hit on girls to your heart's content; although they will not tell you this, females are aching to be conquered by a proper, masculine man of value.
- 7) [Lift some weights and eat some steaks](#), you pussy.

My take: Masculinity is one of the topics that hits close to home for me. Or more accurately, its suppression hits close to home. I went to an EXTREMELY feminist school. Has to be one of the top 3 in the nation. Allow me to explain:

There were always pictures of women dead from abortions to make sure everyone there remained pro-choice. People (Gender and Women's studies majors who ran the school newspaper) made a fuss about how all of the

physics and math majors were male. Then they complained that it was sexist that the bathrooms in the physics and math hallway were male, and the females had to walk alllllllll the way to the other wing (50 feet) to find a female bathroom. Obviously this lack of bathrooms was why so few girls at the school were choosing STEM fields!! Damn you, Evil Patriarchy!

There was a 30/70 male/female split at the school. Unfortunately, about 5% of the girls were what I would consider bangable sans beer goggles. And that 5% typically knew they were in the top 5%.

I knew this guy who was cleaning up with pussy. Swimming in it. I was dumbfounded, because he looked like this:



Then I found out his angle...majoring in gender and women's studies and marxism. Your stereotypical male feminist. To his credit the guy was DAMN smart, or at least damn good at regurgitating back to liberal professors the shit they wanted to hear to get straight A's. And he was using his smarts to get attractive gender & women's studies majors to blow him. Well played, I guess. That's masculinity in the 21st century for you!

My college could be the poster child for a higher institution organization where feminists can say whatever they want about how shitty guys are, and get away with it, while men could not say shit about women lest they be labeled misogynist. This was not men learning to be masculine. This was men learning to fear their own masculinity. In one class, I remember semi-consciously acting more effeminate so the teacher would not discriminate against me, since she had a known reputation for hating frat-boy partiers, which I was. I would wear my glasses to class, cross my legs like a girl or hipster, and speak as gay-academic sounding as I could muster. I got an A- in that class, putting in very little effort. Looking back at this, I would slap my 20 year old self in the face for being such a pussy and dealing with this professors crap.

The year after I graduated, two men were removed from the administration (Deans), one for not having taken a sexual assault grievance seriously enough, and another for allegedly sexually harassing a female student. Of course, in both of these cases, these men were asked to step down without any sort of investigation or trial. It was just more of an 'uhhhh well there is this thing people are accusing you of, eh maybe it's true maybe not, well why don't you just step down? You have a penis, you're probably guilty in some way, let's face it.'

I spoke with a few smart female friends who knew the details around the incidents, and they all said that these girls who had accused the Deans were 'dumb' and 'batshit crazy,' and 'what a shame, those guys were great deans, rocks of the school administration.'

Well, they are gone now, replaced with women.

After college I went to Latin America for 2 years. I lived in a land where men were actually rewarded for masculine qualities, like strength, dominance, and providing for their family, and where my host mom would get ANGRY at me if I started to wash my own clothes. I didn't understand; it made her happy to wash my clothes...wasn't she worried that she was being oppressed or something? Then it clicked: Women could actually be happy expressing femininity...as males could embrace their true masculinity.

Some of my American female friends were subjected to stuff that I would clearly be considered harassment and they could do nothing about it. Like when my friend's principal asked her, "So Jessica, can I please have a moment of sex with you?" every time when they were alone in the school she taught at. Alright, I can see how that is fucking uncomfortable. But, the dude got away with it. He was married.

But a series of experiences over a couple of years abroad made me realize: In the U.S. our version of 'acceptable masculinity for men' is worlds apart from what it is in other cultures. Our masculinity is culturally constructed. I

even proceeded to write a narrative book about this subject on my current transformation, before I had ever heard of the manosphere. I was 70 pages in, before discovering the manosphere with a google search one day. It was not coincidence that a group of men had already elaborated their thoughts on what I was feeling myself, and putting forth a dialogue on what exactly it means to be masculine any more.

The bottom line is this: in America, many qualities of masculinity are suppressed, as men are told from an early age that their urges are wrong. This is why the manosphere exists. It is why some guys decide to become pussy-slaying PUAs who pump and dump girls. They lack an appropriate outlet for the expression of their masculinity.

Things are only going to get more interesting as women surpass men in income and power, while we continue to talk about the oppression of 'glass ceilings' and as a result make social structures more female friendly, ostracizing males. One of my new favorite bloggers, [Blunt Monkey](#), sums it up pretty well:

SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. For generations, women struggle to achieve economic equality with men. Men resist this obvious challenge to their supremacy. Then, in the past decade, the economy falls apart and women finally supplant men in access to resources. The result? Women are getting married later, if at all, to less desirable men; Men are having more casual sex, with more and hotter women, an activity which helps them fill the hours between getting drunk and playing their Xbox since they don't have to work anymore.

There is only one word to describe this: *Hilarious*.

So what will our new version of masculinity be? It is still, largely undefined in the 21st century, as men struggle with their declining economic and institutional power.

Is the Pendulum Swinging Back?

Keanu · 9 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

If you are like me, you just recently (within the last three years) started to understand what feminism is and why it's important to you. And then you understand that there has been a lot of backlash in the last 10 years against feminism. Tucker Max' popularity. Pick-up artists try to reclaim their masculinity to sleep with lots of women that they couldn't get in high school. The growth of the manosphere. That was the backlash, but is it possible that the pendulum is swinging back? Could masculinity/femininity as a Yin/Yang be coming back into vogue?

As any rational person knows, we are well past 'equality for women' and on to the pedestalization, entitlement, and imaginary victimhood of women. I believe this past decade will be remembered as the time when we decided women must be allowed to have their cake, eat it too, all while sitting on the couch while their husband (who makes less money than his wife) brings it too her with a hearty "Yes, ma'am."

John the Other sums up how far we have come when he points out that Affirmative Action is in place for women, while 65% of college graduates are women. Cognitive dissonance much? Nice point John:

John's example is perhaps the most glaring and undebatable example one can point to when pointing out the flaws of an anachronistic style of feminism we subscribe to in the United States. Yet we must continue to bow to the will of feminist "will" or whatever you want to call it. If you do not bow to this imaginary force, good luck gaining popular opinion, as Mitt Romney found out when his "Binders of women" comment became the turning point that caused him to lose the election.

Yet something else is in the air lately. And it's not PUAs. It's not Tucker Max...it's something else.

It's...women.

Women are realizing that the individual life they designed in which they didn't need a man isn't so great after all.

Women are admitting that they just really want a man in their life...and not a spineless, hipster, activist, feminist man, but a man of character, who is physically stronger than them and plays the protector/provider role, who makes decent money and is ambitious, and does not cater and bow to their every whim.

Check out this YouTube vid, por ejemplo:

She admits that she went in "trying to win" at dating. As if it were a zero sum game, and could not actually be a win-win for both. And she says she was wrong.

I won't post all of the links, but if you go to youtube and look at the related videos, there are a shit ton of GIRLS posting about how they think feminism sucks. And many of the videos are RECENT. From 2013. Is it possible?

Is the pendulum swinging back?

And then tonight, one of my usual feminist-posting facebook friends posts this:

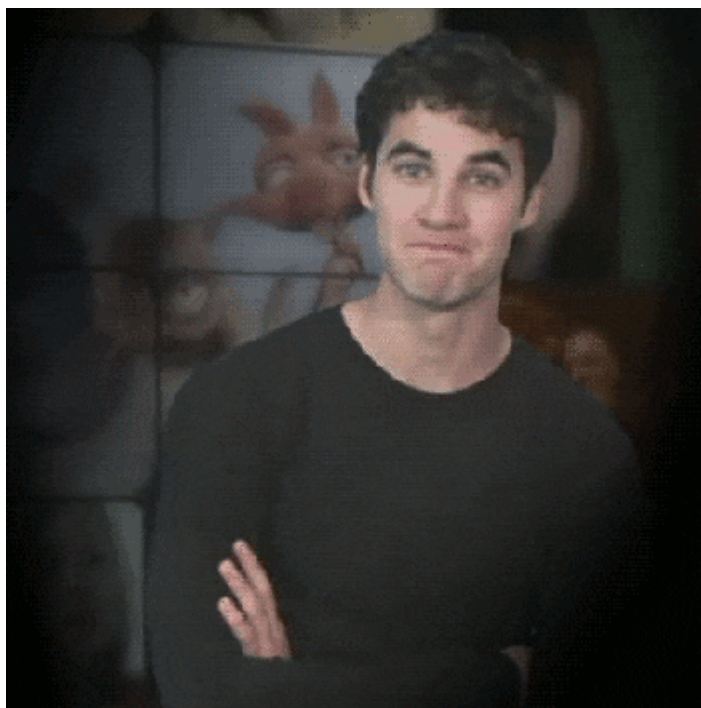
<http://www.policymic.com/articles/54105/the-one-thing-all-men-feel-but-never-admit>

Essentially, the article summarized a recent documentary (produced by a woman) raising some concerns that we are perhaps not critically examining the role of masculinity in our culture as much as we should be, while men are killing themselves 7x more than women, are 30% more likely to drop out of school, and in general feel 'forced into their own masculine role.'

Much like women feel 'forced into their own feminine role.'

Fancy that. Men feel pressure too...

While I haven't yet seen the documentary, and from the short clip on the link it seems as though it will be rife with blue pill views on masculinity, it is still nice to see that people are at least starting to CONSIDER the fact that, hey, maybe we've spent so much time worrying about our daughters that we forgot about our sons.



Imagine that.

Guys are people with feelings too. And they have an idea of how they, as a person with a penis and not a vagina, should act and position themselves.

So this is totally, completely anecdotal, but I feel like something might actually be changing. Like we might have reached the tipping point a few years ago, or less...and could be on the swing back away from the victimhood of the woman minority (I love that term, women as a “minority.” Feminist Studies ≠ Math) and might be realizing that Hey, maybe the fact that 65% of college graduates are women DOES mean our school system screws over guys...

At least, women are realizing it on an individual level. Institutionally, we are still a long ways away.

Which is why we are always going to need the old guys to explain to younger men the “G code,” shit everybody needs to know but you just can’t talk about in public. I don’t see the PUA/men’s self improvement market going down any time soon.

Haven’t been posting much as of late, but that’s because I’ve been lifting, eating, working on a hustle, and feeling fucking awesome. Life is good when you are working toward a goal and taking daily action.

I Have a Confession

Keanu · 12 September 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Today's post is going to be a little bit different than the usual. I need to make a confession. I, Danielle, just literally just need to get this off my chest. This is hard for me to do, but I must. It will feel so good.

I was 'date raped' to lose my virginity.

I was drunk, and acting a fool, but it was with an older, more experienced guy. I blame him for some of the intimacy problems I had when I started out dating.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Let me tell you how it all happened.

In February my senior year of high school, three friends and I decided to take a trip down to the nearest party school, where we had some mutual friends. I didn't know any of them, but they were very nice seeming people. The four of us planned to crash all in their big dorm room, college style. We were ready to have a fun night. No parents!

After pre-gaming that night in their dorm room, we went to an apartment party with friends and other college kids. I definitely had too much of the jungle juice, and beer bonged too many beers.

Meanwhile, I was probably outwardly flirting with dudes at the party, and giving them eyes. Yea, I admit it. Everything was just so novel! I couldn't help it! I think I even challenged someone to a pushup contest at some point. I tried to convince everyone that I was a DI athlete on the track team.

Then, almost without warning, I was visibly drunk. I was noticeably slurring my words, according to what my friends later told me. I told the guy who wanted to walk me home that "Yea, that is definitely a good idea."

We left the apartment together, and then...blackout city.

The next thing I remember was waking up the next morning with NOTHING on, naked in some bed. I had absolutely no idea where I was for about 10 seconds. Like I didn't even know which of the 50 states I was in. Then I looked over and saw the guy who was sleeping next to me—the guy who lived in the room who was friends with my friends. Then I had flash backs to the night before. Him on top of me. Me barely conscious. Just...there...taking it...I saw his face of pleasure on top of me...ahhhh.

"Fuck...did that even happen?" I asked myself. It all seemed like a dream. I hoped it was.

Then he stirred next to me.

"Hey....How are you doin?" He smiled at me.

"Haha." I had no idea what to say to him. I was feeling really weird.

"Oh my god things got out of control last night...that was fun though." He smiled at me again. I looked down—underneath the covers—he was totally naked as well. I bet he was as drunk as I had been that night.

"I am so hungover you don't even realize...I need some water..." I said.

"There is a water fountain down the hall," he replied.

I don't think I had ever been that thirsty for all my life. I probably stood at the water fountain drinking for 5 minutes. That is what happens when you drink hard alcohol and are not used to it.

I didn't even want to go back in the room with...him. What the fuck? How did this happen? I didn't think my first time was going to be like this. I always thought that my first time would be with someone that I, ya know, cared about. Not necessarily someone I was madly in love with, but someone I could talk it out with at least.

But no. It was a rando who I had seen like one time before in the halls of high school. He had my V card. It was

gone forever.

I walked back into the room. His roommate was there too in the other bed. He told us about some girl who he told couldn't come back to the room last night b/c he didn't like her. We joked about other things. I laughed, and did the best imitation of myself that I could, even though all along my mind was focused on one thing: *did that really happen last night?*

It was a long three hour ride home. I said nothing to anyone.

To this day, only one person knows the reality of my true V-card losing story, my best friend at the time Katie. I made up a story to everyone else about losing it to some other guy that summer who I had a huge crush on and actually knew. To some extent, I almost convinced myself that the 2nd story was the true story. But, in reality it's not. I lost it that night visiting a party school, black out drunk, with a random. This is my confession.

* * *

The above story is completely, 100% true as best I can remember it. The names have been changed to protect the innocent, including me. I also went ahead and changed my male name to a female name, since I've always kinda wanted to be a girl. It is true that I have no memory whatsoever of consenting. Did this girl 'rape' me? No, I don't think so. As any SANE person can see, we were just two really drunk people who ended up fucking. She even rode me bareback. She was obviously pretty drunk too.

* * *

According to the feminist/Huff Post definition of rape, **I actually raped this girl because she was intoxicated:**

(talking about what advice to give your son)

How about the heart-to-heart where you lovingly conferred the legal knowledge that "a woman doesn't have to be fighting you and you don't have to be pinning her down for it to be RAPE. Intoxication means she can't legally consent, NOT that she's an easy score."

Thanks for the "legal" advice. It doesn't take a lawyer to know (hopefully) that the above information is completely false. What is apparent, however, is that Western society is incapable of having a real discussion about masculinity and how to teach our boys to be men. We don't want to teach them actual social skills, we just want to shame the fuck out of them, call them creepy, and tell them there wasn't actually consent unless you asked her 3 times if it was okay, and asked her every time you escalated.

But this is the culture we live in. In this world on our major media outlets, Women can spout white noise at best, lies at worst, and no one can fucking call them out! It's like some sick, twisted joke. Men can be continuously shamed, and hey, it's all good! We are so creepy, all of us!

So let's take a quick look at these "creepy men." Who are they, really? Who are the creepy men that are making it unsafe for your daughter to go solo to a party on campus? Who are the creepy men that are catcalling her or slut-shaming her or intimidating her with their words? Who are the creepy men that are stalking her? Harassing her? Attacking her?

Who are these "creepy men" and where did they come from AND who in the hell raised them?

The answer, unfortunately, is YOU.

We have too much information to continue blaming the anonymous man lurking in the shadows. We have more than enough data to conclude that the majority of perpetrators aren't "others," they are peers and classmates and ex-boyfriends and friends.

It's not even worth telling people like the author that statistically speaking, **rape is declining**. It's just not even an

argument. LOGIC DOES NOT EXIST. It's just shame the male, shame the male, shame him. Make him feel bad about the drunk sex he has, and make women feel like a victim, even if it was mutual.

I might come off as angry writing this, but I honestly am reaching a point of apathy. But I just worry that a man I care about may, some day, read this stupid shit and actually think they are an evil man for trying to hook up with a girl when they are both kinda drunk. So do you know what he will probably do in that situation? Drink more, until his inhibitions are REALLY gone. And yea, I'm a little pissed that I lost my V-card to some rando who I never talked to again. But hey, shit happens, right?

I said yesterday that I thought the pendulum may be swinging back. Maybe it is, but on the GRASSROOTS level. But the fact remains, right now for mainstream media outlets, it's the 'safe play' to let some feminist girl go getter post a male shaming piece like the aforementioned, while it is controversial to talk about **traditional values**.

What Motivates the Alpha Male?

Keanu · 7 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

A good writer must always know this about every one of his characters: what is it that he most wants?

The Beta male wants the approval of a woman.

But an Alpha does not care about that approval (ironically securing many more women).

The question remains: What does the Alpha male want?

Power?

Freedom?

Legacy?

Greatness?

What is the Ideal Lifestyle?

Keanu · 11 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original



The one with the most hot girls in yoga pants, of course.

Eh, maybe there are other things. But then again maybe not...

Following the path of the masses isn't for everyone. I personally found this out the hard way. Many people have looked at me like I'm crazy in the past few months for leaving my extremely stable job teaching high school. I'm happier now, though.

Over the past 2 years, I have lived four drastically different lifestyles—all with varying degrees of money, autonomy, and happiness.

In particular, I've made a drastic lifestyle change in the last month—from a high school teacher and coach, I've gotten a job as a waiter at a fine dining restaurant and aspiring writer. Life is fun now—definitely better than last year. In a lot of ways. But yet, life is never perfect. Which got me thinking, what are the most important parts of your life? If you believe you have the power to construct your life any way you want to (and you should), how would you construct it?

My four personal experiences in the past 2 years:

Life #1) Rural Latin America. In the Peace Corps. I lived like Henry David Thoreau in a one room shack and made \$300 per month.

Pros: Lots of free time for writing and reflection. I read over 50 books, long ones while I am here. I am high status, and anywhere I go, I get a free meal. People are extremely interested in me. Also, I feel very useful here—I raise the literacy rate of the elementary school, and help build a health post in an isolated area. Yea, typical hippie Peace Corps shit. Every day is an adventure. Oh yea, and Peace Corps girls are so horny, sleeping with them is like shooting fish in a barrel.

Cons: Dads guard their daughters like its...well like it's rural South America. I don't get a lot of ass when I'm in my "town," And the nearest decent sized city is three hours away by bus. I see my own family twice in two years. I make no money. The interest on my student loans compounds.

Life #2) Living at home with my parents while teaching high school and coaching.

Pros: Stability. Health Insurance. An audience of kids that I can attempt to teach some real shit. I get to jam with my Dad on weeknights.

Cons: Boredom. A meager salary (talking \$1,400/month after taxes). Live in the suburbs. Have a 2 hour commute. Have no time to finish the book I had started with all my time in the Peace Corps. No quality girls (though I'm in a relationship, so not a factor for me)

Life #3) Living at home while freelance translating

Pros: Make a shitton of money (\$30/hour). Save all of that money.

Cons: Everything else. Get me the fuck out of the suburbs. My life is boring as shit. I might as well be making love to excel documents for 8 hrs/day.

Life #4) Living in a big city and working as a fine dining waiter (current)

Pros: Make more money than teaching. Have an apartment with roommates. Lots of attractive girls around. Sense of autonomy. I feel more inspired when writing. I have a lot more time to work on my screenplay.

Cons: The hours are long as a waiter, and the work is tiring. I work nights and I'm on my feet all day. I have to pay rent and don't save as much money. I don't have health insurance at the moment...and I'm essentially in a dead end career. Whereas before the problem was too much stability, now it's the opposite. I'm in the wilderness.

Still, I'm way fucking happier now. I'm writing, lifting, and working, saving money and focusing on a few key life goals.

I wonder if in 50 years I'll think, yea I should have kept at the teaching lifestyle (which was essentially a 7am – 6pm job), or if I'll be happy I went for it with what I am doing now?

If you don't know the answer to that question, there is no hope for you.

By the way, there are a lot more girls in yoga pants around these days. Life is good.

“He doesn’t manage me, though.”

Keanu · 15 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

I have a new job, and I met my manager’s wife the other night for the first time. She and her friends were nice (if a tad homely).

But I instantly felt sorry for my manager after having had one 2 minute conversation with his wife.

Me: “Hi Jess well it’s nice to meet you. Jonathon is a great manager.”

Girl: “**Yea well he doesn’t manage me!**” (smiles, friends laugh)

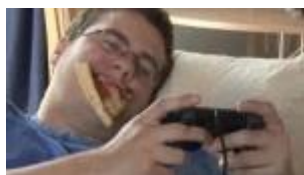
Why are many women so defensive, so competitive with their man? I said NOTHING to imply that she was somehow in an oppressive situation (which she obviously isn’t b/c the dude is cool as hell)...yet she felt the need to let me know this irrelevant information. Even if it’s a joke, she was clearly taking too much pleasure in it.

Well thanks...now I know...that you’re probably a shitty, argumentative wife who has a hard time letting her man throw her head into the pillows and really give it to her.

Thank god dish washing duties are split 50/50 though! The key to a longevitous marriage.

11 Signs You're a Beta

Keanu · 20 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original



11. You always break eye contact first, when talking to women or men.
10. You'd rather bitch and complain than confront the core of a problem.
9. You're passive aggressive, similar to a stereotypical sorority sister.
8. You sit on the couch all day, every day, and play video games.
7. You would never think of approaching an attractive woman. In fact, you figure that if a girl likes you enough she'll come talk to *you*.
6. You check your phone continuously to see if that one girl you messaged texted you back.
5. You are afraid to take control in the bedroom and/or make the first move without a woman's clear permission.
4. You're afraid to date more than one woman at a time.
3. You creep on OkayCupid profiles all day but don't send many messages.
2. You are are really into older women of mediocre attractiveness aka "cougars."
1. You p**k fatties. And you like it.

Thanks for playing.

How to Pick the Right Girl for a Cold Approach

Keanu · 26 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

You walk into a crowded coffee shop and eye the girls inside, deciding who would make the best target for a little chit-chat.

If you knew their stories, this is what you would find out:

You see Laura, a beautiful blonde. Unbeknownst to you, she is exhausted from last night's activities, and now she is cramming for a big test that she has to take in a few hours. She hooked up with her steady hook up buddy last night. She has a solid network of friends in the area.

Alexa sips her coffee, her eyes wandering occasionally. Alexa has just moved to Chicago from San Diego a few days ago. She is working as a server and looking to meet some new people. One of the reasons she came to Chicago was to get away from the stench of a bad breakup.

Natasha, an attractive Latina, is meeting her boyfriend in 10 minutes. They have been together for 6 years and engaged for 1. They have traveled together for 6 months in Europe, and done several thanksgivings together. Natasha is just barely pregnant with her boyfriend's baby.

Adriana, an average looking to pretty girl, just found out her boyfriend was cheating on her a few months ago. She has recovered from the breakup, and now she is single for the first time in years. Though pretty, she has forgotten what the dating scene is like and is a very shy girl. In her head she wishes someone would make the first move on her—she is really nervous about having sex for the first time in years with a guy other than her ex-boyfriend.

Who do you hit and what do you say?

Cougar Bar Fun

Keanu · 30 November 2013 · Archived copy · Original

Time: 2:20 a.m. Place: a traditional hole in the wall-ish bar in Chicago. The kind where you throw your peanuts on the floor.

The crew: I'm rolling with my work colleagues: GreatHairLawyer, LaidBackGinge, and DesignerGirl.

Our crew is in stark contrast to most of clientele, which seems to be pushing 35 on average. GreatHairLawyer and I are 27, D-girl is 22, Ginge is 23.

The ratios of P's to V's is at least 5-1 in this place.

The four of us enjoy ourselves for a while, doing some shots and chatting away. Throwing the peanut shells on the floor.

15 minutes in, I notice a woman sitting at the bar blatantly staring at me. Right at me. Her face is pretty; dirty blonde hair with darker, light carmel skin. My favorite. Alphas like me don't break eye contact first. She keeps staring, I keep staring. The time becomes awkwardly long and she finally looks down and away.

She weirdly has her arm around the bald guy on the bar stool next to her. Yet she just gave me the most blatant 'fuck me' eyes I've ever received. I'm having a good time with my friends; I don't speak with CarmelCougarface. We order more drinks.

CCFace gets up from her spot at the bar to go to the bathroom. I grab her arm as she passes me.

Me: "Hey."

CCface: "Hey, I was going to talk to you right after I went to the bathroom."

"Oh well I don't want to stop you on your way."

"No, it's fine. I'll stay and chat now. How old are you?"

"How old do you think I am?"

"21"

"No, you're way off. I'm 16. Guess you shouldn't be hitting on me that's really creepy."

"No really how old are you."

"I'm 27. You?"

"You are not 27."

"Okay. I'm not 27. How old are you?"

"Let me see your I.D. Or else I won't believe you."

"So how old are you?"

"How old do you think I am?"

"30."

(laughs, nods) "yea...so let me see your I.D."

I give her my I.D.

Me "Now let me see your I.D...Okay, 1983. I'm a good guesser."

"I just can't believe you're 27...you look so young."

“I’ve aged well what can I say.”

“So I’m in for a few days from San Francisco. Do you want to hang out?”

“Yea maybe. Listen though, CCFace, I have to let you know. I don’t know if you’ll be able to handle me. A lot of girls can’t.

She doesn’t skip a beat.

“Okay little boy...listen, I don’t know if YOU will be able to handle ME.”

She insists on typing her number into my phone. I oblige. I have a girlfriend. I’ll read the menu but I won’t eat off it. She won’t be getting a call from me.

Not 1 minute after she leaves, a 35 year old woman approaches me and asks me if I am okay with the way CarmelGirl was hitting on me. I say it’s fine—I like the older girls. I tell her she is not looking bad herself—quite the cougar.

“Ohh, dooon’t use that word on me. How old are you anyway?”

“I’m 20.”

I bought this 35 year-old lady a drink and we chatted about relationships and life for about 20 minutes. I pretended I was 20 years old, she told me how she was at that bar with her (beta) ex boyfriend of 12 years. I was in the zone. No topic was off limits. Why don’t you want children? How was the sex toward the end of that relationship? What would a cougar do with a younger guy?

When all was said and done, she handed me her business card and told me I should call her to find out more about a sales position at her company.

At 3:30 a.m. on Thanksgiving morning.

How far we have come in gender dynamics. These two women hit on ME. Cougar35 even pulled the old ‘was she treating you alright? You looked uncomfortable in that conversation’ gambit that guys like to pull.

Men are meant to be the aggressor, but in a feminized world this dynamic reverses itself. And the gender dynamic reverses for good looking males. Just another reason to hit the gym and maximize your appearance. And maybe you’ll get texts like these from women who approach you:



The Two Girls You'll Meet in DC

Keanu · 4 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Any regular reader of the manosphere knows Roosh's low opinion of American women, and in particular of DC girls. According to Roosh, girls in DC are unfeminine, out of shape, and slutty.

The first time I visited DC a year ago, I met a woman who was the poster child for Roosh's American Woman. She was 28, her looks were beginning to fade but I could tell this had not yet registered for her. We spoke at the bar about how when she was 23, a young engineer had proposed that she and he marry and move to his rural town in Pennsylvania and start a family. She turned him down. "I just don't think I'll be ready to start a family until I am in my 30s, you know?" she explained to me. She said she need to "explore her independent side for a few more years."

In my mind I'm thinking, "Good luck finding a quality guy who wants to wife up a 5/10, slightly bitter, independent woman who wants an entire relationship on her own terms! I'm sure you'll have guys tearing down the door!" (Sad thing is that she will probably have some Betas of the month ready to put a ring on it).

But I think that here in the manosphere, sometimes we harp too much on this prototype of a woman, making one believe every single American woman is like her. This is not true. Case and point:

I have a very good friend who moved to DC years ago. He is not a huge player or a body builder, just a generally cool, fun, yet responsible guy to be around. He is smart and has a nice government job. A reading of the manosphere would have you thinking 'Oh my, he must not be able to find a good, feminine woman! He doth not know game!'

Yet after spending the past week in DC and hanging out for days with he and his girl, I've come to a few conclusions:

- A) His GF is sweet, fun to be around, innocent, and family oriented.
- B) She's made it clear to my friend that she would like to have babies before she is 27 for health reasons (health of the baby, that is).
- C) She is attractive. Not model hot, but maybe a point below (Hard 7.5-8) . Stays in shape, has a very nice face and an hourglass figure.

Just to recap: She is hot, wants children while young, would love to be a stay-at-home-home, stays in shape, etc. etc.

Call me crazy, but sometimes I feel like we here in the 'sphere don't give the quality American women enough credit. These are the women who *actually do turn guys down if they know of their history of being a player*. Of course they are still attracted to duechebags/alphas/PUAs-who-know-the-buttons-to-push on a biological level, but they literally will not consider straying from their man, (even when they are ovulating;).

I'm not saying finding a girl like my friend's is easy. But it's possible. The good girls *are* out there. Although many of them are already in relationships. You probably won't be able to find a truly high quality girl (hot¬ slutty) by scouring the clubs between the hours of 12-4 a.m. when you are piss face drunk. You may have to, you know, find them within the context of your (gasp) real life. (At which time you should ask them out and get good and drunk with them. It's ridiculous how many relationships I know which started this way....)

So there you have it, the two types of girls you'll meet in DC and around the U.S. Quality girls are out there IF you have your shit together enough to attract them. So if you are quality enough, then the question becomes one of your own commitment rather than a bitchfest about how American women are fat and Brazilian women are so hot.

*I think 7-8 on the looks scale is the sweet spot for a healthy long term relationship. 9 and above and you are usually dealing with a bunch of baggage from all the Alpha dudes who fucked her in her prime, whereas 6 and below and you are gonna get made fun of by your buddies behind your back (or in front of your face if you have true friends).

The Best of the New Manosphere

Keanu · 6 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

2014 is here, and in 2013's honor, I'd like to throw down some linkage to my favorite blogs in the manosphere.

My attitude toward blogging is somewhat selfish. I write whatever I want as more of a diary of observations from a somewhat 'red pill' perspective. I don't claim to be any guru of pickup or some super poignant writer, and I'll never sell anything on this site. For me, my blog is an outlet of personal observation peppered with some self improvement lessons that I have learned—things that have worked for me. I read the manosphere the same way.

<http://laidnyc.wordpress.com/>

Laid is one of the clutchest new bloggers of 2013, obviously a very smart guy with a masters in womanizing. His blogging voice and observational ability makes him one of the best amateur blogs I've read.

<http://therockyroadahead.wordpress.com/>

Very entertaining blog. I also like the sort of rural small town spin The Bastard Son puts on things. And don't miss this fight story. This made me angry that I've never been in a blood drawing fight:

<http://therockyroadahead.wordpress.com/2013/11/21/violence-violence/>

<http://kaitlynsplloosh.wordpress.com/> and <http://spllooshworld.com/>

Jsplloosh is a cool blogger, has some great posts and seems very motivated. It's also cool to see his girl blogging about girl game. No doubt they'll each have some fun shit to come in 2014.

<http://www.staresattheworld.com/>

Aurini is relatively new to the sphere but has come on strong. I also respect the fact that he is out in the open.

One more for now, this blog I just find hilarious. I stumbled across it a few weeks ago. This guy from Toronto just blogs about his crazy sexcapades:

<http://franklyspeaks.wordpress.com/>

[EDIT: Not sure how I forgot to include him in the first post, but **TheShido** is another up-and-comer in the new wave of manosphere blogs. Guy posts funny stories, pic proof of his body building, and is a great writer for someone so young (19, I think?). He's also one of the few manosphere bloggers who talks about thriving in a relationship. Posts are sort of a diary, but they'll also motivate you:

<http://theredpilljournal.com/>]

Thoughts? Blogs you would add to the list?

Female Privilege

Keanu · 24 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

Today came across [this buzzfeed article](#) about white privilege. In case you missed it, white people have it easier than black people. SHOCKING, I know. But after reading the article, I couldn't help but think about the similar statistical discrepancies that arise when you compare GENDERS.

Many of us like to pretend these days that the genders are exactly equal. But I thought I would just factually post a list of the exact same statistics that this article sites for White privilege. Except I would focus on gender privilege.

The main factors are these: Educational attainment, likelihood to go to prison, and the likelihood of prison released men to find jobs when compared with black men.

So let's delve into it, shall we?

Educational attainment:

Women earn 57.4% of all bachelor's degrees.

This means a woman is 32.6% more likely to graduate from college than a man.

Source: <http://nces.ed.gov/fastfacts/display.asp?id=72>

Possibility of going to prison:

Men are 8 times more likely than women to go to prison. So...800% more likely if you are into percentages.

Source: <http://bjs.gov/content/pub/pdf/Llgsfp.pdf>

Likelihood of attaining employment:

Fuck the studies, for this one, and just let me tell you something: No one has a higher chance of getting hired (for a non-physical labor job) than a hot, smart, socially intelligent 20 something girl. She will get hired in the service industry, she will get hired through her connections of being a hot girl. Once she hits 30-35-40, however, her flirty little maneuvers don't seem so great any more. And the smart women (the ones who were lucky enough to lock down a husband when they were young) start having babies.

(Study on how women in their 20's out-earn men:)

<http://content.time.com/time/business/article/0,8599,2015274,00.html>

I see so many stupid articles like the above, I have learned to tune them out like I'm sure most of us in the sphere do. But I think it's important to note that a factual article such what I have written here, even if given really fun graphics!;) would never be featured in buzzfeed or another 'mainstream' publication. However, currently anything that feeds the popular groupthink about white privilege and male privilege, and how men need to stop being men and get more in touch with their feelings, well that kind of shit is supersharable.

People look through the world through all kinds of lenses; indeed they seem to refuse to look through one that could possibly result in the scales being tipped AWAY from men, not in their favor.

Staple Foods of the Red Pill Man

Keanu · 28 January 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A red pill man understands that the food he ingests is the most basic demonstration of value for one's self. It's not rocket science, you eat good, you feel good. The question I would like to pose today is, What are the staple foods of the red pill man?

Ideally, these foods need to be:

- 1) Healthy
- 2) Calorie dense
- 3) Reasonably priced
- 4) Fun to eat/easy to make

If I'm being honest, my staple foods are these:

- 1) Avocados – So healthy, and cheap (.50 per avocado from Aldi)
- 2) Eggs – Lots of bang for your buck here as well
- 3) Sweet Potatoes – pretty good deal. Delicious. Takes decent prep though.
- 4) Milk (Vitamin D) – I'm Irish, so I am very lactose tolerant. Ideally, once I get up to about 200 lbs of muscle I would consider cutting out dairy, however.
- 5) Steaks – Good steaks can be around \$7/lb. I used to think that was kind of expensive...until I considered that I won't bat an eye at dropping \$6 + tip for a Guinness when I go out drinking.
- 6) Hamburgers (I eat out at least 3x/week) – so easy to eat, and a lot of places around me have dollar burger nights. Not ideal in theory, but in practice I find it a good option for keeping up calorie intake.
- 7) Chipotle Burritos.
- 8) Bread- I didn't eat bread for a while. But when it's just so damn easy to eat, dammit.
- 9) Fish – In theory, I eat lots of fish. In PRACTICE, I always forget to defrost them, then don't have enough time to cook the salmon filets I buy. But I try to sneak in fish, especially sushi grade whenever I can.

Things I never eat:

- 1) Processed food – items from the grocery store that list about 20 products in their ingredients. Especially cereal.
- 2) Juice/soda – Drinking juice is basically just drinking sugarwater. Even NAKED juices **admitted** they put a bunch of artificial shit in their juice.
- 3) Vending machine chips
- 4) Pastas – I'll have a pasta here and there, but gone are the days when I would slam a bunch of pasta and red sauce after a run.

My meals today look like this:

Breakfast: 3 Eggs, 1 Avocado, 2 pieces of toast & milk. 3 eggs=\$.75, avocado=\$.50, 2 bread= \$.25, milk = \$.25

(write/work on online business)

Preworkout Lunch: A PB&J and a protein shake \$.50

(lift)

Early Dinner/late lunch: Tacos w/ carnita meat (free gift from GF's dad)

(go to work)

4th Meal: Pork on the bone. I'll get this from the restaurant I work at for \$9, and it's damn delicious.

What are your everyday staple foods?

The Month of Money

Keanu · 5 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I have decide that, for various reasons, February will be the month where my #1 focus is to make and save ton of money.

My goal is \$3700 gross income (after taxes). My monthly expenses will probably be around \$1300-\$1500 after loans, rent, bills, and groceries, leaving me with \$2000+ in savings.

Why? Because February sucks anyway. I'd rather work my ass off now than in the summer when I plan to be enjoying the good life.

How do I plan to do this?

#1: Working a ton.

Yea yea yea, we'd all love to make \$1000 per month with passive income, but I am a server at a restaurant where I average \$150-\$250 in tips per night, so I exchange my hours for dollars. During the first four days of this month, I have made \$565 in tips working just three days. If I work 5-6 shifts per week I could make anywhere between 2600-3700 depending on my sections/tables. I'm lucky I work at a busy damn restaurant—Even in Febraury. I'm also signing up with freelance catering company to fill in days when I don't work with my home restaurant.

#2: Not drinking alcohol.

I am not drinking alcohol in the month of February. After I kept track of my drinking tabs in January, (thanks MINT!), I realized that I could pay my \$300+ per month student loan bill if I simply didn't drink alcohol. So I just don't see a point—what am I celebrating? Being in debt? Not drinking is also easier if I am working a ton.

#3: Cooking from home/not eating out.

My breakfast every day is eggs, toast with butter, and avocado. Delicious, healthy, and cheap. I made a big pot of chili yesterday, and that is four solid meals I have saved for myself now. I will not be drinking coffee at Starbucks. I will be bringing tea bags to Starbucks when I have to do work, and asking for a free cup of hot water.

#4: Passive Income sources.

Almost a year ago, I created a [hosting reviews website](#) that Optimizes for one longtail keyword in particular. I've made \$260 from the site a little over 6 months, which isn't much, but it isn't chump change either. So I've decided to expand the site and optimize for multiple keywords to see what happens. I'm treating it like a fun game. Instead of going out and getting shitfaced, only to wake up and feel shitty, I could possibly wake up and find that I've had another signup and have some more money in my account. What's the worst that could happen?

As much as I would like to focus on other goals right now, they are just going to have to take a back seat for the moment. I need to finish writing and producing a screenplay I wrote. I need to keep working out. I need to pick up the guitar in preparation for when my band's busy season hits. Those won't disappear. But February, this shitty, snowy, short month, will be primarily for making money.

Why do Young Men Like to Hook Up with Cougars?

Keanu · 10 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original



This generation of young men in their 20's enjoy hooking up with older women, "cougars" or "milfs." This is a relatively new phenomenon. The term "MILF" only just entered pop culture 14 years ago when the movie American Pie became a smash hit. Today, I asked a 60 year old man if hooking up with older ladies was fashionable in the 70s. He replied that for a young strapping lad of 20-30 years old to put his pencil in a 50 year old beast would be disgusting and shameful back then. But why do young men enjoy hooking up with cougars when, in 2014, there is a very steady supply in the United States of young, nubile sluts who are just as willing and much hotter?

Less Effort

Saturday night, a cougar in her mid 30s, seated alone at the bar, started calling out to my friends and I. An acquaintance of mine moved in to talk to her, and it was evident within about 15 minutes she was DTF, as she sat on his lap at the bar, rubbed her vag on his jeans, and even bought our friend a drink because it was his 'birthday' (another great lie to use occasionally).

Reason #1: 100% of the time you get laid, every time.

The Easy Upper Hand: Young Men Have Low Self Esteem

We eventually bounced to another bar and left my friend and his cougar to do their thang. I was surprised at his willingness to stick with the cougar since he was tall, in shape, good looking, and not socially awkward; he could easily have hooked up with a hotter girl. According to his friend, he 'does this all the time' because he likes to be able to be the 'dominant one.' This makes sense in a weird way; a beta male can act to 'cougars' like he is god's gift to women, and not put up with any of her shit, whereas he puts the truly hot 20 year old's pussy on a pedestal and loses his mojo. Ironically, if he were to use this 'not give a fuck' attitude when interacting with the hottest of the hot, he would have a higher success rate with actual hot girls.

Reason #2: Good looking (beta) men are comparatively Alpha to post-wall cougars.

High Bedroom Smut Level

I've hooked up with a few cougars/milfs in my day. One was 33 and had the biggest, floppiest natural boobs of any woman I've ever hooked up with. Another was 42, and kept her body in tip top gymnasium shape, and also had huge fake boobs (I was winging for my friend who hooked up with her smoking hot 19 year old daughter, but that's a whole other can of worms). In both cases, these girls worshipped my dick and begged me to use their bodies however I wanted. Maybe their parts aren't as perky or tight as a 20 year old, but it's a fun time for a night at least.

It's game on for all that crazy milfhunter type shit you see in brazzers!

Reason #3: Cougars don't say "no" to any of that dirty shit in the back of your mind.

Drunk Goggles

What do cougars, fatties, and butterfaces all have in common? If liquor nor birth control existed, they would all have an extremely difficult time getting a man to shoot their load inside them. Because you would not want your bastard kid to be fat, ugly, or have some birth defect from being born to 40 year old on the brink of menopause. I'm no exception, either; I can count on two or three hands the number of girls I have hooked up with sober, whereas it takes me at least six or seven to count the total number aka drunken hookup number. As every guy knows first hand, once you get good and liquored up, your dick takes over your brain and magnifies the singular attractive quality a woman a la: "Yea she's over the hill but those boobies will be super fun for titty fucking!" I've told many girls the sober morning after a night of drunken passion 'Hey, that was fun but let's not do it again, I'd rather not risk our friendship.'

Reason #4: Men are led around by their dick when they are fucked up.

The cougar/cub phenomenon is real and by my observation is steadily increasing. A recent trip to the shadiest of the shady **bars in my home city of Chicago** included a run in with far to many 40+ over the hill women out to get straight LAID (sidenote: why is it that if 40+ year old men were in these joints, they would quickly be shamed as 'creepy?'). As much as **LaidNYC wishes** that eligible men would stop giving cougars the time of day, it doesn't seem like it will happen. Thirsty, drunken betas line up at the troth looking for easy, slutty cougar sex because they don't have the balls to go after an actual hot girl their own age or younger like they should. Recall that Finch, the one who hooks up with Stifler's mom in American Pie, is the clear loser of their group of friends.

Cougar/cub hookups are a signal of how our society is "progressing." The mainstream media tells us that these women are 'empowered.' I have found that in general, they are mostly bitter because their husbands either left them or lost attraction for them, or they felt 'unhappy' in their marriages and left.

Deep down these cougars know that any man of real, true value knows uses cougars only for their loose vagina, and probably somewhat regrets it the following day when he is sober. And they are actually *embracing* this and calling it empowerment.

Another interesting aspect of this situation is the entitlement to these old ladies with faces like catcher's mitts have to hook up with men half their age. I believe it's a phenomenon of western culture. Several times when I have experimentally hit on Latin American cougars (both in South America and in the U.S.), they have literally told me point blank to stop fucking with them and go hit on their daughters, who were in the same club and 'much prettier' (I don't know why all these moms are going to the club with their daughters, also weird).

Readers, feel free to share your cougar experience/observation. Have you hooked up with an older lady and if so, why?

8 Things I learned from Living with a Beta Roommate

Keanu · 27 February 2014 · Archived copy · Original

This past October, I quit my job as a high school teacher and moved to a large city where I have been making more money working as a server than I did as a teacher in a much easier job. Unfortunately, all of my friends already had apartments, so I was forced to get a craigslist roommate. I moved in with two dudes I didn't know; one of them is a solid dude, and the other is the definition of Beta. When I wrote the post [11 Signs you're a Beta](#), I was basically just describing what he does every day.

I'm moving out next month and I'm pumped. But every shitty experience is also a learning experience. Here is what I learned from living with one of the Beta-ist Betas to have ever Beta'd:

8) A lot of guys are loyal to girls who aren't even their girlfriends.

I asked my roommate, who we'll call Frank, if he had a girlfriend and he said, 'well no.' So are you looking for a girlfriend? "No. There's this one girl I kind of like. She lives a couple of hours away, but hopefully I'll see her soon."

Are you shitting me? I mean, this isn't fucking junior high where you can only date one girl at a time or everybody gets their panties in a bunch and starts gossiping. Girls in their 20s get it; they date a fuckton of guys before they settle down. They'll do like 5 dates a fucking week with not an ounce of shame. And who can blame 'em? They need to find a suitable mate, and they only have so much time to do it before they hit the wall. Which is men need spin plates as well, and drop this fantasy paradigm of waiting for that perfect girl. The only reason to be monogamous is if you have had a very serious chat on the subject and are fucking routinely.

7) I can relate to girls who are driven insane by their unmotivated husbands.

When Frank was not at work (he works freelance, mostly just the occasional night), he would be either a) Playing video games, b) watching TV, or c) surfing the web, all from the same position in our couch living room. For example, on a normal day I might leave my house at 9:30 a.m. to work out, and he'd be on the couch watching TV.

I come back at 11, he's in the same spot on the couch. I shower, shave and eat a steak for lunch. He's there. I leave our place and hit a café to work on writing for several hours, come back, and he's still there. I go to work for 7 hours and get back around 12, and...you guessed it...still there. I felt this huge resentment just building up inside me. Why doesn't this guy work out? Or get a hobby? Or read a fucking book? Or go pick up chicks? I felt sorry for his girlfriends, past and present. I saw them screaming at him 'why don't you DO something' as they fucked some ambitious guy on the side. Yea, it must suck to be married to an unambitious blob who does nothing.

6) To be Successful, surround yourself with successful people.

His laziness started to affect me, especially in the middle of this cold-ass polar vortex fucking winter. I would opt to stay in and watch TV instead of go work out in the morning. I longed for the days when I lived in a Frathouse with dudes who were always up for working out, debating intellectual topics, or brainstorming money making ideas. Luckily, I realized how he was affecting me and nipped the negativity in the bud.

5) To greet people, look them in the eye and call them by name.

When I got home, I would be greeted with the pothead stare-ahead, not at me, and some sort of indecipherable grunt. This is not how you should treat people in your life. If you believe you are important, people should notice when you walk into a room, and you should notice when other people walk into a room. The proper, accepted greeting for men is to make eye contact and at least acknowledge the other person with an audible greeting.

4) Call people out on their shit immediately.

When we moved in, Frank told me, "Hey man, if you want to drink the vodka in the freezer, I think it was left here by the girls who lived here before."

Say no more—it was gone in a few weeks after my friends and I demolished it. A few weeks after I had finished it, he brought it up: “Hey why did you drink that vodka?”

“You said it was for everyone.”

“No I didn’t, why would I say that?”

Okay, what I didn’t realize what that Frank was probably too high to remember our conversation. So I figured maybe I had heard him wrong and replaced the vodkas I had drank. Nice thing to do, right? Wrong.

I had given Sr. Beta an inch of niceness, and like a crafty female he started making other requests and complaints:

“I need to get in the shower, NOW!” (imagine a girly, nasaly voice)

“Why is this window open? What did YOU do? Why would you leave the window open?” (I had just arrived home from being out all night).

His blaming and bitching continued until a breaking point incident until I flipped my shit and started yelling at him (an extreme rarity for me).

I blame myself for not drawing the line in the sand earlier. But I learned my lesson. Never again.

3) If you don’t improve yourself, you’ll get low quality girls

His girlfriend came and stayed in our place one night, and she was pretty much what I expected from a dude like Frank: Rounded and ugly. Additionally though, she was super bitchy. My instant thought was, *How can this girl be fat, ugly, and have a horrible personality?* I mean I understand hot and bitchy, since no one calls you out on how you act since they want to fuck you. His girl was a bitchy landbeast who yelled at Frank to do the dishes. While being a fucking *guest in our house*. Good god. But when you have no options, low self-esteem and are not doing anything to improve yourself, this is the kind of woman you must put up with.

2) Pot is the opium of this generation

Don’t get me wrong, I love a good toké as much as the next guy, especially as a nightcap. Hell, one of my best friends in college may or may not have been a proprietor of illegal substances...But Frank is waking and baking every single day. In a fucked-up way though it has a sort of logic to it: his life sucks, he has no girls around, so he has to fill the hours with something. Why not pot and video games? It eases the pain. At age 18, whatever. But bro, you’re 27. Get a Life. Which brings me to point #1...

1) Instead of Doing NOTHING, do SOMETHING

The easiest improvement you can make in your life is doing SOMETHING good for you instead of doing NOTHING. It’s truly amazing how much this simple rule can transform your life. For example:

Instead of sitting here not talking to that cute girl, say SOMETHING to her.

Instead of sitting at home, GO TO THE GYM. Even if you don’t know what the fuck you are doing at first.

Instead of thinking about how out of shape you are, go for a run. Doesn’t matter if it’s 1 mile or 10. Hardest step is the first out the door.

Obviously your ‘Somethings’ need to be directed at some productive area, I hear the dumbasses saying in the background ‘But Keanu video games ARE something!’

Yea, but playing video games produces no MEASURABLE, POSITIVE RESULT.

Working out results in a beach body.

Writing a blog post results in better writing skills and intellectual development.

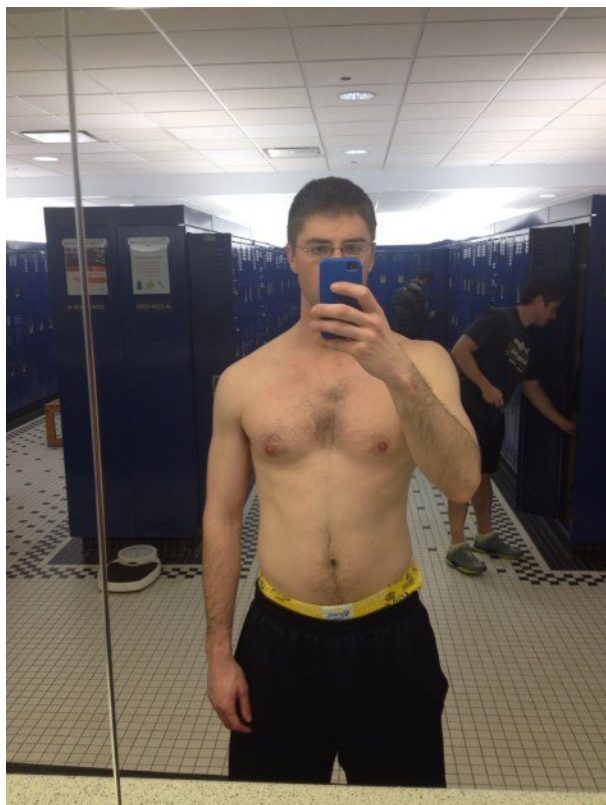
Talking to that cute girl results in a fun conversation, and who knows maybe a bang.

That's it. Now go DO something.

The Shredded by Summer Challenge

Keanu · 25 March 2014 · Archived copy · Original

In JSpoosh's latest podcast episode he issues the shredded by summer challenge—a comparison of selfies between now and April 20. Maybe it will be Summer in Cali by then, but in the midwest it's still snowing so I'm giving myself until the first of June to hit my targets. I've been on a roll lately with lifting so I am indeed throwing my pasty Irish-American ass into the ring. Here are two current selfies:



My lifting goals for the start of summer:

- 1) Bench 225 (current 205)
- 2) Squat 265 (current 245)
- 3) Weigh 200 lbs (current 186)
- 4) Once I have 1, 2, and 3 down, Up the number of reps and go for more definition. Ideally I'd look like this:



But ya know, that's probably after a few months of straight salads and protein. Maybe a cocktail now and then.

I'll post a couple more selfies in the coming months to chart progress. I know I look pasty as hell in these pics—I'm going to blame my white skin b/c I'm in pretty decent damn shape right now, been getting a **solid amount** of looks. A solid amount of them are from girls too, so that's a plus.

It's been a long winter, boys. Can't wait to hit those Chicago beaches this summer.

Whatever You Want

Keanu · 3 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

A friend of mine, who doesn't have a knowledge of 'game' persay but who has banged tons of hot girls (he went to ASU) recently told me a bang story I thought was funny and worth sharing. It's super-bro, but it's a nice example of giving the girl freedom of choice, which can result in some pretty kinky shit:

"Had a pretty crazy night this past summer. Met this Brazilian chick at Big City and we decided to go for a walk at 3 am in the morning. I drunkenly had us sneak into someone's backyard. I whipped out my dick. This is after having met her 15 minutes ago.

She stared, wide-eyed, not knowing what to say, probably because she didn't speak English very well. "What are you doing?" she managed to ask me.

"I dunno...whatever you want," I said.

"Oh, okay," she said, and then went down on me for a while until I turned her around and fucked her doggie style against someone's backyard table. Pretty crazy lolz!"

I think sometimes in the manosphere there is this piece of advice that says, 'Alpha up hard! Take charge all the time! Say dirty shit like 'suck my dick you hoe!'

When the truth is sometimes that attitude can backfire, especially if it's not congruent with your personality.

Sometimes, the best course of action is just to play the 'I don't know what the fuck is happening but you're hot' card...Don't overthink shit if you are already drunk in someone's backyard...after a meeting a girl at a bar at 3 a.m...

The hook-up has already been decided at that point. It's **basically** yours to screw up.

Young Man Red Pill Reader Stats and Ridiculous Longtail Keywords

Keanu · 4 April 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I've never posted on the statistics of my readers yet, but I think it's time.

As of right now, I average 200-400 hits per day on days when I don't post anything new. When I get linked from vivalamanosphere, I see a noticeable spike in traffic (a la yesterday). Here are my wordpress statistics



As readers who read me regularly know, I post somewhat sporadically, mostly because I won't post if I don't have something interesting to say. But I've still gotten 100,000+ views in about a year and a half of blogging.

Perhaps most interesting are how I get about half of those 200-400 hits per day: Google searches. In particular, a post I wrote about how you should **fuck your girl hard** gets a ton of longtail keyword traffic because I am on the first page of google for many of the terms. Here is the wordpress summary of search terms from the past 30 days:

Search Terms for 30 days ending 2014-04-04 (Summarized)

7 Days | 30 Days | Quarter | Year | All time

2014-03-05 to Today

Search	Views
how to fuck hard	163
how to fuck wife	36
how to fuck a girl hard	28
how to fuck hardly	21
how to fuck your girlfriend	17
how to fuck your wife	16
manosphere blogs	13
https://youngmannedpill.wordpress.com/tag/how-to-fuck-your-wife-hard/	13
how to fuck your wife hard	13
how to fuck gf	11
how to fuck harder	10
how to fuck a wife	7
how fuck hard	7
how to hard fuck	6
how to fuck your girl	6
how to fuck woman	6

I seriously do indeed pity the guy who is googling 'how to fuck wife.' But I think there is a greater point to be made here. **The manosphere IS having a real effect on men's lives.** When a young man is afraid to ask a question to his feminized teacher or father a question, how does he find the answer in 2014? He googles it. And, viola, he'll find this network of bloggers seriously hellbent on self-improvement and being real men in a society that now seems to actively discourage true masculinity. He breaks down the preconceived notions he had about attraction between the sexes and discovered how to destroy the friend zone. He reads shit that makes him cringe at first because of the feminist sensibilities instilled in him...but then he realizes he is reading the truth.

The Results of the Red Pill

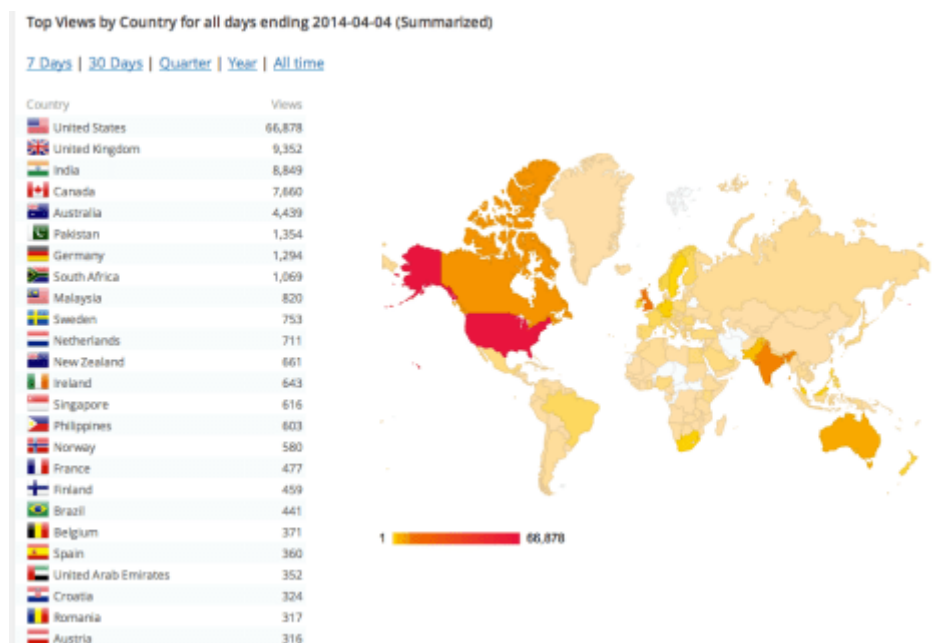
I swear to god, taking the red pill, for all of the struggle you go through, makes your life better. After some tough times last year, I'm now doing precisely what I love and want to be doing: improv, standup comedy, and writing. I found a job that makes me more money than teaching, and has far less hours. I've worked on my appearance through lifting, buying new clothes, and just getting a damn haircut to a point where I routinely have girls come up to me and buy me shots in bars. I don't have to be shitfaced to talk to beautiful girls anymore. **I take my mom out to dinner more often.** I make an effort to get out and see my dad and play music with him. I concentrate on the important things to me, and I'm better for it. It's a positive feedback loop. And there is just something about having a blog that inspires you a little bit more to action.

A Thank You

I'll end this post by saying thank you to the readers and the linkers of Young Man Red Pill. All in all, just over half of my 122,000+ unique hits have come from the U.S. That is a ton of international readership. So thank you to my readers in the U.S., as well as the U.K., Malaysia, South Africa, and Germany. Thank you Haiti, China, Argentina, and the one guy who stumbled across my blog in the Faroe Islands. And rest assured, this blog will always be purely about writing and personal development and completely free. I have no plans to come out with an ebook on anything any time soon unless I feel incredibly inspired like I have a very unique point of point to share.

And if you'd like to get in touch with me personally, feel free to drop me a line at [youngmanredpill \[at\] gmail.com](mailto:youngmanredpill@gmail.com) for advice, linkage or anything else.

I'll end this post with a picture of Young Man Red Pill readers around the world:



	Austria	316
	Italy	301
	Egypt	275
	Poland	269
	Nigeria	259
	Mexico	253
	Saudi Arabia	251
	Turkey	232
	Israel	232
	Denmark	228
	Greece	219
	Japan	219
	Kenya	211
	Portugal	208
	Taiwan	188
	Sri Lanka	187
	Switzerland	182
	Czech Republic	178
	Hong Kong	175
	Indonesia	166
	Bangladesh	165
	Republic of Korea	153
	Trinidad and Tobago	147
	Colombia	129
	Morocco	122
	Russian Federation	122
	Bulgaria	116
	Serbia	112
	Thailand	110
	Hungary	109
	Hungary	109
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Faroe Islands

1

Patrick Syndrome: Why Being a Nice Guy Doesn't Get the Girl Anymore

Keanu · 2 May 2014 · Archived copy · Original

At the restaurant where I work, there is a great guy who we'll call Patrick. Patrick is 23 and got a job as a busboy during his post college year, while he applies to Medical Schools.

Patrick is everything a girl should want in a man. He is tall, handsome, stays in shape, is very intelligent, and gets along with everyone. He is so friendly and likeable at work that he just got promoted from busboy to bartender.

Patrick likes a girl, Jackie. Jackie is a cute 19 year old hostess who works at our restaurant. I often see Jackie at a local bar I like to frequent, and as I have a girlfriend do not care to hit on her. She is very attractive, and is always getting hit on aggressively by some dude who is way below her league. From what I know about her, she seems like a sweet girl although I am not so sure after what she told me when drunk the other night: "I love tinder because I'm an attention whore—I don't even like going on dates with those guys."

To reiterate, she called *herself* an attention whore.

Back to our good guy, Patrick. Patrick has been trying to hook up with Jackie for the last few weeks. Unfortunately, it doesn't appear that Jackie is very much into him, even though they did make out a few weeks ago. I asked Patrick how his date went the other night, and he actually texted me back an emo response, very uncharacteristic of this happy-go-lucky guy: "Nonexistant, she bailed but I did end up getting pizza and doing the crossword."

Ouch. I felt for Patrick. I've been there too. I think we all have: friend-zoned by that one girl who seemed to be the best ever.

Patrick's situation reminded me of the time I had the biggest crush on a girl, Kathy, during my freshmen year of college. She was attractive, smart, and liked to party and smoke weed—all of the qualities I was looking for in a girl at the time. I tried to bed her, but to no avail...she said we were better as 'friends' and 'studybuddies.'

I found out a year later that she had been banging a deuschy, tattooed guy who was into shooting guns and drinking exclusively 40 ounce bottles of malt liquor because he was too cheap to go to bars. First I was angry, then I was just confused.

But years later, I now understand exactly where Patrick and I went wrong with our respective girls.

As a general way of understanding where we went wrong, we gave approval too fast. Once the girls stopped wondering if we liked them, there was no need for them to chase or go further—the mystery was over. Any tension of attraction between us and our ladies had evaporated.

This theory was confirmed by Jackie herself a night ago when she was very drunk when I ran into her at a bar, and thus speaking with zero filter for political correctness:

"So many guys just give in to me and do whatever I want...but I actually like it when guys don't put up with my shit."

Ah, the problems of the very hot girls. Guys bow to them. Probably because they take advice from girls on how to deal with girls. Yet they *actually want to be denied*.

How many times have you heard the following, in reference to romantic success:

- 1) "Give them what they want."
- 2) "Tell her how you feel."
- 3) "Be nice to girls."

On the surface, these might not seem like bad ideas. But in general, these are what friend zoned guys with Patrick

Syndrome do.

- 1) Friend-zoners take girl out to a nice dinner and buy her drinks before she has demonstrated that she is worthy.
- 2) Friend-zoners tell a girl right up front that they like them while barely knowing her real personality (this always works in the movies, not in real life)
- 3) Friend-zoners do not correct girls and tell them that whatever behavior they are exuding is great (e.g. getting hammered, being slutty, not responding to texts), and stick around even after the girl has made it clear through her actions and/or words that no sort of romantic relationship will ever happen.

How to treat Patrick Syndrome

It's long process, but I can get you started. Essentially, a man should do the opposite of the above.

1) A man does not invest a significant amount of time or money in a girl unless she shows, very clearly, that she is interested in you romantically (i.e. puts out) and that she is a quality enough girl to be worth it. This means the first date should be something like drinks at a cheap bar or dinner and a movie at your house. No expensive dinner dates until she earns it.

2) A man gets to know a girl's real personality before complementing her. When you tell a girl after a first date with no chemistry, or in a bar before you've been on a date, that you like her, do you know what she is thinking?

This guy doesn't even know me. He's just trying to sleep with me. He probably just likes me for my boobs.

However, when you tell a girl, after a series of dates where you've had a fun time/and or conversation together and you say with a big smile, "Hey you are okay Jackie. You actually have kind of a nerdy dorky side...it's cool though I like it," you know what she is thinking?

Wow. I think he actually likes me for me. And he gets a side of me that not a lot of people get. We have a great connection.

3) A man does not put up with a girl's unacceptable behavior. You decide what those standards will be.

Do you still want to try to see a girl if she cancels on you twice?

Do you want to try to be the boyfriend to a girl who enjoys having one-night stands with guys she hardly knows from Tinder?

If a girl takes 2 days to answer a text of yours, do you think she is dying to talk to you? Are you going to then desperately text her back a response within 15 minutes?

The Intellectual Bro-clusion:

The game has changed, my friends, and conventional romance advice no longer works the vast majority of the time. This is not my Grandfather's day when he could go fight honorably for our country in World War II, meet my attractive young Grandmother at the sock hop, and blow her away with his and then plan on a lifetime of commitment (still married 62 years).

But you know what, my Grandfather also doesn't put up with my Grandmother's shit.

How Game makes the World a Better Place

Keanu · 11 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original



Feminists and manboobs like to shit on game as a concept, but the truth is that even a rudimentary knowledge of game puts a man way ahead of the fellas who don't understand it.

You're just learning game to sleep with girls, say the naysayers. Well, A) yes, and B) so the fuck what? Actually what you are doing is improving your ability to connect with women on a deeper emotional level...which often ends in sex.

This is a story about the first second girl I ever used "game" on. I was never bad at getting with girls, but after gaining a rudimentary understanding of some pickup principles, my ability to escalate with them rose to a new level.

Elevated so much, in fact, that after spending just about 3 hours total with a Chilean girl one night, she later wrote me a 20 page letter to me detailing how our encounter changed her life for the better.

* * *

I was lonewolfing in Santiago, Chile on one of those touristy bar crawls you find in capital cities where you pay \$15 to drink for free for a few hours.

Fresh out of my 2 years of Peace Corps service, I was accustomed to not speaking English for weeks at a time. Thus I was looking to meet some cool locals that night. However, at this barcrawl, there were zero Chileans. It was all tourists—mostly Americans. This disappointed me.

A few minutes after the bar crawl started, a camera crew appeared with an attractive news anchor. I observed her as she walked around the bar with her crew, trying to interview already drunk Americans in the bar. She would only stay with each person for about 30 seconds.

After about 15 minutes of this, she walked to the front of the bar and sat down, looking bored.

I walked up to her and spoke to her in Spanish:

"That's a big camera you got there. Are you making a movie?"

"Oh, I'm supposed to be doing a story on the bar crawl and interviewing people, but no one here speaks Spanish... wait do you speak Spanish?"

"Obviously."

She smiled. "Oh. Can I interview you?"

"I suppose so" I said with a smirk.

I ranted about how I thought this was the dumbest barcrawl I've seen, that the one in Buenos Aires was way more fun because there was at least some cultural exchange with Argentines, and if I wanted to get drunk with all Americans I could do that anywhere in the U.S. She then tried to figure out what I was doing in South America,

what the Peace Corps was, etc. Eventually she just turned off the camera and kept asking me questions. I told her she should join us and have drinks. She said no, but she would show me around the city the next day.

The Date

We met the next day in the centro, and she showed me around a little bit before we headed to a pizza place. I decided that during this date, I would apply stuff I learned from *Bang* and I *The Game*, both of which I had just read while on my trip.

While we ate pizza, I tried out some routines on her. I guessed which number she was thinking of between 1-10 (7) and then ran Roosh's "Strawberry Game" on her. For strawberry game, you basically tell a girl to picture a field of strawberries, then ask her questions about the field: "How high is the fence? How many do you stop and eat right there? What do you say when the farmer accuses you of stealing his strawberries?" and then the answers are interpretations of how open she is with her sexuality. Girls love this shit.

As I spoke, I almost started to trip over my words as I noticed that Liz was, staring at my eyes with her mouth half open, hanging on my every word. She was *riveted*.

"Your fence is a little high," I told her. "You find it difficult to open up to people, especially sexually."

"Oh my gosh," She replied. I honestly thought she might slap me since I barely knew her and was making assumptions about her.

"That is *incredible*," she said.

Holy shit, this shit *works*? I thought.

We exited restaurant. She began to walk ahead of me. I decided to try another one of Roosh's maneuvers.

"Ahem," I said. I pointed to my arm, extended in the 'grab onto me' position.

"Oh, okay," she complied, and grabbed on to my arm as I walked her back to the subway.

"We'll just go to my place for few minutes. I need to show you something."

I had to skype with another girl so I made her wait in my lobby for a half hour while I went up my room, aka the apartment where I was couchsurfing. Eventually she came up, I showed her some youtube video, then we started going at it, making out. Clothes were coming off.

I tried every LMR tactic in the book to make something happen, at least a BJ, but I couldn't break through:

"I...I can't,"

"Why not?"

"You're leaving in just a few days."

"And?"

"....And....I just broke up with my boyfriend of 5 years," she started tearing up a little bit.

"Is that who keeps calling you?"

"Yes...but it's over. I told him it's over..."

"You are so amazing," she continued. "You've made me believe in love again. You have no idea what you've done for me. *You were so right about the fence around my strawberry field. It's up high right now.*"

Seriously. Nice job Roosh.

I said goodbye after our experience with little intention of ever talking to her again, especially since I was living the country in a few days. She would send me emails every few days, and I ignored them all.

About a month after I had left, she sent me a 20 page word document narrative of our experience together and how it changed her life, titled “Strawberries: Nothing is the same since that day.”

The interesting thing is that it includes her perspective of all of the events that took place, including how she felt when she had ‘game’ and ‘routines’ run on her.

The moral of the story is that game changes lives, my friends. Take those emotions into your own hands. And enjoy the ride. If you haven’t already, I would definitely recommend **Roosh’s Bang** as well as Niel Strauss’s **The Game** to get you started on your journey. Not that you should take both books 100% literally and start running routines on girls. But you have to start somewhere. And who knows, you might change a life!

I’m including the document as a way of verifying this story. It’s in Spanish. She even titled the document ‘Strawberries’ when she sent it to me. Even just a little game can put you far, far ahead of the curve, gentlemen.

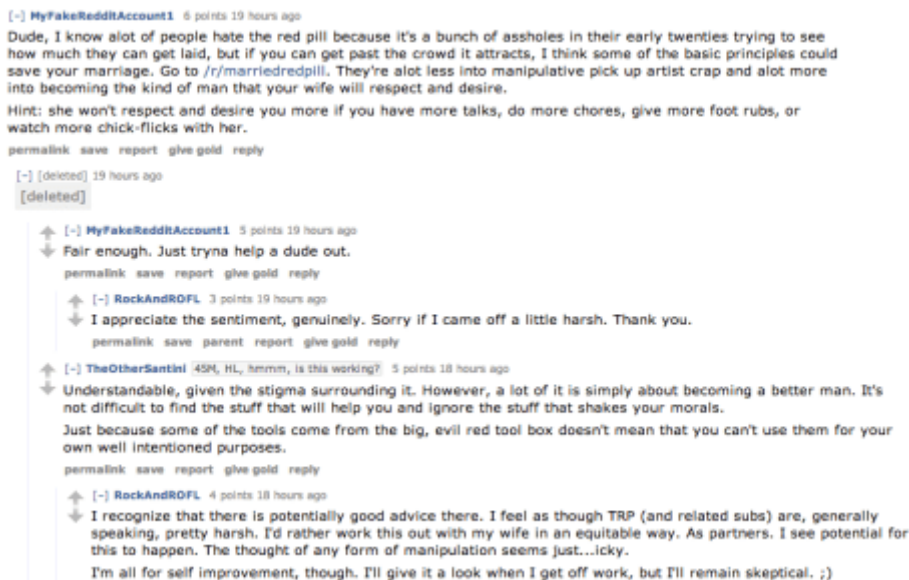
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Why do People Hate the Red Pill?

Keanu · 26 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I recently came across the [deadbedrooms subreddit](#). It's always interesting to read guys in their 40s accounts of how shitty their sex lives are. As a male in my 20s, it gives me an example not to aspire to.

But what's more interesting is the hate that the red pill gets in non-red pill parts of Reddit. In particular, I found one exchange where a guy who wasn't getting any from his wife was advised to check out the red pill subreddit for self improvement advice. He declined, saying that he'd 'never check out anything red pill or associated with it.'



Why the blind hatred?

The guy whose not getting laid says, "The thought of any form of manipulation seems, just 'icky,'"

So...you're expecting sex with your wife to just 'happen'?

Obviously that's not been working out for you, buddy. Self-improvement is not manipulation.

Neither is playing in a band, having a few girls come up to you after the show and give you their number while your girlfriend is watching. But it sure as hell makes your GF realize that she shouldn't hold sex above your head.

The best way to predict the future is to create it.

So, that is my question to you. Why are you skeptical about the 'red pill'? Really all it is is a bunch of men trying to improve their lives, and yes, lay hotter women. Last time I checked that's what men have been hard-wired to do for centuries.

What Should You Do if Your Wife or GF is Turning you Down for Sex?

Keanu · 26 August 2014 · Archived copy · Original

I came across [this post](#) on reddit recently:

It was so good for so long after we had the first talk. Once a week at best now. The number of windows that have to line up perfectly is increasing beyond any real hope. Kids. Dogs. Feelings. How her day went. What's on her mind. What time it is.

Why am I jumping through all the hoops while she gets to do nothing? How is it that I've become the one always asking?

It doesn't feel like she wants me sexually anymore. Maybe I'm overreacting. I don't know what to do. If I try another Talk she'll say that I get this way if we don't have sex for a week. That I need to wait.

Wait for what?

Buddy, she is giving you the runaround. Jumping through more hoops isn't going to make her vagina wet and that's a fact. The harsh truth is that clearly she has lost most sexual interest. Could be you, could be something to do with her. Bottom line is that pestering her for sex is only going to make the problem worse.

I had a similar problem about a year back. My SO was working a lot, kept blowing me off for 'work stuff.' Our sex life wasn't awful, it was like 1-2x per week. But still I wanted it to be more of a priority. These are the things I did that worked.

- 1) I had a talk similar to yours. I told her that the amount of sex we were having was unacceptable to me. Didn't change anything.
- 2) I got really turned off and stopped caring about sex with her. I got really into myself and started lifting weights more than I usually would, did kickboxing, etc. I made it a point to plan things with guyfriends where she wouldn't be coming. Not to be a dick but just to make sure we had things going on in separate spheres.
- 3) The turning point came when, one night after I had been really into all of this stuff, she came on to me for sex one night and I turned her down, 'I'm just really tired tonight,' I said. She got really upset and worried, because I basically had never turned her down for sex before. I elaborated, 'Listen, after getting turned down all those times...idk I'm just not in the mood right now.' I wasn't trying to be a dick I was just legitimately salty about being turned down so many times and had other things on my mind.

After that there was a noted change in behavior and effort on her part. Ironically, a big part of it came from her noting that, 'wow, he actually doesn't care if we do or don't hook up.' Any air of desperation on my part was gone.

Remember, if she's turning you down just work on yourself. You can't control her reaction to you but you can control everything about yourself: Workout, diet, hobbies, etc. If you have a noted change in behavior she'll pick up on it.

Godspeed my friend.