

OmLaLa

ARCHIVE

compiled by /u/dream-hunter

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Table of Contents

"Cubic v. Diamond"	4
Women are like Bowling	8
"Pavlov on Plates"	10
"Dopamine"	14
"Poker with Black Widows"	16
"Local Sexy Single Women" Part 2	19
"Local Sexy Single Women" Part 3	24
"Local Sexy Single Women" Part 1	29
"Such Is My Nature"	33
"The Power of Horny" Part 1	37
"The Man-Eater"	41
"The Power of Horny" Part 2	45
"The Power of Horny" Part 3	50
"Strip" Part 1	54
"The RP Comprehensive Guide to Dating Sites"	60
"The RP Guide to Defeating the Enemy: Mindset"	67
OmLaLa on YouTube	73
"The RP Guide to Defeating the Enemy: Attraction"	74
"Vicarious Validation"	80
"The Cuckold and The Slut"	83
"...And Candy Cheats Again"	86
"The Wolf: An AWALT Parable"	88
"... You're Not My Type"	91
"The Red Pillar's Guide to Online Dating"	93
"I Gwarp You"	104
"On How Women Listen"	106
"The Questionnaire"	110
"A Quick Word from the Machiavellian" [Video]	114
"Such is Our Nature"	115
"On Inherent Value and The Ease of Hypergamy"	120
"The Red Pillar's Guide to Women"	124
"The Machiavellian Approach to Passive Game Manipulation" Part 1	140
"The Machiavellian Approach" Part 2	147
"The Machiavellian Approach" Part 3	151
"The Unattainable Male"	157
"...Drop the Dough, Then We'll Talk"	160
"Don't Talk to Women Like Men"	163
"Women Don't Want The Truth™, They Want To Be Lied To"	165
"Don't Be Afraid to Dominate"	168
"Don't Be Afraid to Dominate" Part 2	170
"Don't Hate Women For Being Women"	177
"The Shit Test Buster Game: Round 1"	180

"The Machiavellian Approach" Part 4	183
"The Silhouette Constant"	189
"Don't Rekindle Old Flames"	191
"Women Want A Rock, Not An Equal"	193
"The Red Pill's Guide to Online Dating: Over-Investment"	195
"The Red Pill's Guide to Online Dating: Browsing, Tinder and Supermarkets of Men"	200
"...And Lucy Tries Harder"	204
"The Red Pill's Guide to Online Dating:" Word Fodder	207
"10s"	210
"Trap"	211
"Conditioning"	213
"...And Ruth Gets Jealous "	215
"Get off of TRP"	218
OmLaLa on YouTube - "Enlightened Alpha: On How Women Listen"	219
OmLaLa on YouTube - "Enlightened Alpha: On How Women Listen"	220

"Cubic v. Diamond"

92 upvotes | April 30, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Red Pillers,

I've learned a lot from the mistakes others have posted here and I feel that it's about time I bring something to contribute. Now that I'm learning to live with the betafaggot decisions I've made in the past, I want to share the worst BB event of my life (or, quite possibly, of anyone's' life that you've ever met).

I call this field report "**Cubic v. Diamond**"

And look fellas, I know it's long. It's a story I feel needs to be told in its entirety to fully appreciate and getting it out will help me come to terms with it. Hopefully some newcomers can learn from it and elders can get a kick out of how truly and utterly beta this story is (it's extremely brutal and not for the faint of heart). If you find it too long, go chop wood, meditate, lift something and come back when you're ready to learn. I'll sure you'll get something out out this one.

Again, you've been warned.

Background:

I was 21, 6'1", 210lb and I'd just returned to the states after studying, working and boxing in the Far East. I would bed different girls every night with no effort (tall, fit, and confident in the east kills), I'd had my first threesome, foursome, I'd been swinging (partner swap), went to a fetish hotel on occasion ("Love Hotels", as they often call them, are kinky yet lavish suites usually built around popular night spots. Really convenient.) I had come back with the biggest ego imaginable. I'd walk up to girls after classes like it was nothing and bed them that night, the same type of girls I'd never get attention from before my trip. Life was great and I was deluded into thinking I was in my prime. I was a beta in alpha's clothing.

Then Chad Thundercock became my roommate. The first true Chad Thundercock I had ever met. Let's name him D.

Now, I knew that I was attractive at the time (I'd easily have given myself a 8.5) but THIS guy blew me out of the water. He was almost literally a cleaner, fitter, more interesting, more socially inept version of me. He played football in high school, was greek (but didn't use that as a crutch i.e. never told women about it unless he was pressed) and truly DNGAF about what people thought about him (especially women). He was 25 and a grad student in a special program our college offered. He came late in the year due to family issues, so my apartment was the only one available (I came late in the yer too due to traveling).

Before meeting D, I'd seen game, I'd seen charisma, I'd seen PUA, but I'd never seen anything like what this guy would accomplish in one night. D was new to the area, so he would come out with me and my beta pack and go out to clubs. We'd watch him successfully make out three different girls in the same proximity, take home and fuck a fourth, then he'd bed the other three throughout the week between classes. He'd go to the gym, see a girl he liked, talk to her for 15 minutes, bang her in the handicapped bathroom, then come work out with us like it was nothing. D would invite the two girls over to play PlayStation, take one to the bedroom, smash her, she'd leave and then he'd smash the one he left waiting. D had banged two of my friends GFs on multiple occasions (he had oneitis for this HB9 and he was super weak, so he "forgave" her and D and we all continued to hang out. D and

the GF continued banging, they just got better at not getting caught).

This is where it gets bad.

Cubic v. Diamond:

I had a TON of plates before D moved in. I thought, “yeah, D’s got game or whatever, by he’s no OmLaLa. OmLaLa is a legend at this school”. I got cocky/jealous, so I tried to compete. Bad, bad move. Bad, bad, bad move. I was waaay the fuck out of my league.

On average, this guy would bring home 8s and 9s consistently (almost daily, thank god our apartment was big) while I would bring home 6s and 7s if I was lucky. At first, we would go to a party and attempt to bring home the same girl and I’d always lose OR think it was a sure thing until right at the end of the party where I’d catch her leaving hand-in-hand with D. I’d successfully bring the girl ALL THE WAY TO THE LIVING ROOM and he would stroll in, sit down at the other end of the room, not say a word and SOME FUCKING HOW get her to follow her to his room on eye contact alone. Women I really wanted he’d fuck in the living room so I’d have to walk by them to get to class in the morning.

I’ll never forget the day I walk past them both fucking on my coffee table while eating toast and watching the news. Fucking toast. (To those that say ‘OmLaLa you pussy faggot, why the fuck didn’t you move out?’ Trust me, I tried. The leasing office wasn’t having it without some legal recourse that I couldn’t afford.) And to make matters worse, because he had such an IDGAF attitude about it all, he would inadvertently steal plates from right in front of me.

One of which was Sarah.

Sarah the Unicorn:

There was one girl (we’ll call Sarah, because Sarah is my default woman name) I met at a soror party and we really hit it off. Sarah was a solid 8, thin, pretty, down-to-earth, mixed (Black and Asian I think), big tits, and we liked all of the same things. We exchanged numbers and would talk for the next couple of weeks working towards a LTR. Now, although I played alpha on the outside, I was still just a beta. I began getting heavy feelings for this girl thinking she could be the one. I had oneitis bad; I’d blow up her phone, send her gooey emotional bull crap and talk about how much I cherished our time together (ALL before actually fucking, mind you). I’d buy her things, take her places, pay for everything, etc.

I just had one rule: she could never come to my apartment and she could never meet D.

“Whose D?” she would often ask. “Oh, just my roommate. He’s a jerk.” I’d vaguely explain. At this point I’d been so emasculated, simply knowing what would inevitably happen if I invited her over. I’d lost so many plates by this point (only the loyal ones remained) that insecurity began to set in, making me even more beta than normal. And she smelt it on me like bad cologne. We’d talk less frequently, she’d flake, something came up, test got rescheduled, you know the deal. Then, that fateful day occurred.

D was out a some frat party one night and I thought now was the time to finally fuck Sarah. It’d been weeks and I felt the time was right. I eagerly hit her put inviting her over to watch a movie and order some pizza. “I’ve got an exam tomorrow morning, so I think I’m calling it at night.” She replied. I was pissed, but I forgot, forgave, said some weak shit like “whenever you’re ready I’ll be here waiting ;-)” and went to sleep.

I woke up to D drunkenly fumbling with the door around 3 AM. Big surprise, I heard him and some

chick giggling in the living room. I normally don't think anything of it, but this was different. I recognized her voice. It was Sarah.

I saw red. I busted out of my bed room and began yelling at her. I don't remember the exact words, something like "how could you", "why would you do this to me", you know, beta shit. She responded with this cold indifferent glare I can't to this day forget.

Sarah said, "You never told me which D, I didn't know D was your roommate, I'm not your girlfriend, I want to fuck him so why does it matter?" She then took him by the hand, went in his room and fucked. Loudly.

That was the end of what security or manhood I had left. I was broken.

If only that was the end of it.

Bridget the Little Plate That Could:

I hated D, I hated Sarah, I hated everything and everyone. I validated through women at the time and now all validation was out the window. I was at the lowest of the low version of beta imaginable. This'll be important in a minute.

D, realizing that he might've taken it too far, wanted to make amends (shocker, honestly). He agreed to two things: 1) he would rarely girl back and just stay at their place and 2) would be a surprise. I was too apathetic to care at this point so I just brushed it aside.

One the last day of my finals, I came stumbling into my apartment after a night of binge drinking (came this close to becoming an alcoholic over this shit. The other Chad I met after all of this really saved my ass). D was out somewhere and didn't care to do anything else that night, so I went to bed. And there she was. Naked. Sleeping. In my bed. Mother fucking HB9 Bridget.

I don't know how to describe how she looked, so just imagine what you're version of an HB9 would look like. Now granted, I was at a pretty low point then, so she may have actually been an HB6.5, but semantics. She was for a popular sorority on campus and I'd seen her in passing before, but never expected this. "I thought you'd never get home." She'd whisper. "I've been waiting all this time."

I want to tell you all that I jumped in the bed and fucked her brains out that night, but I couldn't. Just knowing that D had coaxed some girl to sit here and wait for me made me sick. It made me sick that someone ran game for me. She wasn't here for me, because she liked me, or even wanted to be. She was here because in her mind, if she fucked me D would validate her. That's went I woke up. I began to understand what was really at play here. It took month of agonizing mental and emotional torture but it all began to make sense. This was my first glimpse at the RP way.

But, as beta as I was (it was really fucking pathetic), I drunkenly fell asleep on the floor. I woke up, she was gone, I packed my things the next day, and moved in with my beta pack (40 minute commute to class, but I could take it another day). I told my beta pack my story and they gladly let me stay for free (I had to keep paying on the lease and my job paid for shit).

TL;DR- *D the one true Chad Thundercock fucks his plates, fucks my plates, fucks my unicorn, fucks my friends' unicorns, fucks half the girls on our damn campus, and fucks a damn plate on my favorite coffee table while eating my toast. My fucking toast. Tries to reconcile with a naked co-ed peace offering that teaches me the beginnings of RP.*

Epilogue:

I tell this story online to total strangers for your benefit and mine. You'll say I was pathetic, you'll

say I was an idiot, and I'll agree with you. But the thing I take away from this is that's not me now. I've held onto this story for so long and it's been such a burden on my psyche that just by posting this I feel a he weight lift off of my shoulders. By posting this, I can't truly come to terms with how beta I was and how alpha I can become.

If you take anything away from all this, let this be a lesson that unicorns are a myth, oneitis is a bitch, MGTOW, AWALT, don't judge your value on validation and nothing you do matters in the grand scheme of things. So live life and be the best you you can be because not a damn person you know or love will do it for you. You're on your own. Take pride in that and never settle for less than you deserve.

Women are like Bowling

214 upvotes | May 1, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Red Pillers,

If you're a typical guy like myself, your not an avid bowler. Sure, you may go bowling from time to time, and that's swell. But tell me, do you ever go out of your way to go bowling?

No, you fucking don't.

Do you prioritize bowling over things like work or time with your family/friends?

No, you've got a ton of shit to do. When has fucking bowling ever been more important than you doing your shit?

Do you constantly go broke because you're always spending your money at the bowling alley?

No. If you're going broke at a fucking bowling alley, you're fucking bowling wrong.

Do you praise bowling daily as Gods greatest gift to sports?

God, I fucking hope not. Not when there's football and boxing.

Do you donate large sums of money to the bowling alley just for being a bowling alley?

No, because your not the fucking bank or a fucking saint.

Do you judge your value as a man by how talent a bowler you think you are?

Does your fucking dog judge how much of a dog he this he by how many cats he's chased?

Fuuck no, that dog don't give a shit. Happy as fucking July, just licking his damn balls on the carpet.

Even worse, do you judge your value as a man by how talented at bowling OTHER bowlers think you are?

Fuck. No. Fucking Fred Flintstone and "The Dude" don't need your damn validation. Why the fuck would you need theirs?

Do you lie awake at night with nightmares of a seven-ten split being in another bowlers lane?

The fuck does that even mean? No.

Do you constant stop by the bowling alley just to make sure other bowlers aren't tossing their heavy huge black balls down YOUR lane?

Fuck no. You can't get tied down to one damn lane! Especially with that lane two over wide open. You fucking crazy?

Do you care what the bowling alley thinks of you?

Why the fuck would you care about some stupid shit like that? No. You just need it for bowling, not its fucking opinion on your "favorite color" or "spring cleaning". It's a damn bowling alley for chrissakes.

Do you waste away your day and your time calling up the bowling alley to talk about that one bitch Tessa that bowls down every lane on Friday thinking she's all that but they heard that blah blah bowling shit?

No, you ain't got no time to put up with Tessa's fucking bullshit again.

When the bowling alley breaks down, has a leak or runs into debt, do you suddenly become a

repairman, a plumber and an accountant?

Fuck no, who are you, some kind of fucking "save-a-bowl"? You fucking leave and go to another damn bowling alley because this ones got a metric fuckton of issues.

When it's obvious the bowling alley needs some work done and is worth a lot less than the asking price, do you spend your every penny buying it from the bank because "it's the inside that counts"?

Do you look like some effeminate fucking pussy-handed builder from HGTV with a hammer in one hand and fucking rainbows, pixie dust and the fucking power of friendship in the other, come down from Planet Sparkles & Glitter to magically fix up some run-down piece of shit past-it's-prime real estate? No? Didn't fucking think so.

Lastly, are you afraid to bowl at another bowling alley? Do you even have to give it thought?

Fuck no, you go out and you bowl every fucking alleys' lanes out. You glorious fucking bastard.

Bowling is a distraction. You can't become successful in IT, or Finance or fucking Carpentry if you're always worried about bowling. Plan around the important stuff and bowl when it's convenient to your schedule. Your wallet, health, happiness and future will thank you.

DISCLAIMER: if your an avid bowler or if that's the lifestyle or hobby of your choice, no ill will towards you. This is just a long-winded metaphor.

"Pavlov on Plates"

76 upvotes | May 4, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Red Pillers,

I've been conducting a type of "social experiment" on my current favorite plate (a.k.a. my "Fine China") Ashley for a little over a month now and I've decided to share the experiment and it's results with all of you RP bastards as objectively as I possibly can. It is a long post fellas, so go chop wood, meditate, lift something and come back when you're ready to learn. I'll sure you'll get something out this one.

Lastly, if you find this experiment, it's procedures or OmLaLa too amoral or too objective, please skip to the disclaimer at the bottom. Let's begin.

Hypothesis

Ashley and I met roughly once a week to fuck and hang out, but I don't want to drive the 20-30 minutes it takes to see her. While we do smoke separately, we would smoke like chimneys while we are together. Although the smoking doesn't bother me, I believe that I can play at her insecurity towards her smoking habits to my advantage and get her to come to my place more often by using two forms of **Operant Conditioning**.

The idea behind my experiment would be to condition her to believe that her smoking upset me without telling her directly (learned reflexive response) to establish a long-term **"escape" negative reinforcement conditioning** (i.e. remove the undesirable result by exhibiting the correct behavior), then to implement **positive reinforcement conditioning** of the behavior under certain guidelines/requirements (i.e. establish a positive reinforcement stimuli under the guidelines set by the escape negative reinforcement conditioning).

Subject

Ashley, HB9, 21, black and Middle Eastern ethnicity. Smokes Black-and-Mild cigars daily, roughly 2-4 a day. Her high need for validation stems from being unattractive at an early age and "growing into" her attractiveness. It also explains why she subconsciously keeps less attractive friends and is on Facebook/Instagram/YouTube/the mirror longer than your average attractive woman. She has roughly 4 male beta orbiters as well that I'm currently aware of (she's told me). These details may prove very beneficial for this experiment.

Stage 1 Negative Conditioning

I began conditioning her with light dread game every time she smoked without me. If she left the room and went outside to smoke, on her return I'd turn a bit colder, more distant or be on my phone more. Just enough for her to notice. I made no scene of it, said nothing about her smoking too much, and didn't make any clear or distinct signs that my distance was relative to her smoking habits.

Of course, she would follow up with shit test like, "are you okay?" or "Is everything alright?" which informed me that her hamster was indeed running. Good sign. It was when I heard her say "Did I do something wrong?" that I knew her hamster was running in the direction I wanted it to be. **She was becoming introspective, meaning she was attributing my change in demeanor towards something she was causing.** I pause slightly before dismissing it to give the impression I had more on the topic than I was willing to say. I then knew it was time to move on to Stage 2.

Stage 2 Negative Conditioning

While I made no DIRECT distinction between her smoking and my change in demeanor at this stage, **I aimed to begin my dread game in the presence of OTHER female smokers.** When we watched a movie where the woman began smoking, I became slightly colder and more distant. Whenever we went out and passed a female smoker I would respond in the same way. Also, the amount of female smokers we encountered would affect the degree of my dread game/demeanor change (i.e. a group of 3 smoking females illicited a stronger response or lack thereof than 1 smoker).

Again, I continued these dread games until Ashley began to shit test again and then I listened for the proper shit test. “What’s the matter?” or “You’ve been acting different lately” were the common shit tests Ashley began with prove her hamster had begun running again. I dismissed these. Her follow up shit test were along the lines of “I need to go to the gym more often” or “I really should eat better” which was Ashley’s hamster turning more self-reflectant and introspective in its search for the cause of my discomfort (moving in the right direction), but it was generally just grasping in the dark. I needed Ashley’s hamster to connect my situation discomfort and women smoking naturally (i.e. feel like she did it on her own and it wasn't orchestrated), so I kept the dread games going and dismissed these shit tests as well.

I waited until I heard her say, “I really should to quit smoking soon” and “I think I need to stop smoking” to inform me that her hamster’s determination to discover **the root of my discomfort (the result) was introspective (something she’s doing or has done i.e. the cause) AND she connected the actions she observed during Stage 1 Conditioning I’d established earlier on (i.e. smoking is the variable).** We’re on the right track now. I left a large gap of tension-building silence before succinctly stating that wasn't the reason. Her hamster takes that pause as a yes and she’s ready to go. Time for Stage 3.

Project Analysis

At the last stage of negative conditioning I had to be careful. I wanted to invoke an “escape” negative reinforcement around smoking (i.e. doing smoking the right way or at the right time removes the stimuli of me being distant) to which I’d build a positive reinforcement around (i.e. after fucking, smoking becomes acceptable for a finite period of time). I DID NOT want to invoke an **”active avoidance” negative reinforcement** by mistake (i.e. stop smoking and remove the stimuli of me being distant). I did not want to stop smoking altogether, I just wanted to benefit from it. Plus, I’d be very difficult to build a **long-term** positive reinforcement around active avoidance (quitting smoking could only illicit a one-time reward, in this case fucking, at the time of quitting) **Fucking also can’t be the reward because it doesn’t rely on dependency nor does it effectively play to an insecurity as much as smoking** (I know this sounds amoral, bear with me). The idea is to turn smoking into her reward through the process of fucking.

Stage 3 Negative Conditioning

This stage would be the most blatant approach towards the connection of my dread tests and her smoking, but I had to make other changes in preparation. First, during this stage, I stopped smoking freely or randomly. Secondly, I would only smoke after we had sex and I’d smoke a lot. This added a visual stimuli for Ashley of what was to come and what I’d expect (Preparatory Conditioning).

During this stage. Every time she’d return from smoking or we would get into her car, I’d comment on something that RESULTED from her smoking. I’d comment on the way her clothes smelled, the way her car smelled, the empty wrappers and boxes in her car, her breath, her teeth (not

really much of an issue, but still), the smell that stuck to her hands, whatever I could. I NEVER flat out said that I have a problem with the act of smoking and I never commented on anything smoke-related after sex.

It didn't take long for the correct shit tests to come forward at this stage. It started with Ashley hamstringing on extroversive causes. "Why didn't you say something earlier?" or "You smoke too!" or "You're making a big deal out of this!" Then she began to hamster on introversive causes. "Does it really smell that bad in here?" or "Can you really smell it on my clothes?" or "Is it really that big of a deal?". Then, surely enough, she began to retract how often she'd smoke around me. If I had an issue with her smoking, I'd stop here, but I have a bigger goal in mind. Time to begin positive reinforcement.

Establishing the Positive Stimuli

The following night, I sent her a text clearly stating my parameters: it stated that we both needed to cut back on smoking, and we could only smoke after fucking. This does two things. It turns the negative reinforcement into a positive one under certain guidelines and it gives the subject (Ashley) incentive rather than functioning purely on prevention (something I feel is better suited for social experiments, as people tend to plot and rebel when pressed). **Her incentives (outside of fucking) are the ability to limit smoking (long-term escape negative reinforcement) and removal of my change in demeanor/dread game (short-term escape negative reinforcement).** The only thing left to do is monitor maintain the scarcity of the positive stimuli (i.e. make sure she doesn't cheat and smoke alone).

Maintaining Scarcity of Positive Stimuli

This wasn't too difficult. I followed up with how happy it made me that she was willing to try to limit smoking with me and continued on how unattractive habitual smokers are. Ashley highly values my opinion because I speak on it so rarely (Law 4: Always Say Less Than Necessary, 48 Laws of Power). She had only tried to cheat on our agreement once, which I caught (wrappers in the back seat) and she immediately came clean. This scarcity cannot be completely monitored, however, so a great deal of it will rely on trust in the subject.

Conclusion

Needless to say, the experiment was a huge success. I get phone calls at all hours of the day, she always comes to see me, she only stays around just long enough to fuck and smoke and then returns to her days as usual. **What's even better, it requires no additional work on my end; because she's now conditioned to connect smoking and fucking me, so long as I stay attractive (i.e. remain someone worth fucking) my day-to-day is unhampered.** Better still, because she reflects positively on smoking and it's a direct result to fucking me, she reflects positively towards just the act of fucking me, making our sex amazing and abundant. She comes to me roughly 5-6 times a week and any location is fine in her book, so long as we aren't caught.

Result

In the end, what I've learned is that using and understanding RP theologies and through the use of some simple Pavlov and Miller Conditioning strategies, plates can be subconsciously influenced into following guidelines to the benefit of the user.

TL;DR- *I used techniques discussed in Operant Conditioning (and a few from Classical Conditioning) to teach my best plate (a.k.a. my "Fine China") to connect her smoking habit and*

fucking me. She then attributes good fucking with smoking and becomes subconsciously conditioned to fuck harder, longer, more often and less discriminately.

Disclaimer: *I am not a scientist nor do I pretend to be. My understanding of Pavlov and Miller is very basic and was simply used in junction with RP theology.*

Disclaimer Part 2: *Some people might read this and the objective way I've presented it in as completely amoral. They are correct, it is. But that's the point. Presenting subjective details is presenting the chance of bias. What I have listed is my experiment, the steps I've taken and my results. I am long past the "morality" of the sexual free market. Sex is war and war is amoral.*

Disclaimer Part 3: *Some may ask how this is different from women who use sex as currency for drugs. I say to them that they are failing to see the bigger picture. Women who use sex for drugs do so because they have no other option to quell their dependency. Their options are expertly crafted to bottleneck to the point where having sex with the dealer is her only option.*

This is much different because there are clear and present alternatives she can choose from to quell her dependency. She chooses the route of fucking me because out of her other options, this one has the highest benefit (possibility to quit smoking, fucking, removal of dread game). If she were to find a greater benefit from another option, she would take that route. AWALT. Until then, I'll reap my own mutual benefits from the route she's chosen.

Disclaimer Part 4: *I know that Miller was the developer of Operant Conditioning and not Pavlov. "Pavlov on Plates" had a nice ring to it so I chose catchiness over correctness.*

"Dopamine"

457 upvotes | May 7, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

In recent years, life has become easy and comfortable.

Want to watch a movie? You've currently got more movies in your living room on Netflix than Blockbuster's had in their prime (what, roughly 1998-2003?).

Want to listen to music? Because of apps like Spotify and iTunes, you no longer have to go into a Best Buy (and deal with their quasi-sales customer service bullshit, but to each his own) to buy a physical copy of a CD. You can reach any song or genre or artist anytime, anywhere through your phone or tablet (Anyone else remember walkmen and CD players? What a fucking pain those were.).

Are you hungry? What was once a market dominated by Asian food and pizza (I was Papa John's man, myself. Phrasing.), in recent years the food-delivery market has opened up to subs, sandwiches, Italian, cheeseburgers, hot dogs, etc.

Bored in line at the doctor's office? Why not play one of the hundreds of games you've got on your iPhone (or Android, if you're a really cool guy like OmLaLa) that you've downloaded like 3 months ago and never touched? (I'm willing to bet you still have Angry Birds on your phone but you haven't played it in months. Why?)

Need to go shopping? You can browse Amazon or Ebay for whatever obscure items you need (you can buy a full suit of armor on Amazon for like \$3,500 dollars right now. No lie. Go look it up. Now you can buy it for that one special white knight beta friend you've got as his Christmas gift. The ladies'll love it.) and have it at your doorstep the next day (usually our Amazon delivery guy is either high or dealing drugs, so if that's your thing it's an added bonus).

Want to spin a plate from the comfort of your home? So long as you're moderately attractive (no beer gut + receding hairline combos), there are dating sites (aside from Tinder, because honestly Tinder's the 'final boss stage' of the dating site world) filled with desperate/wall-hitting women just waiting to be boned by a quasi-alpha/alpha like you (POF and Badoo are, to an RPer, like shopping at the dollar store with \$500 in tow. Sure the merchandise is cheap, expendable, mundane, brittle, dusty, expired/outdated and will probably be trashed it in a week, but where else can you get a pack of 50 plates for \$1? Costco? They have good prices too if you willing to pay \$100 a year for a membership. It honestly pays for itself though, unlike Sam's Club. Wait, what was I talking about?)

Need to chop some wood and you've got no plates on speed dial? Porn has evolved to the point where even people with the most obscure, odd and questionable fetishes imaginable (like chopping to Scrooge McDuck banging out Ms. Incredible in BDSM uniforms covered in maple syrup while Scrooge's nephews triple team Sasha Gray and that chick from Twilight in a '98 Chevy Colorado with Blue by Eiffel 65 remixed by Skrillex playing in the background) can have their disgusting needs fulfilled (I'm looking at you Kevin. I know that you're reading this. Yes, I've opened that "New Folder" you've got hidden in your Downloads section).

*It all boils down to two things about our day and age that have turned even the most rugged, robust men into betas: **instant gratification and complacency***

If I were still a beta (there are still a few things beta-esque I'm working on, but progress), I'd say these are great and comforting luxuries that we're fortunate enough to enjoy.

But I'm not and these aren't.

What these "luxuries" have done to a great deal of us (some RPer's are included too. You know who you are. Kevin.) is made every asset of our lives way too damn easy. What an easy life does is it removes the necessity to have to work for anything because it's all within an arm's reach.

Dopamine is our brain's natural rewards system (do something good, get dopamine, feel good about it), but because of instant gratification through these luxuries, most people have become addicted to dopamine. That addiction is not natural; our brains were not designed to handle the current ease of dopamine access. It's also the cause of multiple levels of depression (the more dopamine you access, the harder it is to access it, so "happiness" becomes further and further from reach). Dopamine addiction is the main cause of complacency. Complacency makes you seek out and stick to what's "convenient". What's "convenient" runs contradictory to RP ideologies:

You may be an RP head-nodder who agrees with a lot of things you've read on RP and the side bar but only utilize the ideologies in the short-term because focusing on this new mindset isn't "convenient" for you right now. (*i.e. as long as you're here reading TRP and MAYBE a few hours after. I was guilty of this in the beginning*)

You may subconsciously be on RP looking for PUA advice and as soon as you begin to receive female validation from your frame and higher SMV, you'll abandon RP in pursuit of pussy because Pussy-Focus™ is "more convenient". (*Pussy is nice, but like Netflix it's a luxury. You wouldn't live your life in the pursuit of watching The Big Lebowski on Netflix, would you?*)

You may only agree with some RP teachings and you've chosen which teachings are "more convenient" to follow. (*i.e. you agree on frame and abundance mentality, but you may seriously still think NAWALT as you unknowingly kiss the post-ejaculate from Chad Thundercock's midnight emissions off of WonderTits™ lips. Kevin, I'm sorry you have to find out this way*)

You may follow RP ideologies religiously all the way through Monk Mode, depressed state, angry state, nihilism state, and awakened state, only to fall back into your same beta habits because they're "more convenient". (*this has happened to me multiple times, if I'm being honest*)

If any of the above cases are true for you, you are a dopamine addict like so many others. Complacency through dopamine addiction has been the downfall of all of your beta friends (scarce mentality, complacency, NAWALT and oneitis all go hand-in-hand) and will be the downfall of you if you're not fully aware of it and actively preventing it. Everything in moderation.

Discipline is hard. Discipline is the antonym of complacency. Discipline is severing your ties with things, places, people that make you comfortable, complacent, and weak. Discipline is always going against your very human instinct that constantly seeks out order and predictability and comfort (Bernard D. Beitman, MD, Professor, Department of Psychiatry, University of Missouri–Columbia). Discipline is going for years striving for a goal knowing there is no instant gratification and you'll never truly be complacent with what you have. Discipline is always wanting more because you deserve more.

Discipline is the basis of The Red Pill. You don't just swallow the Red Pill once. You take your medication daily.

"Poker with Black Widows"

646 upvotes | May 11, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Hello Dear RPer,

I met an attractive woman online on PoF a few months back (a subject I'll be going into great detail about later on this week), but because she'd become a notorious last-minute flake (the kind of woman that shit tests by cancelling on you 30 minutes prior; you know exactly the type I mean), I gave her a soft next and completely and utterly forgot about her (abundance mentality fellas, it does wonders for your game and your skin tone). Turns out she hadn't forgotten me.

She called me yesterday completely out of the blue, asking what I had planned for today (uh oh, we all know where this is headed). I gave her the specific time and place I planned to be so that if she flaked (as she was prone to), it didn't affect my schedule. She *actually* showed up (I know, I was honestly completely stunned too) and she was much hotter than her pictures led on (again stunned, but more physically stunned than metaphorically stunned, and only stunned around my penis. It's an erection joke).

My frame has gotten pretty impenetrable over the past few months (making a killing on dating sites after I got used to the type of approach it takes; again, I'll go into greater detail on that in another post), so I wasn't too worried about the shit tests that were coming (after a while, you kinda know what to expect from the first encounter). Oddly enough, her shit tests were slim to none. I could feel something was different about her compared to the previous women I'd dealt with; she rarely spoke, and when she did, she was very calculated in her response. She showed little to no emotion and revealed very little about herself. What she did reveal was purposely vague and open-ended, which I recognized as her trying to gauge where I was at/how I thought based on how I interpreted it. Her frame was solid and she was playing the game well.

Diva (who we'll call this woman for reasons you'll learn soon enough) is what I'd describe as a **"strong framed woman"** or (for the sake of this post's title) a **"black widow"** female. By that I mean she was accustomed to (and thoroughly enjoyed) controlling any relationship she was involved with (sexual, platonic and romantic), she fed off of beta and alpha alike (bend the alpha to provide her sex when it was convenient for her, bend betas like all women bend betas, etc.), held a firm and unwavering frame (I've yet to see a woman so difficult to read; she's even got some men beat), and knew both what she wanted and how she would get it.

I was upfront with what I wanted from Diva (sexual relationship only, not looking for commitment) and Diva replied in turn (wanted a relationship, exclusivity, no fucking other people while we "courted", no fucking until official). Diva absolutely refused having sex with someone she wasn't dating and I don't hang out with girls I haven't fucked (girls really eat that "brash honesty" shit up). Diva believed sex was this special magical wondrous thing that only people who truly cared deeply about one another could enjoy and that she valued herself too highly to have sex with just anyone. I believe sex is an act two people who're attracted to each other just do and, just like kissing or holding hands or jogging, sex doesn't mark against anyone's "value" by enjoying it.

Part of me really wanted to just drop Diva all together and hit up Plate #3 (whose back in town for summer vacation; I'm sorry Kevin, but I think your GF is cheating on you for some unrelated reason), but the other part welcomed the challenge that was being presented (plus Sunday was a

pretty slow day for me and I had some time to kill). We had reached a stalemate; neither of us were willing to divulge too much about ourselves, yet it was very clear by the fact that neither of us had walked away that we were both attracted to each other. I decided to test this to its fullest extent.

I would be as distant and outright blunt as possible and see if it shattered her frame. I silently vowed to not be the first person to leave that table and to see if I could push this "strong-willed black widow" so far that she got up and left.

It became a game of Poker™ between OmLaLa, The Machiavellian Alpha-in-Training and Diva, The Black Widow.

I started by talking about my plates. I told her I was fucking 4 other girls (only 4 are reliable enough to be consider "plates") She didn't flinch (damn, thought I'd get her with that one) so I tried to gauge how long it took her to calculate her response. A long damn time. She responded by telling me she also had 2 other guys besides me (probably true, considering how often her phone vibrated in her purse) but that she hadn't had sex with them yet, given the reasons she'd listed earlier (again, not sure if it was true, but it honestly that didn't matter to me). That was her counteract.

I told her she would continue to talk to these two men even after we started fucking. She flinched. I'd assume the confidence (balls) she thought it took to predict that fucking was in our near future seemed to mess with her "absolute resolve" (and by absolute resolve I mean her vagina). Chink in the armor. Time to prod.

I told her we were fucking tonight. I stared straight through her and told her she'd be coming to my place tonight, she'd wear lingerie, we'd fuck, then we'd watch Netflix. I expected a rebuttal of shit tests about how "she wasn't that type of girl" or how she "only had sex with people she dated". Instead, she asked me when was the last time I'd fucked one of my plates (from damn left field; the balls on this one). I told her two nights ago, outside, on top of my car hood (all true; I was very proud of this one). She paused (a glimmer of intrigue behind tht poker face of hers) then she counterattacked by saying if we were to fuck in a few months (as if I'd wait that long), I'd have to cut off all of my plates because she's selfish (now *this* is a shit test I can deal with). I respond with (in my calmest and sternest tone):

"What makes *your* pussy so special? Why would I give up fucking four women that'll fuck me whenever I ask just to fuck only you when you're too afraid to fuck on the first night?"

That did it. Proud women hate being called cowards, hate being compared to other women and most of all hate losing to other women. I'd become a challenge by becoming someone she felt determined to prove herself (sexually) valuable to; to prove that her pussy (as she'd been told by other guys) was worth more than the 4 of my plates combined (ambitious girl, gotta give her credit). Game set.

She started to ramble on and on about all of these kinky, debaucherous things she'd done (I almost felt remorseful for her father as she happily recalled some of these past "events"). I laughed these off as being part of an amateur/rookie-level sex game (amused mastery, fellas). As the lack of my validation began to frustrate her (I was actually impressed and excited to fuck this woman, but I couldn't let her see that), she asked what crazy sex stuff had I done. I made some fake sigh with a pained expression (as if it was so bad and kinky I just couldn't put it into words) and told her she'd simply have to find out tonight for herself

She was curious and determined. "Okay." She stated simply. "I'll be there tonight at X. I'll let you know when I'm on the way." She then stood up, turned way and unflinchingly walked out the door.

That following evening, I'd assumed she bailed and that'd be the last I'd hear from her. But, as sure as sure can be, there she was on the doorstep in her Abercrombie sweats and light pink lingerie. We fucked all last night (I'm seriously half asleep while I'm typing this; worst time to try and quit coffee), and the whole time during she'd ask girly things like, "am I better than your other girls?" or say things like, "I bet Plate #3 doesn't do this for you (and she was right, Plate #3 never did that for me. Now I know why Kevin seemed so repressed)". **She was fucking me to prove a point to herself and I was just along for the ride.** And what a ride it was.

Several hours later, as we were clumsily getting dressed at 3 in the morning, she announced something along the lines of, "I bet that was the best sex you've ever had. If you would cut off the other girls, I'll do that and more for you." Now, I could've just lied and given her some false possibilities where if she did X or Y, I'd consider dropping the plates (just to get a few more sessions out of her), but that all sounded like way too much effort/work for one girl. I told her how I felt:

"Your pussy was alright, but it wasn't worth giving up the 4 I have in queue. I like chocolate, but I like vanilla and strawberry more."

As Machiavellian as I am, looking back, that seemed a bit too deep of a stab to make unprovoked after all we'd just done I could've said little to nothing about it, but she just kept prodding me for validation on her pussy value and I was exhausted/spent.

She told me to keep my vanilla and strawberry or whatever. Then, in her most calm and unwavering tone, she called me "the coldest man she'd ever met" and said she was terrified by the fact that she liked me because I didn't care about her at all. She walked out the door on that note.

The worst part about it is that she was right. I've become cold and brutal when it comes to the sexual agenda. What I once worked on by reading RP blogs and books has now become a part of my very being. I felt nothing for this woman, no remorse as she left and I wouldn't care if I never fucked her again. And that's just who I am now. It's eerie; I can hear my past self whispering in these types of situations, but it's like listening to a child comment on what he thinks he knows while looking over the shoulder of a man working. It's both calming and terrifying, and I know that she felt it.

"Local Sexy Single Women" Part 2

100 upvotes | May 15, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

(Continued from Part 1)

"The Hume's Law Argument: When Kevin Met Brenda"

Brenda, while shifting through the dozens of desperate messages she's received throughout the day, happens upon one from someone she'd consider "provider" material. He's how intelligent, witty, emotionally deep and caring; all traits she'd want her husband to have. He spends hours and hours listening to her woes, problems and opinions while giving her step-by-step advice on how to fix them. She agrees to meet Kevin for drinks this Saturday.

Before the date, Kevin receives a barrage of shit tests ("I'm not sleeping with you tonight, I don't hook up with online strangers" and "you better be who you say you are on your profile or else I'm walking right back out the door" and "Ill only show up if we go to [insert expensive-ass bar name here] and I don't pay for my own drinks"), but Kevin is more than willing to put up with because he'll finally be meeting an LSSW he'd only dream of meeting before.

Kevin dresses to the 9s, schedules the entire date and rehearses his conversation topics in the back of his mind all week. He arrives early and waits anxiously for his HB8 Brenda to walk through the door. Unfortunately for Kevin, the Brenda that arrived was barely an HB3 in even the dimmest lighting. And what was even worse, she was rude/demanding a if she were an HB8.

What we have here is known as the "ought-is argument", better known as **Hume's Law**.

Brenda's idea of what *ought* to happen is that Kevin treats her with the same respect that he did online even though her SMV *is* very low because she's convinced that he validated her just for who she was. Kevin's idea of what *ought* to have happened is that he met the HB8 he was convinced he was talking to and that Brenda *is* expecting too much for her low SMV ("Why is this fat chick demanding so much when she looks like *Grimace*?").

This is the key issue with online dating; less attractive women are being overly-validated by a mass of beta males to the point they believe they're worth it. Then they will pedestal their pussy to unrealistic levels because of their newfound abundance mentality. On the online landscape, the unattractive woman's SMV means little to nothing because it can be manipulated.

What's worse, the uphill battle an alpha must fight to plate these women because of all this (especially for an actual attractive LSSW, like the WonderTits™ on Tinder) makes the online landscape seem unnecessarily challenging.

But don't worry my dear sweet RPer, I've worked tirelessly on guidelines an alpha can follow to overcome this monstrous discrepancy. We'll call this guide:

OmLaLa's Art of Online War: Combating the Local, Sexy Single Women in Your Area

(God, that title gives me the tingles. Let's begin.)

Step 1: Building Your Profile

Become attractive. Before you even begin with this guide, look in the mirror. If your glorious reflection doesn't give you the tingles, wait until you've obtained your Iron God Worship degree from the University of Lifting States. Attraction is non-negotiable; you CANNOT (can-fuck-mothering-not) force some unsuspecting woman to have tingles for you if you're not attractive. This

isn't PUA.

Check out [The Ladder Theory](#) playlist on YouTube by FullofScience to learn more on why attraction is non-negotiable and how the female/male brain interpret attraction differently.

Be vain. Before an LSSW even begins to read through your bios or message you about that 9" salami you're storing for her in the freezer, she'll judge you first based on your pictures. Pictures that show vanity (shirtless, pictures with other women, pictures with multiple women) show that you're desirable and *why* you're desirable. Being judged as amoral, narcissistic, arrogant, etc. is of no consequence because no one is looking over her shoulder and judging her based off of who she likes. She'll like what she finds attractive, makes her curious and seems desirable.

Being vain will also help weed out the LSSWs just there for validation (another topic covered later in the guide) from the LSSWs interested in phallically-based amusement park rides at 2 in the morning.

Avoid being flashy/materialistic. Even if you're displaying your Adonis-like rippling-ab-like peacock feathers to attract an LSSW mate, if she sees provider potential in you, she'll shit test to verify it. Money=Safety/Comfort and Safety>Sex, so if you're flashing some 18K Presidential Rolex or a 2015 BMW M5 Sport on your profile pictures then you refuse to pay for her Cranberry Vodka this weekend, she's going to feel like you're giving her mixed-messages. It's easier to begin with her impression of you being an alpha and verifying that belief rather than you giving the impression of being a good provider and fighting an uphill battle. Physicality first.

Be mysterious. DO NOT put you life's works on your profile for all to see. The more about yourself display out in the open, the less reason she has to want to know more. When you watch a trailer for a movie that you really want to see, don't you hate when it gives away the entire plot? Same shit, different sandwich. Leave her something to be curious about.

I personally just put "Ask" in all of the bio windows on dating sites. It works wonders on getting the conversation going.

Step 2: Matching with LSSWs

Like/Friend/Swipe right for every woman. Yes, even the fat chicks. Being picky and studying every profile before deciding whether or not to swipe right is far too time consuming for the Alpha-On-The-Go. Your goal is to grow the prospect pool as wide as you can and fish at your leisure. When the fish begin to bite the bait, that's when you can become more selective (and if the big chicks start bugging you, you can always block them).

Act on all notifications. Girls are coy by natural and the online landscape is no different. Lots of LSSWs (especially the attractive ones) won't "like" your profile for fear of your judgement of them being too thirsty, easy or desperate. What they will do is "view" your profile (sites like PoF, Badoo, OKC) and wait for you to message them. For reasons I'll discuss later, feed into this initiation shit test and begin the conversation.

Only focus on women you can comfortably drive to. From the start, never assume that an LSSW will make any grand trek across the vast desert sands to meet with some random online stranger (unless their SMV is ungodly low). Also, don't burden yourself with starting an interaction with someone 45 minutes out of your way (you and I both know you're never going to make that drive). L is for Local and if she ain't that, she ain't for you. Move along.

[Nearby Example](#)

[Too Far Example](#)

Avoid close-up shots and look for body shots. Not the drink, the picture. If she's actually an attractive LSSW she WILL have a picture of her body on her profile. If there is none, there's a reason. Point. Blank. Period. If all of her photos are close-ups of her face, there's a reason. If her pictures are all dark/blurry and you can't make out the details, there's a reason. All of these things are calculated and LSSW always put up their best side to attract the most betas. If you don't see a best side or if her face is her only redeeming quality, she's low SMV and not worth your time.

Avoid the "One-Pic Wandas". These LSSW usually just upload one very grainy/blurry picture of themselves in their prime 15 years ago. If this is their only digital documentation of themselves in today's day an age, avoid these women altogether.

Don't read her bios They all say roughly the same thing. Something something "I enjoy camping and shopping and Netflix!" Something something "Don't message me if you're just looking for sex!" Something something "I'm funny, crazy, outgoing" ...you get the picture. What they put on there is irrelevant. That's for the betas. You're aiming for nothing less than her back-door VIP access (phrasing).

Check her pictures for piercings/tattoos. If you really just want to get your rocks off and want someone who will probably make poor short-term decisions in the heat of the moment, look no further. These are the women that cheated on guys like Kevin with the bartender last Tuesday because, "he was just saying the right things and my friends just kept buying me drinks and" blah blah blah. Usually if she has a full picture of just her tattoo and you handle it right, a ONS is a given.

Assume the worst. If you're looking at her pictures thinking, "eh, she might be attractive", stop that shit. It's a trick or an angle or a lighting maneuver or photoshop or she's a dude named Chuck with a crossdressing fetish. If she were attractive, you'd be able to tell by the tingles around your treestump.

Step 3: Conversing with LSSWs (Online)

Understand that you are not in control. So long as you are on a dating site, you are acting within her frame. She is overly validated and assumes to possess multiple options in terms of men she can meet up with. Don't assert yourself, don't fight her frame and don't be too upfront/alpha until you've met this LSSW in person.

Begin the conversation with purpose. The absolute worst thing any self-respecting alpha on a dating site can do is begin a conversation in any of the following ways:

1. Some short, bullshit intro like "Hey" or "Hi" or "Sup" or "What u doin". Why is this unacceptable? You've garenteed a conversation that'll go nowhere for at least a few hours talking about some shit you don't care about (oh you're 'just chillin'? What, you're 'hangin wit ur friends'? Gee, that's fascinating!).
2. Some clever, insightful comment on her pictures. Unless you're at some Adonis level of sexual attractiveness to the point where women donate their panties to the Red Cross Association of [insert your badass username here], this comes across as PUA-level game and will be read straight through. The idea isn't to charm, it's to bone.
3. Some overly assertive response like "What you doin tonight" or "Hey sexy". While you may think this comes across as alpha, the LSSW will read it as desperate. You obviously aren't getting much female penetration if you have to jump straight into sex talk like this.

Begin the conversation so that you can judge what she wants right off the bat and neither of you

wastes any time beating around the bush wondering.

Example

*Personally, my go-to line is “What’re you looking for?” or “What do you want from this?” because based on her response I know exactly how to proceed with her.”

Example

Read past the responses she gives. Using my go-to opening response (“What’re you looking for?”) as a basis, there are typically 5 different response types with 5 different levels of interpretation:

1. No response at all. This’ll be the most common. She’s not interested in your lucrative door-to-door salami entrepreneurship. Time to move on. Example- that poor sad lonely LSSW..
2. “I’m looking for friends and nothing more” or “Just friends”. She’s interested to some degree but prepare a higher level of shit tests (based on her actual SMV). Get her number quickly; the longer you wait idly by, the least likely anything will happen. Example
3. “I’m looking for friends and maybe something more.” This is what you want to hear. It means she wants the salami you’re selling, you’ll just have to pass her Standardized Shit Tests before she makes a purchase. It’s the most realistic answer you’ll receive. Example
4. “Depends on what you have to offer.” She’s ready to buy on the spot, but use caution. A shit-testless green light from an LSSW means you should tread lightly. Example
5. “A fuck buddy.” “Someone to fuck.” These come across on rare occasion. USE EXTREME CAUTION. This could either be the luckiest encounter of your life or a death sentence. Example Example 2

Be succinct and brief. Just like before when you were filing out your bio, don’t give too much away in a chat on a dating site. What you might interpret as a “healthy conversation” or “going well” is actually her sucking the validation right out of you. Most LSSW with Level-3 responses will ask all the questions; it’s your job not to ask them back.

Example

Another Example

Avoid making your sentences longer than hers. Rarely use punctuation. Use “U” instead of “you” or “R” instead of “are”. It’ll show her you’re not overly obsessed with hooking up/women in general and it’ll strengthen your chances later down the line. Trust me on this.

Lots of guys are hard-wired to put ‘You?’ on the end of our responses like “I’m doing good. You? “. Don’t do that. Let her propitiate the conversation awhile. It’ll show to her that you’re not like every single guy online she’s met whose endlessly/needlessly interested in what she’s doing/eating/watching. If you’re going to ask her a question, ask her. Don’t repeat her questions back. That’s boring.

Example

Be upfront but not too upfront. If she asks (which she probably will in Level-2 through Level-4 responses) let her know what you want from her in as calm a way as possible. If you want a woman to have sex with then watch Netflix (something I say a lot because the one things girls love more than sex is Netflix), tell them that without sounding desperate. If you’re not looking for commitment, be upfront about that. She’s respect you for it, I’ll respect you for it and if she keeps the conversation

going AFTER you specify sex and Netflix is all you want from her, you're in the green.

Example

Example of OmLaLa and LSSW being honest with each other from the start.

What you don't want to do is come off as abrasive. As alpha as an abrasive approach is in person, in the online landscape your anonymity plays against you; it's far too easy for a beta male to feign an abrasive nature and you'll be pegged as a pretender.

My go-to upfront phase is "friends and maybe something more" for Level-2 and 3 and "someone likes sex and Netflix as much as me" for Level-4. My don't go-to phrase was "Someone to fuck/hang with". See how one is too straightforward?

(Continued in Part 3)

"Local Sexy Single Women" Part 3

107 upvotes | May 15, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

(Continued from Part 2)

Recommend. Don't tell. Don't ask. Avoid phrases that begin with "Do you want to" or "Can you" or "Is it okay if" or "Are you able to". These are beta mating calls and she's peg you as one in a heartbeat.

Also, avoid being too demanding with phrases like "Do ___" or "Meet me ___" or "Give me ___" or "Tell me ___". You're still inside the LSSWs' frame, so this could possibly read as a beta-in-disguise.

Your best bet are phrases like "Let's do ___" or "When you're free, let's ___" or "I'd like it if you could ___" or "We should try ___". These are recommendations to her while still being the commanding alpha she wants you to be.

A good phrase to close with would be "Let's get together sometime" or "Let's hang out and be friends". If she responds favorably, follow by asking for her number.

Example

Yet Another Example

Another Example?

Examples fo' Days, y'all

Never, ever, ever double text. Don't do it. Double texting means death for you. No matter how you mean for it to look, she'll immediately interpret it as a desperation move to get her attention, thus killing your chances. Don't do it, no matter what you may feel.

Get her number quickly. Don't let it drag on for more than a couple days. The longer she keeps you online, the longer she'll only consider you a source of validation. You don't exist to her until she's seen your Adonis physique with her own beady little eyes. If you feel her interest via the way she's responding. Say something along the lines of "Let's hang out sometime. Send me you're number". Now prepare for the hardest step.

Example

Step 4: Conversing with LSSW (In-Person)

This will be tough, this will take practice and some of the things I'm going to recommend to you may not seem RP. Just bear with me and trust that I have your best interest at heart.

Begin with logistics only. Once you've got her number, towards the end of that day (wait too long and she'll forget who you were) set up a meeting place and time. Make the place convenient for you (reasons why later) and don't make it too long of a wait (remember, you're nobody until she meets you in person so that's your goal).

Expect the First-Date Flake and do not punish for it. This may seem counter to RP theology, but in the framework we've defined for the LSSW mindset, it makes sense. Here is an Adonis of a man who may actually be a WonderDick™ or a creppy beta poser. She both hamsters that "maybe I'm not enough" and "maybe this guy's some creepy pervy beta" and her hamster implodes from the stress of it all. It could also be considered an high-level SMV woman shit test coming from an LSSW filled with validation. So she bails.

How to address this:

Once the time/place have been set, do not reach out to her again. If you don't hear from her at all before the scheduled time (for me, roughly 1 hour prior) go about your day as if it never happened. If she calls with a "where are you?", tell her you never heard from her or that you got busy and you'll raincheck (she'll love that; too bust for Brenda? Impossible). If she doesn't show, don't message/text her for roughly a week, reach out and try again. Most times (for me, anyway) they'll show up for the second encounter.

Show no love. Act as though you have 10 better places to be than here with this LSSW, no matter how attractive she is. She's showing up at this venue expecting you to fawn all over her. Do the opposite. Look away, look at other women, address her as if she's unattractive. Act disappointed that this is what you've waited for. Ask her a question then act aloof/lost-in-thought when she answers. Treat very shit test (because they will come) as an annoyance; as if she has no right to ask you these things (now don't say these things out loud, just show them through your behavior).

Slowly, you'll notice her frame begin to drop as she tries to figure out what you don't like about her and wondering if all this validation she'd received was for naught. Now she's in your frame.

Change venues. This is a classic PUA tactic, but it works just fine here. If you're over 21, take her to a nearby bar (I usually meet them at a bookstore near my apartment with a nice day bar across the street).

Be crude and make her feel prude. One fail-proof way (at least for me) to convert a LSSW to a plate quickly is to talk crudely, be taboo and make her feel like she's too prudent. For example, once we've moved to a bar, I ask her to openly talk about ex, then we talk about her fucking her exes, then we talk about me fucking my plates, so on and so forth. Use words like fuck, dick, ass, pussy but with a stern and emotionless expression like it's no big deal to you (this helps keep any future sexual encounters casual).

Ask what her sexual fantasies are. Ask if she's ever been in a threesome. But you HAVE to stay nonchalant about it; if you look too excited about the whole conversation, she'll mark you as a perv. Once you're done talking about fucking other people, talk about fucking each other. Tell her how you like to do it vs. what she might like. If she shit tests you over your fetish, stay behind it. Trust me, she'll remember what you like.

Be willing to let her walk away. Another common shit test I've seen from LSSWs is that they will threaten to get up and walk out if you say something they don't like. Let them. Please. Just let them. In the back of your mind, you might think, "Damn, I followed OmLaLa's guide and now I've made it all this way! I don't want it all to go to waste over some dick comment." Well champ, she's put in a lot of time to get to this point too, and I'll be damned if some comment about your glorious dick is going to make her actually walk out. Remember, most times it's just a hollow threat to see if you'll flinch. If you don't flinch, you're Grade-A beef, buddy.

From this point on, TRP should be able to guide you. A good amount of kino, escalation and frame should close the deal fairly quickly. And if it doesn't, at least for the next encounter she'll know exactly what you want.

Online Landscape Synopsis

The guide's research took place across the span of just over 3 weeks. Below is a breakdown of various information gathered from the study:

Plenty of Fish (PoF)

- Most matches to LSSW (roughly 75 matches towards the time of the article's posting)
- Above average level of shit tests (just about every first in-person encounter was littered with them)
- Easiest/most frequent ONS (within 2 weeks roughly 12 different LSSW with more scheduled for next week)
- Average LSSW to Plate conversion (roughly 40% of ONS)
- Average HB rating of first encounter with LSSW (roughly between HB4 and HB7)
- Highest number reception after extended online-conversation (roughly 80%)
- Average ignore rate from LSSW (I don't have a number for this one, but average compared to other sites)
- Highest rate Day 1 bangs (4 out of the 12 ONS were the same day the LSSW's number was received)
- Below average Catfish occurrence (i.e. the posted picture's SMV is lower than actual SMV)

Over-all Rating: High

Tinder

- Low-Below Average matches to LSSW (roughly 18 matches at time of article's posting; few and far between)
- Least amount of shit tests (surprisingly, once matched and a conversation starts, the success rate jumps significantly)
- Below Average ONS (2 ONS within the two week span, 2 scheduled for next week)
- Average LSSW to Plate conversion (again very surprising; although many matches haven't become sexual, over text a FWB relationship has been pre-established with 5 LSSW)
- Highest HB rating of first encounter with LSSW (roughly between HB7 and HB9)
- Below Average ignore rate from LSSW (again, although matching is difficult, once matched the success rate jumps significantly)
- Below Average Day 1 bangs (Only 1 on the same day the LSSW's number was received)
- Lowest Catfish occurrence (i.e. the posted picture's SMV is lower than actual SMV)

Over-all Rating: Average

Badoo

- Below Average matches to LSSW (roughly 20 matches at time of article's posting)
- Highest level of shit tests (both online and in-person by far)
- Low-Below Average ONS (1.5 ONS where the .5 was a sexual act with no intercourse, none scheduled)
- Low-Below Average LSSW to Plate conversion (1 low-grade plate gained; HB5)
- Below Average HB rating of first encounter with LSSW (roughly between HB3 and HB6)
- Below Average Day 1 bangs (Only 1 on the same day the LSSW's number was received)
- Above-Average Catfish occurrence (i.e. the posted picture's SMV is lower than actual SMV)

Over-all Rating: Below Average

OKCupid

- Low-Below Average matches to LSSW (roughly 5 matches at time of article's posting)
- Above Average level of shit tests (both online and in-person by far)
- Lowest Average ONS (1 ONS)
- Below Average LSSW to Plate conversion (1 plate gained; HB6)
- Lowest HB rating of first encounter with LSSW (roughly between HB2 and HB4)
- Lowest Day 1 bangs (it just didn't happen)
- Highest Catfish occurrence (i.e. the posted picture's SMV is lower than actual SMV)

Over-all Rating: Low-Below Average

Researcher Character Profile

- *OmLaLa is over 6'0", non-white, goes to the gym 5-6 times a week for 1 hour, and used the same shirtless picture as his main profile picture on every dating site.*
- *OmLaLa met with LSSWs every-day between 630-100AM (my poor sleep schedule) after leaving the gym.*
- *OmLaLa met multiple LSSWs each day including the weekends (and had sex with multiple LSSW multiple times a day; there were no threesomes).*
- *OmLaLa roughly met all LSSW at the same 2 bookstores (Barnes & Noble) and escalated to the same 3 bars, all within 10 minutes from his home.*
- *Most sexual encounters occurred either at OmLaLa's residence (my roommate thinks I'm some sort of god for this) or in a public venue (i.e. stall, parking lot, car, broom closet, locker room, drive-thru, behind a grocery store, etc.)*
- *OmLaLa used protection for ever encounter (please do the same; there's no telling who you're actually sticking it into).*
- *OmLaLa did not pay for a single drink, coffee, meal or gym access throughout the duration of this study (I had some LSSWs meet me at the gym).*
- **The events of "Poker with Black Widows" took place during the duration of this study (Diva the Black Widow was met on PoF several months prior, so her encounter is not listed in the results).*
- *OmLaLa rarely mentioned his job, his income, and hid any overly-expensive items in his apartment (for safety and anti-provider reasons).*
- *OmLaLa did not message, sleep with, or purposely encounter any fat chicks for the duration of this study (if I did, this study would be meaningless).*
- *OmLaLa is very sore and tired at the time of this article's posting, so OmLaLa will most likely be taking a long break from sex and women (it was fun for the first week or so, but now it's all just so predictable)*
- *OmLaLa went to be tested on 5/13 for any sexually transmitted diseases (please, please be careful guys; I've done this so you don't have to).*
- *OmLaLa is terrible with MSPaint which resulted in very ugly example pictures being uploaded to Imgur (I didn't realize Imgur had its own editing software until my roommate pointed it out. My roommate was a big help for this article. He's not RP, but if he becomes RP one day, I hope he see this and says, "Yeah, I helped make that with OmLaLa.")*

- *OmLaLa's roommate is not "Kevin" (Kevin and Brenda are not real people; they are character archetypes built to represent a greater sub-populace).*
- *OmLaLa visited [r/holdthemoan](#) for locale ideas (there was a post on TRP about making porn your reality and I'd always had a thing for exhibitionism; keeping that level of fulfillment helped me slosh through the last week without seeming half-hearted).*

End Note

There is not a woman alive right now that could tell me their pussy is worth anything after how many different women I've been with in just 3 weeks.

After a while, it all seems the same. The novelty of that "new pussy smell" fades quickly; there were a lot of times I'd have really mundane sex with an LSSW and just wish I could visit my plates and have guaranteed good sex.

Yesterday, I has sex in the handicapped bathroom at my gym with an LSSW I met on PoF at 7:00, left the gym, met up an LSSW I'd met on Tinder at 9:30 in some abandoned parking lot near the mall and fucked, then met up with another LSSW at 11:30 behind a convenience store near my place and fucked. I didn't enjoy any of it.

I've been tempted several times to drop the whole thing altogether because I was bored with working for something I already had an abundance of. It may be a passing feeling, but right now I'm bored with women. Absolutely bored. And the more bored I get, the more aroused they get. It honestly fucking sucks.

What sucks more is that because I don't run off of validation from others, I don't enjoy this victory in the slightest. It all felt like such a chore and now I've got a phone full of LSSWs that I've got to figure out what to do with. I don't text, they call. I don't answer, they call more. Luckily, I have two phones but lately I've had to put my personal phone on silent.

While this will be a god-send to some of you RPer's out there, this has been a hellish epiphany for me. The more bored and tired of sex I actually become (as opposed to pretending not to want it), the more it's offered. So, on that logic, in order to have the harem I dreamed of in high school, I have to be disgusted by the thought of it. What's having as much cake as you want when the thought of eating it makes you sick?

I won't be doing this again.

P.S.- Here's a gem of a woman I ran into on my quest for online "knowledge".

"Local Sexy Single Women" Part 1

101 upvotes | May 15, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Sites like Instagram, Tinder and Facebook always seem to show tons of “local sexy single women” living in your area, yet you rarely seem to see these “beauties” in any of your common public venues. The way your local area is represented on sites like these, you’d expect to pass hot and single women all the time, but on a good day you might pass maybe one or two attractive women (and usually with a Chad or beta in tow close behind them).

Some of you luckier fellas might’ve had the opportunity meet one of the local sexy singles after weeks of online shit tests, validation donations, comfort testing picture ratings, last-minute flaking etc. And I’m willing to bet 5 cents that you were disappointed with the result (I’m not a rich man).

These “local single sexy women” (which will be referred to as LSSW for the remainder of this post) are rarely as attractive as they are in their profile pictures. They’ll try (keyword here is “try”) to hide all of their stretch marks, boob sag, rotten teeth, incorrigible bodily stench, excessive body hair and sudden morbid obesity while shit-test as if they were the WonderTits™ they pretend to be.

Unless there’s some Ugly Stick™ wielding (The Ugly Stick™, and please don’t go beating sexy people with it) BP vigilante that strikes in the night (i.e. “The BP Bandit” or the “The MGTOW Marauder”), these LSSWs are knowingly and skillfully portraying a façade of former selves to garner validation, attention, admiration, reassurance, the list goes on. And we as men have allowed them to get away with it (shame to all you dick-wielding members of society, your ancestors would not be pleased).

So then why do these LSSW go through all the cropping and photoshopping and filtering and lens flares and brush touch ups to pretend to be an HB9 then ACT like an HB9 when meeting in-person when it’s so (very, very) clear that, in reality, they’re unattractive?

These low SMV LSSW behave, act, pose, and shit test with the same ferocity as an HB9 because the current online landscape has effectively deluded them into believing their real SMV is as high as their online SMV (An SMV, I might add, that is solely based upon a façade of false/inaccurate representations of the LSSWs’ current physical appearance and endless validation from those who’ve fallen prey to said façade).

Simply put, the online LSSW mindset is synonymous to the “princess effect”; when women were little girls they were told they had some non-existent intrinsic value just for being alive and female (i.e. “my pussy deserves to be on this pedestal because I’m different from everyone else because mommy, daddy and my beta buddy said so”).

Also, because of the woman-catering online landscape, these women are provided an endless supply of betas and alphas alike that’ll give up validation by the barrel-full just for the slim chance she might open her Pearly Gates™ (His mind: I’ll keep chatting until she agrees to a date, Her side: I must be so incredibly attractive and valuable to society, all these guys are chatting me up all day). It gets to the point where the woman becomes unreceptive to all real or obvious outside negative stimuli that may require her to change or better herself (“what do I care what OmLaLa thinks about my obesity? I have 55 messages from guys on Tinder that tell me I’m beautiful this way” “Big is beautiful”).

Today, I’ll be discussing the delusions of the “sexy, local singles in your area”, the cause of this delusion deriving from a multitude of anonymous and endless beta support, how this delusion pans

out from the online dating landscape and I'll end with a guide (with examples, because I love you all so much) detailing how to best capitalize within the online landscape knowing everything this article will discuss.

In order to make this argument as fluent as possible (these are very large theories that I'm trying to incorporate), we will begin by defining the foundation of basic TRP principles at play on the online landscape (onets, abundance v. scarce mentality, SMV, validation v. sex), then build towards how these principles interact on a grand societal level when introduced to elements exclusive to the online landscape (anonymity and collective influence greatly separate online social interaction from personal social interaction, but more on that later).

The key factors that we will cover to explain the basis and continuation of the "LSSW delusion" are female abundance mentality (the limitless online validation condition), female perceived SMV, the abundance of online BP scarce mentality, and anonymity. We will first build a character archetype to better illustrate the average LSSW and her rationale behind her decisions or lack thereof.

So then, let's start with Brenda, the Post-Wall LSSW who, on her dating site profile, neglects to mention her 4 kids, jealous husband, cardiovascular complications, Type-2 diabetes, a sudden 60 pound weight gain (from no fault of her own, of course) and a Netflix/Burger King addiction.

"Brenda the Overweight Post-Wall LSSW"

Once upon a time in a land far, far away (let's say Virginia), Brenda was an attractive woman. In her prime, she was roughly an HB8 (as her profile picture clearly showed) and she had garnered tons of male validation and reassurances due to her high SMV. She had several male orbiters who would buy her food, pay for her gas, with one of the poor suckers even buying her a car (a 98' Subaru Legacy, but a car's a car when you're broke and sexy). What she had –and what a lot of high SMV people have- was minor social influence.

Social influence runs parallel to the concepts behind the "halo effect"; the more attractive you're perceived to be by others the more people will want to follow you, the more trustworthy you'll seem to them, the more interesting you'll seem, the better you'll smell to them (sexy people just smell better), regardless of whether or not you've actually changed at all (this is why your Adonis-blessed, chisel-jawed, Hercules-of-a-friend 'Butch' and you could tell the exact same joke in the exact same way and WonderTits™ always laugh harder for Butch).

It's not that attractive people ARE smarter, funnier, more interesting, or smell better; they are simply PERCEIVED that way (like all those times back in high school where you'd sit across from the WonderTitsTeens™ and every stupid comment they made about their stupid cat "Fluffles-or-whatever-the-fuck-they-named-it" seemed like the most interesting moment of your lifetime).

In Brenda's case, the social influence she controlled would be considered minor because she only influenced a small amount of men within a much larger society. Keep this in mind, it'll be on the mid-term.

Unfortunately, Brenda hit the wall at an early age and at the top of her prime. She had her first kid (by a Chad) at the tender age of 22 with a new kid following each consecutive year (all, not surprisingly, by Chads). Almost overnight, her SMV had plummeted (in the same general direction as her nipples). Her beta orbiters, not yet ripe and ready for "picking" (marriage, also considered the harvest day at the Beta Orchards), they ran off to orbit circles around the next HB and left her stranded and de-valued.

Normally, a post-wall woman in her condition (the “lazy, broke, 330 lbs with 4 kids” type of condition) would normally scoop up the most desperate, frumpy, bottom-of-the-bargain-bin-in-Walmart beta male she could find (the type of beta that’ll listen to some cheap “it’s-been-inside-of-you-all-along” motivational crap like “The Secret” by Rhonda Brynes) and settle down in mundane, frumpy bliss.

But no. Not Brenda.

A common phrase you’ll here echoed down the great halls of TRP is “past value does not guarantee future benefits”. As an RPer, it basically boils down to “just because WonderTits™ thought your glorious dick would make a great choking hazard to quell her sudden and grown need for oral affixation last year doesn’t mean that she’s going to babysit your unborn children in the rocking cradle that is her throat the following year”. Brenda was fully aware of her recent decline in appearance (more like cataclysmic landslide, but semantics). What kept Brenda from frumpy bliss –despite being post-wall and desperate- was that she had found a source of HB9-level validation that required little to no work on her part.

Brenda could manipulate her past value (using old pictures to represent her “online SMV”) to capitalize on future benefits (male attention/validation based on false online SMV). She then rationalizes (hamsters) all of this attention as something she’s deserved because the pictures her betas are orbiting online are still pictures/representations of her.

And so, Brenda creates a Tinder profile using her outdated HB8 pictures to attract a collection of helpless and desperate betas. The result of combining mass online scarce mentality and the betas’/LSSWs’ anonymity leads to the delusion we discussed earlier.

Let’s move on to Kevin, the “nice guy” beta-male who desperately attempts to hook-up with the random LSSWs he sees on Tinder/PoF/OKCupid, but always seems to get stuck in mundane and meaningless conversations about work, world news, weight and the weather.

”Kevin the “Nice Guy” White-Knight Beta Male”

For Kevin, dating sites were a god-send. The only girls he’d ever dated had either approached him, he’d met them through one of his friends, or he’d meet them by luck or circumstance (these encounters Kevin cherished the most, for only fate could’ve brought them together in Taco Bell that Wednesday night). Kevin was single and didn’t want to wade through another 3 months of expensive dates, drinks and gift-giving just for a glimmer of hope to row his rowboat down some girl’s *Tunnel of Love*. He’d heard from Chad and Butch about the ONS they were have on a regular basis using these sites, and Kevin wanted a piece of that action.

Kevin posted the most sincere pictures he could find (he didn’t want to give off the wrong impression to these LSSW) and spent hours typing in great detail his entire life summary in the dating site’s “About Me” section (they’d want to know how intelligent, witty, emotionally deep and caring a guy he was beforehand, Kevin thought to himself).

Kevin wasted hours upon hours in chats and messages with multiple LSSWs, giving them extensive details about his life goals, careers, ambitions, dreams, opinions, beliefs and motivations (because LSSWs would definitely want to bone a guy that’s open, caring and comforting). He’d sit there for hours and soak in all of the LSSWs’ woes, problems and opinions while giving them step-by-step advice on how to fix themselves (LSSW want a problem solver and a shoulder to cry on).

Kevin, a guy who –on average- would only have about 2-3 women to hope to date (most of which

would “friend-zone” him after too long or dump him for being “too nice”), was thrilled that he now had 15 different potential girlfriends to choose from, each one hotter than the last. What seemed odd, however, was that every time Kevin would try calling or texting these LSSWs, they’d rarely answer or cut the conversation short. He’d try to call/text them multiple times throughout his day with little to no response. When Kevin was lucky enough that an LSSW would agree to meet him for dinner, they’d typically flake and leave him alone waiting for hours. Kevin would temporarily grow bitter and resentful, but in his mind dating sites were still a better option compared to his current real-world situation.

Kevin’s persistence in the online landscape compared to how his persistence in the real-world results from the combination of Kevin’s *scarce mentality** and his online anonymity within the online landscape.*

For the LSSWs, this online anonymity is used to gain validation from strangers and to build an optimal façade (the online WonderTits™ version of themselves) to gain as much validation as possible. For betas like Kevin, this online anonymity is used to increase the amount of women they’re able to approach (not limited by the fear of rejection/scarce mentality like in the real-world) and to optimize how many women they can converse with at one time thanks to the internet’s ease of access (i.e. “the shotgun effect”: offline Kevin could only focus on roughly 3 women at once due to the time he’d give up/money he’d donate whereas on a dating site, Kevin can converse with dozens of women at once).

What do you get

When Kevin locks arms,

With nice guys and betas

Who turn up their charms

To win over a woman,

Whose not what they think.

To put their humpf-humpf-a-dumpfers,

in her rink-rinker-fink?

What you get from a multitude of Kevins taking this same approach towards online date is mass validation for the LSSW (the amount to which she’d never have received 15 years ago), major social influence for the LSSW over a beta populace (as opposed to the minor social influence Brenda had as an HB8) and the delusion of the LSSW that her actual SMV is as high as her online SMV (“I must be an HB8 now, so my pussy is worth the same as those other HB8s”). Both the betas and LSSWs may feel benefited when it comes to online dating, but the benefits for the LSSWs are massively greater and it becomes a societal parasitic relationship.

Now let’s move on to what happens when our pal Kevin meets the “REAL” LSSW Brenda.

(Continued in Part 2)

"Such Is My Nature"

385 upvotes | May 22, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

This is an original tale by yours truly, OmLaLa the Machiavellian. There are multiple TRP lessons within this parable and its message is open to your interpretation. I'll leave it up to you, the RPer, to decide what this parable's really about. Best of luck.

"Such is my Nature" by OmLaLa

Once upon a time, there was a female carpenter named **Lily**.

Lily's carpentry abilities had been passed down to her by her mother. Her father and brothers were farmers and spend most of their days working out in the fields. Lily had recently completed her training and felt she could now build herself a home she could call her own.

So, when Lily became of age, Lily's mother decided to send her off into the vast, unknown world to build an amazing and beautiful home for herself.

Lily quickly packed up her tools and left her mother's care in search of the perfect place to build such a home with the skills her mother had taught her.

During her long search, Lily came across a beautiful and plentiful field of **Clay**. The Clay was soft, formless and could easily be sculpted to support whatever requirements Lily's dream home may have. Lily saw much potential in the Clay.

So Lily spoke with the Clay, telling the Clay of her dreams and aspirations as a carpenter, of the extravagant home she'd set out to build, and asked the Clay if it would be willing to act as her home's foundation.

"Of course you can build your extravagant home upon me!" exclaimed the Clay, *"I am malleable and easy to shape. You can easily mold me to best suit the needs of your beautiful home!"*

And the Clay was right. Lily easily formed and molded a wonderful foundation for her beautiful home. She was able to stack, shape and mold the Clay with little resistance.

The malleability of the Clay allowed Lily to add more and more extravagance and beauty to her dream home. The Clay happily reformed itself over and over as Lily's plans became more and more complex and robust with every passing day.

Finally, Lily had built the most beautiful and magnificent home she or the Clay had ever seen. She reveled at the thought of living happily ever after in this magnificent home for the rest of her days. The Clay, possessing no shape or form of its own outside the home's foundation, was pleased that its malleable nature had helped in the creation of something so beautiful.

And then the **Earthquakes** came.

It didn't take much for Lily's home to crumble; under the smallest signs of stress, the Clay reverted back to its doughy, shapeless form because the Clay knew no other way to exist. Shapelessness was in its nature.

Lily's beautiful home was gone in a matter of seconds.

"This was no fault of my own," the Clay haughtily declared, *"had the Earthquakes not come, you would still have your beautiful home."*

"I cannot live in constant fear of the Earthquakes" explained Lily. *"I cannot rebuild my home after*

every Earthquake and I cannot build upon a foundation that's so easily swain."

Yet the Clay refused to give up its malleability. *"Such is my nature."* replied the Clay.

And so, Lily left the beautiful and plentiful field of Clay in search of a more stable foundation.

After some more searching, Lily came across a bountiful and fertile field of **Dirt**. The Dirt was tough, rich with substance and could be used for more than her home's foundation. Lily saw potential in the Dirt.

So Lily spoke with the Dirt, explaining what occurred with the Clay, told the Dirt of her dreams for a beautiful home and asked if the Dirt would become shapeless like the Clay.

"Nonsense!" declared the Dirt. *"I would never falter so easily in the presence of the Earthquakes! Worry not! You're much better off building your house upon me!"*

Lily then asked the Dirt if she could make use of its rich and fertile nature for her crops and gardens.

"Of course, dear child! Of course you can plant your seeds here!" boomed the Dirt, confidently, *"Plant whatever crops you wish! My fertility knows no bounds!"*

Trusting in the confident words of the Dirt, Lily began building her beautiful home once more.

The Dirt was right, it wasn't malleable and shapeless like the Clay. However, the Dirt's lack of malleability made it difficult for Lily to mold with the same ease she had with the Clay.

Lily toiled and struggled and strained and pushed and shoveled the Dirt as best she could, but in the end the Dirt would not form into the perfect foundation her first extravagant home had required.

Lily was able to build a less extravagant –yet still beautiful- home upon the Dirt.

She was still happier with the Dirt, for she no longer felt the constant fear of the Earthquakes suddenly collapsing her new home. The Dirt was happy as well, for through little effort of its own, it now had a beautiful home built upon it.

Lily soon began to plant her crops and gardens and used the Dirt's rich and fertile nature to nourish her seeds. The Dirt was compliant at first, but only for awhile. The Dirt did not want to continuously give up its rich and fertile soils for nothing in return.

"Water!" the Dirt arrogantly demanded. *"If you are to use my fertility to plant your crops, I demand water!"*

"You made no such demands before I built my home," Lily explained, shocked by the Dirt's abrupt demand. *"I have brought only enough water myself. Had I know sooner, I would have brought some for you."*

"All Dirt requires water! Such is our nature!" scolded the Dirt, *"Your father was a farmer. Surely he taught you that!"*

Lily was displeased with the Dirt's sudden and abrasive nature, but having already built her home, she hesitantly went off to fetch the Dirt some water.

This continued week after week and the Dirt's thirst for water became more and more unquenchable. Lily became tired and aggravated, but at least she had a home that would hold firm when the Earthquakes eventually came.

And then the Earthquakes came.

The Dirt was able to hold firm to some degree, but Lily was forced to constantly maintain and repair the Dirt's foundation with each passing tremor. And once the Earthquakes finally subsided and Lily's

maintenance and repairs were complete, the Dirt would begin to angrily chant *“Water, water, water!”* once more.

After weeks trudging this exhaustive and repetitive process, Lily couldn't bear it any longer.

“Enough!” Lily cried out one day, tossing the water aside. *“I have to do all of the work while you just sit there and beg for water! You are too needy and demanding!”*

“I need water. Such is my nature.” the Dirt half-heartedly replied.

“You can't even provide a stable foundation without my help!” shouted the flustered Lily.

“You asked for me to be more firm and stable than the Clay. I have done this. If you require even more stability, I will require more labor and water from you. Such is my nature.”

Frustrated to the point of anger, Lily abruptly abandoned her home in the bountiful and fertile field of Dirt in search of a less demanding foundation.

Tired and jaded from her previous experiences, Lily came to a wondrous plateau of **Stone**. The Stone was solid, unwavering and firm. Lily saw potential in the Stone, but had now grown skeptical.

Lily approached the Stone.

“I require a strong foundation on which to build my beautiful home” she told the Stone. She then explained the extravagance of the home she'd planned to build on the Clay.

“I can provide you the strongest foundation possible and you will never fear the Earthquakes again,” began the Stone, *“but I will not alter myself for such unnecessary extravagance. Such is my nature.”*

Lily was disappointed that her home's beauty must be abandoned, but Lily valued her home's stability over all other things. Lily agreed.

“I would like to utilize your rich and fertile nature without the need of constantly providing for you in return.” requested Lily. She then explained the crops and gardens she'd been given by the Dirt in exchange for water.

“I can provide you with no such luxuries” replied the Stone, *“but I will require no such upkeep or commitment. I am the way you see me now and I will remain this way for decades, regardless of whether you build your home upon me or not. Such is my nature.”*

Lily was again saddened that her crops and gardens would be abandoned, but she admired the self-sufficient nature of the Stone. Lily agreed.

“May I build my home upon you?” asked Lily, willing to sacrifice the extravagance, crops and gardens.

“It makes no difference to me,” yawned the Stone, *“build wherever you'd like. I am indifferent and unaffected.”*

So Lily built her home upon the Stone.

Her home was nowhere near as extravagant as the home she'd built upon the Clay, nor did she have the luxuries of crops and gardens she'd had with the Dirt, but the stability of her home and the Stone's independent nature made her happiest of all.

And then the Earthquakes came.

Lily's home remained completely unaffected. Just as the Stone did not succumb itself to Lily, it did not succumb under the stress of the Earthquakes. Lily couldn't feel the ground move beneath her feet. The Stone snored loudly through most of the tremors.

And Lily couldn't have been more happy.

The Stone did as it pleased most of the time, but when the Earthquakes came, Lily knew her home was safe and steadfast. Lily could have left in search of another foundation at any time -maybe one that provided her more malleability or one with rich and fertile soil- but for now Lily chose to remain built upon the Stone.

The Stone wouldn't have cared if she'd left. The Stone's had many carpenters build their homes upon him; some staying longer than others. But the Stone required no sustenance from these carpenters and the Stone gave them a strong foundation through no effort from them or of its own. the Stone was just content existing.

Such is its nature.

THE END

"The Power of Horny" Part 1

320 upvotes | June 2, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Dear RPer,

This will be a multi-part article across the span of a few weeks. They will each cover a different topic, but are all built around a central theme. I hope you all enjoy this one.

I've increased my productivity at work three-fold. I've maxed out my bench. I've cold approached 3 attractive women within the past 48 hours, have their numbers, and am effectively working them into plates. I just hit on Clair from McDonald's (I needed a cheap lunch today) and she brought me my food with her number crudely scribbled down on a napkin.

All of this resulted from me being horny.

I've gone the past 2-3 weeks with no sex and no masturbation and I have very high libido. Just as TRP advises you to use your anger and fear to your advantage, your horniness are can be just (if not more) effective.

In these articles I will discuss how complacency inhibits the full utilization of your libido, how porn and idealization come into play, why I'd advise you to stop masturbating over limited masturbation and how to use your over-charged libido to fuel your cold approach.

Brace yourselves, gentlemen.

JACKING OFF TO GirlsGoneWild™ COMMERCIALS AT 1 AM

In order to build a good framework around this subject and to make this article a bit more personal, I'd like to take a minute and talk to you all about my extremely awkward and ill-informed sexual adolescence.

In my sexually-charged youth, my father never gave me what you might call a real "sex talk". We went to go see a movie one evening, he turned off the radio and it went a little something like this:

"OmLaLa, mah' boy, sex...well, sex is nice. It's real nice. Son... it's fuckin' great. Like, damn... damn son. But, eh... you gotta... you gotta wrap that shit b'fore you tap that shit, you know? Or you'll get stuck. Stuck wit' kids an' a crazy ass woman. You want kids, son?"

"No, Dad."

"Do you want a crazy ass woman, son?"

"Uhh, I don't think so."

"That's mah boy. Yah can't jus' go around fuck'n every Sarah n' Sally, son. I rememb'r this one chick from college..."

And then he went on for the next 20 minutes talking about the crazy women he'd banged in college. Do this day, it's one of the more memorable "talks" my father has given (he *really* sucked at lectures, but he's a good dad all-in-all).

My school was no better; they decided teaching abstinence over sex ed was more politically correct, so we sat in a classroom of guys for an hour each day while our awkward gym teacher lectured us on not doing things without telling us what they were.

"Don't do anal or oral. 'S still sex and c'n give yah diseases."

Shows picture of diseased penis

Classroom loses its fucking shit

“Teacher, uh.. what’s anal and oral?”

“Don’t worry about it, kid. Jus’ don’ fuggin’ do it, alrigh’?”

“Yes sir.”

“Now who wants’ta see what HPV c’n do to’a grown man’s scrotum?”

Class loses its fucking shit again

And so, I had but one place to learn from: the internet.

During my adolescence, my family possessed this wondrous and archaic form of primitive web browsing called “dial-up” internet (for you younger readers, this was before DSL. For you even younger readers, this was before Wi-Fi). It would take anywhere from 10 to 25 minutes just to load up one website (no lie). I started with pictures (which defined for me what WonderTits™ is supposed to look like), but when we finally got DSL installed I upgraded to videos.

Going in, I knew little to nothing about sex (outside what you hear around the lunch table, but they didn’t know either). I remember watching my first videos thinking, “so this is what I’m supposed to do with girls”. I was pretty sheltered. I remember losing my virginity with some chick from the softball team in some electrical janitorial closet in my school’s cafeteria thinking the sex would be just as intense and charged as it was in those videos.

It wasn’t; we switched positions every 30 seconds, the condoms kept drying up, she kept drying up, we were scared for our lives someone would come in, and I knew nothing about the anatomy of the vagina, so I kept trying to bend her in unrealistic ways.

And I’m sure a lot of you RPerS reading this have some stories similar to mine.

In today’s digital age, many of us (and many men around the world) were taught about sex from porn or pornographic material due to the weak or non-existent sex education in schools (teaching abstinence is not the same as teaching sexual education) and a lack of “sex talks” from our parents.

What makes matters worse, we’re constantly pressured to do “it” without ever being properly told what “it” is or how or how long or is this right or does this feel good or is it too small or does that hurt or *why is she bleeding* or its too dry.

We are all taught by porn. And porn is a lousy fucking teacher.

GIANNA MICHAELS AND SASHA GREY WERE YOUR SEX ED TEACHERS

Porn has does two things to our subconscious: **it sets our sexual standards and causes sexual complacency.**

The complacency issue I’ve covered previously in *Dopamine*; porn is a business that profits from how turned on it makes you and how many times you come back for more (like candy or Mcdonald’s or a video game). This is a dopamine addiction that causes complacency which in turn limits you from actively pursuing sexual release from other places (i.e. actual sex).

What I’d like to discuss further is how porn has effected your expectations of sex and women *subconsciously*. I’ll explain:

In the past, if you’re being honest with yourselves, I’d assume at some point in your lives you’ve thought that the WonderTits™ in the yoga pants over there working out on the elliptical wanted to drag you into the nearest broom closet an bang your pretty brains out just because she gave you an

extra second of eye contact.

Now why did you think that? Has that ever happened to you before? Sure, your friend Brad says it happens to him all the time, but have you ever seen it happen? No? Well, then where did you get such a vivid imagery from?

Or maybe you've seen WonderTits™ in Bi-Lo buying a loaf of WonderBread™ and you suddenly thought that if you went over there and bent her over the dairy section she'd willingly allow it and onlookers would cheer you onward to climax.

Well now, that just sounds like rape. But it didn't look like rape in your head. It looked awesome in your head. You'd cum on her face and everyone would cheer and it'd be great. Right?

Maybe, you've tried something you've thought you've always wanted to do. You had sex in a crowded movie theatre while watching *The Avengers* because you've always had a thing for exhibitionism. But in reality, positioning her was a nightmare, she was too dry to quickly slip into, the whole time you were terrified of getting caught, your \$40 jeans are now covered with soda and butter stains, she was getting too loud so you had to stop be for climaxing, and you've missed a third of a movie you were dying to see.

But this was your fantasy, right? It was supposed to be this wild, sexually-charged thing. Why was it awkward? Why was it more difficult than you'd imagined?

There is oft a disconnect between what you want sexually and what you *think* you want sexually. Again, porn is designed to be as visually stimulating as possible. That's why folks that frequent porn develop such strange and unexplainable porn fetishes (you know *EXACTLY* what I'm talking about. Be honest with yourself here).

Because many of us were brought up by porn, we are subconsciously conditioned to learn and adapt our sexuality to porn. In turn, we develop “fetishes” we think we want based on our viewing habits (I watch a lot of bondage porn so I must love BDSM) that aren't true to our real sexual desires. Porn fetishes and kinks, although in some cases correlated, are never the same thing.

In short, just because you've suddenly started watching a bunch of Asian porn that doesn't mean you've now got yellow fever.

Kinks or “real fetishes” are psychologically constructed from a number of outside factors. “**Porn fetishes**” are simply that; strictly restricted to porn. The mistake is made when we lose the ability to differentiate the two.

Porn has the same influence for your expectations for horny women. We believe, subconsciously, that a woman who really wants to sleep with us will approach us and behave in the manner we've seen in porn. This is because for most of us received more insight on sex from porn than the actual act itself (I know I've watched more porn than times I've had sex, had I'm willing to bet you have too).

As an example, let's say you're watching a YouTube video to learn how to drive a stick shift instead of actively attempting to drive stick shift.

Okay, so you may be better prepared than if you'd be if you just jumped in and started pulling levers and mashing pedals. Fine. Great. But you'll finish that video with some preconceived notion of what driving a stick will be like without taking into account that the business that made the video feeds off your views, the guy teaching in the video is not you, the car he's driving isn't the one you'll be driving, he's a professional and being paid to teach you, you'll probably choke the first time you try,

the video probably never brought up the difficulty of hills, the clutch point is different in every car, there'll be no one there to hold your hand for the real thing and if you wreck due to the video's misinformation it'll all be on you and your insurance and not on the video. Now imagine how much simpler all that'd be if you had your dad or an driving instructor guide you through driving a stick beforehand instead of watching that video.

Let that sink in for a second.

In Part 2, we'll go into masturbation abstinence and how to channel it to benefit other facets of your life. Until then, RPer.

"The Man-Eater"

191 upvotes | June 4, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I lost.

All of the frame-building, lifting, meditation, eating right, IDGAF attitude, objective thinking and Machiavellian thought processes could not have prepared me for the man-eater. Just like a regional chess champ playing the Grand Champion in disguise, I was completely out of my league and due to my own ego and hubris I failed to respond the tell-tale signs of my own impending demise. I had the proverbial rug swept from beneath my feet before I even knew what Game I was playing.

On Monday, I met with a regionally-renowned stripper it'd met on a dating site. We'll refer to her as **"Delilah the Man-Eater™"**.

Although I'd only just begun hanging with Delilah, she and I had gone to the same high school years back. Back then, she was what you'd probably call a PlainJane™. She was easily forgettable, sported an average appearance, wore dull and drab attire; she was that wall-flower that always seemed to blend back into the tapestry. After high school, due to a lack of options and poor grades, she'd gone military. It was there that a handful of drill sergeants and basic training had sculpted her into a masterpiece of a figure from her doughy box-like frumpish frame. Upon returning to civie life, she'd heard about the easy money and fast lifestyle of stripping through an old friend that we'd mutually known (who we'll introduce later). Before she knew it, she was making thousands a night, flying to Dubai and snorting cocaine off of diamond trays in the passenger's seat of lime green Lamborghinis. *And Delilah was beautiful. There was no rating scale for her. She's the type of woman considered betas nonexistent and the alphas as providers-to-be. If there is two things she had in abundance, it was men and money.*

While we sat in the bar together playing pool and discussing our pasts, I mentioned how it was odd that I'd never seen her on social media before.

"I don't really see the point." she sighed, pulling out her phone. "It's the same thing every time."

Delilah then showed me her PoF account. Her messages had reached a whopping 99+ (most of which were unread, of course), her matches were at 99+ and her views were at 99+. All from Monday. Then she let me browse around.

Her inbox was a graveyard of pick-up lines and thirsty attempts from men all over the county (some of which I recognized). In that inbox I saw every corny one-liner, neg attempt, sly compliment, PUA phrase, one-worded approach, desperate self-degrading remark and peacock line I'd had ever heard, seen, or thought to myself. These guys were from different races, appearances and walks-of-line and every one of them was being ignored.

I remember thinking, *"Wow, all of these reek of desperation"*. Every one of them. Maybe it was the sheer volume. Maybe it was the lack of confidence in their profile pictures. Maybe it was the blatant peacocking or low self-image or over-compensation efforts that oozed from their replies. But in 1-2 messages and one picture, it all communicated... insecurity.

I asked her why out of all of these messages, she'd picked mine out.

"Your message just was so... forceful." she replied retrospectively. "I thought it was kind of hot. Plus I knew you from before so I thought, 'what the hell'. And, well, here I am."

“Come hang out with me Monday.” That was my message. Then I told her where and when. Two messages. That was all it took to out-manuever my waves of competition.

NOTE: Avoid asking a woman questions as often as possible. Out of Mark Manson’s Models, I believe this is one of the most useful pieces of advice. Instead of asking “what are you doing this weekend?” say “Come out with me this weekend.” Use periods. Be short. Be demanding. Be authoritative. Trust me.

She downed 3 double-shots of Hennessy like spring water then confessed that she was bi. She recently had a threesome with her best friend and her ex-alpha last month and liked it. She told me she was now actively pursuing women as well.

She then showed me her “*other*” PoF account.

Same shit, different gender. 99+ all around. What was really interesting about this account however was who was flirting with her. I saw various messages from one of my plates, my friend’s current girlfriend (I laughed openly about this one), a girl in my social circle and a past fling of mine. How peculiar.

She paid for both our drinks (roughly \$60, more on this later) and wanted to meet up with a female friend of hers. I obliged. We hopped in my car and sped down the highway.

Minutes before we arrived, she asked me to pull into a gas station. I was running low on gas, so again I obliged. While I pumped, I noticed her pulling out a large amount of money from her purse. A very large amount of money.

“How much cash is that?” I inquire. “Uhh, 9 grand I think. I haven’t counted it in a few days.”

She was casually walking around with \$9,000 dollars in cash in her purse. I was stunned.

“What?” she remarked after seeing my expression. “I made \$5300 of this last night off of just one guy. He thought he was going to fuck me. Poor thing.” she cooed, poking her bottom lip out.

She gave me \$100 for gas and told me to keep the change.

I went inside to piss and buy a drink. I came back outside to a white Civic parked suspiciously close to my car. A burly gruff-looking guy in a white wife-beater was swearing loudly out his window at Delilah. Delilah through money at him and it scattered throughout the Civic’s interior. I went over to see what the hell was going on.

On my driver’s seat sat a bag of cocaine. A very big bag of cocaine. The most cocaine I’d ever seen. She’d called this poor sap to deliver this large quantity of drugs to her like a pizza delivery boy and was purposefully short-changing him, regardless of the 9K in her purse. The guy have driven 40 minutes to find her.

Now drug-use usually doesn’t bother me, but this was ridiculous. I was livid.

“Well, I knew you wouldn’t take me to him (she was right), so I told him to come to me. I really needed a fix. I’ll give you half.”

I passed.

She then proceeded to cut lines on my iPad and snort in public. I scolded her for being reckless with my iPad.

“I’ll buy you a new one” she half-heartedly sighed. She stuffed \$800 in my glove compartment.

‘I have no power here.’ I thought to myself. She knows she can do whatever she wants and buy me off and I was willing to let her. I was her prostitute. OmLaLa the sugar baby. No frame or

physique in the world could overcome such raw independence.

I was curious. I asked her what she needed me for if she has all this money and influence.

“Dick and company.” She replied simply. “I also know you’re fucking Plate #3. She told me over PoF when I brought you up.”

Dammit, Plate #3 you beautiful bitch. You may have inadvertently gotten me laid.

I told her in that case we should just go back to my/her place and fuck.

“I don’t need dick yet.” she sighed. “I just need company.” She put another \$200 in my glove compartment, holding eye contact.

*There it was again; my time, attention and validation was being whored out. I was no ordinary prostitute. I was a validation prostitute. And I let it happen. But who could blame me? \$1100 for my time seemed well worth it. So I let the cocaine thing slide and we went to meet her friend at a nearby bar. We’ll called her **Jezebel**.*

I remembered Jezebel. She had gone to our high school too. She has since went through a marvelous transformation, similar to Delilah’s.

And Jezebel was beautiful too. On terms of solid attractiveness, I felt outmatched by these two. Jez and Delilah often went ‘strip club hopping’ up and down the coast together and had been tight for years. Jez was upset because her boyfriend had gotten locked up for drug trafficking and she was too broke to bail him out (I believe she had a serious drug addiction, but it was hard to tell).

Delilah whipped out another large sum of money and nonchalantly passed Jez enough for her man’s bail. She also gave Jez two months of her rent.

Delilah then turns to me and passes \$100 under the table.

“A man always buys the drinks.” She whispered coyly and winked. I felt dirty.

We bought round after round of shots then we piled into my car and drove out to some large abandoned grocery store parking lot.

I smoked (bad habit, I know) while I drunkenly watched Delilah and Jez do line after line of coke and other drugs while dancing in front of the car’s high beams and listening to Lil Wayne over maxed-out speakers. I was so far out of my zone that I’d become nothing but a passenger on their drug-induced adventure. We all laid on the hood of my car and watched at the stars. We eventually made out for a while before I drunkenly proposed we go back to my place.

“Okay.” Delilah purred. “But no sex and noooo kissing.” Jez giggled.

We got to my place and me and Delilah started kissing. Jez silently backed towards the wall and watched us intently.

Delilah the stopped abruptly and backed towards the wall next to Jez.

“Okay, here’s what we’re gonna do.” Delilah chirped happily. She hands her phone to Jez.

“Jez is gonna call Kevin to come pick us up.” Jez made a disgusted face at the sound of Kevin’s name, so I’m guessing they weren’t close. “Kevin doesn’t live far from here. You have until Kevin gets here to fuck Jez. And I’m gonna watch.” Jez’s face remains solemn. They’d planned this out from the start.

Jez drunkenly admitted she had a thing for me in high school and wanted to live out some fantasy of hers. I drunkenly obliged.

I start with Jez and the timer begins. Apparently they both also had some partner swap/watching fetish too, because Jez was very “in the moment” and Delilah touched herself vigorously by the door. As wonderful and passionate as the moment was, within 20 minutes a car pulled up by my apartment, bass shaking the windows. Mid-thrust and with an annoyed moan, Jez jumped off of me (sundress, no underwear), brushed herself off and silently walked out the door. I just sat there, confused.

Delilah hugged me goodbye. “Don’t worry,” she purred. “We’ll do this again sometime.”

She kissed me, groped me and shut the door behind her. And that was it. I sat there, my dick literally in my hands. I wish I had an RP moral or lesson for you all, but even now, 3 days later, I have no idea what exactly happened.

As simple and anticlimactic as that night was, it humbled me. I know what a true “devil’s daughter” is like now. The type of woman that sees men as mere tools, manipulative and analytical by nature. She had tricked me to fuck Jez just like she had tricked her drug dealer, her PoF orbiters, the sap in the strip club; she saw what she wanted from me and got it in a calculated and strategic way.

Maybe Delilah’s a Machiavellian too.

"The Power of Horny" Part 2

294 upvotes | June 11, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Dear RPer,

In our last installment, we discussed the damage porn inflicts upon or subconscious in terms of sexual perception and the complacency it causes through its limitless availability and sexual fantasization for profit. We also discussed how for our generation most adolescent sexual upbringing is self-orchestrated to a media designed to and which thrives from continued use, and how many of the sexual expectations we've developed during our period of adolescence are founded upon unrealistic or uncommon real-world practices further hard-wired into our psyche by our continuous use of the media.

In short, if Disney causes of our ill-conceived notions on love, Pornhub causes of our ill-conceived notion on sex.

What we will be discussing today are ways in which abstinence from masturbation can be weaponized and used in your daily encounters with women, we'll touch on how womens' perceptions of men alter through abstinence from masturbation and how it affects the tell-tale "inaction rationalization i.e. male-hamstering".

In Part 3, we'll begin comparing active approach v. passive approach in terms of masturbation, we'll touch on further monitoring and controlling your PAT and we'll discuss in-depth a topic that is commonly discussed indirectly on TRP but has been rarely addressed forthright: radical polarization (as opposed to standard polarization).

ADDENDUM

Before I begin, please remember to approach what is being discussed as objectively as possible; the necessity of porn and constant masturbation have been hardwired to your psyche at adolescence, so some of the topics that will be discussed may seem difficult to swallow. Just as you've felt oppression when introduced to the truths behind love, women and the societal miscommunications on both, you're first reaction may be to lash back out of frustration. This is a normal and understandable response. Porn and masturbation addiction are both dopamine-addictions, as are drugs, alcohol or nicotine. A deprivation or endangerment of any dopamine stimulants will elicit such a response. Remember, however, to regularly practice your restraints and mediations of masturbation even after reading this article; a one-time attempt at regulated abstinence doesn't provide a cure-all for dopamine addiction, one AA meeting doesn't a sober man make.

BRAZZERS, NOW AVAILABLE IN PINK!

Men need sex. Women need validation.

Men supplement their lack of sex with masturbation, which in turn is supplemented in unlimited quantities through porn. *But how do women supplement their validation between male encounters?*

Women haven't made it out of our digital age without the digital age unscathed and without some form of socially-ambiguous digitally-based dopamine addiction; for women Facebook, Instagram, Snapchat, PoF, Tinder, OKCupid, Fling, Tango, Tumblr, Vine, YouTube, Twitch, KiK, SeekingArrangement, etc. are all social playgrounds in which women have their need for validation satisfied through the limitless validation availability *for women*, a business-crafted fantasization and idealization of relationships, the desires of the men validating them and through their own fantasized

version of their SMV (i.e. the belief that men in real life will pursue them to the degree online men will r that their real-life SMV matches their online SMV just as we discussed in “Local Sexy Single Women: Part 1 & 2”).

Sound familiar? It should.

Just as men become addicted to the instant and limitless need-fulfillment provided by porn, women are addicted to the instant and limitless need-fulfillment provided by social media. And just as it creates a complacency in men not to pursue real sex, women's addiction creates a complacency to not make themselves pursuit-worthy.

The difference between each genders' addiction comes forward when each gender's false addiction-created vision of reality meets real-world applications. A complacent, lower-than-her- potential SMV woman can still get real-world validation from a higher SMV male due to the feminist social landscape and “macro-sociological beta mindset” created within.

In this landscape, even high-value men will validate low-value women because the intrinsic value of pussy is *ungodly* high (due to the two addictions we just discussed). **We can consider the woman's addiction healthy:** she receives constant validation from every facet of her life; she can get validated from men in her social circles, supplement it with online validation through social media, there's no negative societal stigma towards validation addiction among women and the fantasy created by social media addiction is rarely combated as men will alter themselves to match said fantasy, albeit with ulterior motive (in some cases, society supplicates this fantasy through media like movies, music and TV by describing it as normal or “expected”).

As a man we aren't so lucky. **We can consider a man's addition unhealthy:** he only receives constant sexual release from one facet of his life (his addiction), his intrinsic value towards pussy is raised (due to scarcity), the fantasy derived from his addiction is aggressively rejected by real-world experiences/societal norms and –although common practice among men- his addiction is negatively perceived by society (i.e. a girl can openly talk about how many friend requests she's received this week, but he can't openly talk about how he spanked it five times to Back Door Sluts 9).

What's worse, by supplementing his lack of sexual release through women by masturbating, the necessity that drives him to pursue real-world sex declines. *It becomes a want and no longer a need.*

The amount of rationalization supporting his inaction will also increase. Below are some examples of rationalizations (i.e. ”male-hamstering”) commonly displayed by a complacent male (think to yourself how many of the following you've told yourself at any given time):

- “She's not THAT hot. I can find much hotter than her.” (she's actually hot)
- “She looks like a bitch. I don't want to put up with her attitude.” (un-grounded remark)
- “That's probably her boyfriend beside her. I don't want to step on any toes.” (fear of confrontation)
- “She probably doesn't like (insert character trait here) guys” (self-deprecation)
- “I'm probably not her type. She probably likes (insert subculture here) guys.” (meekness)
- “She's out of my league. I'm not good enough for her yet.” (unnecessary bar-setting)
- “I'd go up to her, but I don't want to come off as a creep.” (fear of polarization)
- “I have nothing to say to her. We'll have nothing in common.” (lack of depth)
- “All girls who wear (insert brand here) are (insert stereotype here).” (generalization)
- “I'll wait her to give me a sign. When she does (insert weirdly specific IOI here), I'll go talk to

her.” (impossible scenario creation)

You must convert your “want” for sexual release back into a “need”.

Next we’ll discuss how complacency through masturbation is communicated to women and how the necessity of sexual release becomes a great weapon. Speaking of weapons...

A GUN AIN’T S___ WITHOUT BULLETS

Okay, so let’s say your strolling along on some bright and sunny Wednesday, and a robber jumps out from the shadows. You’ve never left home without your trusty pistol, but because you’ve never actually needed it until now, you don’t have bullets in it.

You know that it's empty, but the robber doesn't. You brandish your gun, holding it up to his stupid mug.

At first the robber’s impressed by your preparation for his assault and is fearful of your unwavering resolve. But then he starts to see through you. He notices your hands are shaking. He sees you’ve begun to sweat. He sees your finger’s not on the trigger. He can sense the fear in your eyes. He can sense your lack of conviction.

He calls your bluff, robs you blind, takes your wallet, runs off and spends your hard-earned dough on a bunch of stupid shit like shopping, make-up, pedicures and nail-polish. I think your getting my metaphor now (just to beat you over the head with it, it’s a metaphor on gaming women).

Brandishing a gun only gets you so far; if the robber is in-experienced (young/virgin) or scared-themselves (insecurity) or unarmed (unattractive) or weak (overweight) or psychotic (psychotic), just pointing your gun at them might work. But let’s face it, you want the type of gun that’ll intimidate (give tingles) to even the most opposing (sexy) of adversaries (hot-ass fine women).

Consider your “gun” as the metaphorical representation of your SMV (or a phallic metaphor if that's your thing). Now consider every day you abstain from masturbation as a bullet in your “gun”. The more “bullets” you load, the more powerful the "gun", the more intimidating you *feel*.

‘Feel’ is the keyword here.

Not every robber will see your brand of gun as imposing, but it's not the gun that counts. Your imposing demeanor should come more from you wielding the gun than the gun itself. *The gun is just there to compliment that demeanor with hard evidence*

Even if you're wielding some toy BB gun from Wal-Mart, if you hold that toy gun firmly and with confidence, your conviction and the mystery behind the gun’s true/unsaid nature will be enough to intimidate any robber (to beat you over the head again, it’s a frame metaphor).

Without bullets however, feigning is only a temporary solution. Fear always shines through when your gun is empty, and the smaller the gun the more fearful you’ll appear.

As impressive as your Desert Eagle or Beretta may appear, whether it's from an engraving, customization or even a gold-finish, it won't make a difference if the robbers aren't afraid of you or if they question your resolve. More importantly, a robber's not going to pull the trigger for you. The most you can ask for is that they make themselves an easy target.

As we discussed earlier, masturbating removes the need for sexual release. While in some cases that might be seen as a good thing, if one is actively pursuing women or would like to enhance the frequency or efficiency of a current sexual relationship, it can be a crippling vice.

In addition, the only situations where masturbation can be viewed as non-destructive is when it is

both **regulated** and **porn-free** (I can't stress that enough).

Next, we'll discuss both the Predator and Observer approaches to masturbation and masturbation abstinence.

“HUNGRY V. STARVING”

In the comment section of the previous *"Power of Horny"* article, some people compared the “thirst” caused by masturbation abstinence to a thirst for water.

I vehemently disagree with this notion; if one's dying of thirst, they'll drink from whichever body of liquid presents itself first, be it a fountain of pure filtered spring water or a murky puddle at a gas station.

I believe this “thirst” is more like a “*desire*”, like a desire for entertainment.

Let's say you've been working constantly over the past few weeks and you haven't had the chance to just relax and watch Netflix. When you finally get an opportunity to kick back for the day, you'll want to make sure the show or movie you decided watch will be worth your time. You may watch a trailer or you may have heard some comedy movie is good or maybe you've waited to watch something for a while. You may even watch something you've seen before because you enjoyed it.

What you're less likely to do is plop down and throw on the first show that pops on screen. You wouldn't enjoy sitting through reruns of Iron Chef when you hate cooking shows just because you haven't watched Netflix in a while. Finding the right show may prove to be time-consuming, but you know it'll be worth it in the end.

This is the mindset abstinence will put you in. Hungry, but not desperate. And in order to find an happy medium between desperation and complacency, we'll will brake our theory into two approaches: Predator and Observer and define PAT within said context.

The Predator approach is to be used by those who are actively pursuing multiple sexual relationships or aiming for more frequent or efficient satisfaction from a sexual partner. I believe most men will fall into this category.

The approach is simple to begin, difficult to master: masturbate as rarely as possible. Remember the gun metaphor? The more bullets you've loaded, the more intimidating the gun.

In the presence of attractive women, you'll want to appear both confident and sexually-hungry (which is different from sexually-starved, which we'll discuss in a minute). Women want to feel desired. They want you to throw them around the room and plow them like a caveman. They want you to spontaneously walk up to them at a bar, woo them over with sexually-charged conversation and bang them in the back of a burgundy '03 Mazda Speed-6.

But women can read through bullshit like the newspaper. Just like the robber and the gun, it all works better when it's genuine.

It's one thing to take a girl home and fuck her all "rough-like" because you read once on TRP how AWALT and like rough sex. Sure she'll like that at first, but because your heart won't been truly into it, she'll pick up on your lack of conviction eventually. Now if you're throwing her around like tissue paper because you haven't had sexual release in over a week well, that's something else entirely.

When you eat, you eat. But when you eat out of hunger, you eat with conviction.

Aside from all this, I've suggested masturbation as rarely as possible over complete abstention for a

reason.

Unlike a real gun, *your* gun can be overloaded. This "overloaded state" is what we'll refer to as **Potential Abstinence Threshold (PAT)** or the point at which your sexual desire reverts back to it's instinctual state, causing you to seek any form of sexual release with little to no discrimination or prerequisite.

Know yourself, know your body. My PAT is roughly 2 weeks. Any longer than that and I begin to make reckless decisions about the women I chose to accompany (see "The Man-Eater"). Know and learn your PAT and be honest with yourself. No really, be honest. Some people can last a month without release, some a week. You *MUST* find your own.

Here's a quick way to test your PAT: As you abstain, monitor your attraction levels to the women around you. Your pivotal point will be where the attractive women seem to jump out at you, the inaction rationalizations' influences are minimal and the unattractive women become quasi-invisible. You'll know you're past your PAT if MOST women become attractive to you and you've become you're TOO forward or aggressive with your approach.

If you monitor your PAT correctly, at the peak of your resolve, cold approaching will become second nature.

Your body naturally feels a need for sexual release, so when you cut its stimulation through masturbation, *it will inhibit any factors that might impede it from gaining sexual release elsewhere.* Your brain will turn rationalizations like "She probably only likes biker guys" into "She may hang around those guys, but that's only because she hasn't met *me* yet".

(Part 2 was going to be longer but it seems I've hit the text limit. This means there may or may not be a Part 4 after Part 3. Either way, until next time RPer.)

"The Power of Horny" Part 3

171 upvotes | June 15, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Dear RPer,

In our last installment we discussed ways in which an abstinence from masturbation can be weaponized for use in your daily encounters with women, we'll briefly touch on how women's perceptions of men alter through abstinence from masturbation and how it affects the tell-tale "inaction rationalization i.e. male-hamstering", and we concluded by introducing the Predatory approach.

Today, we'll continue the discussion we began in Part 2 by introducing the Observatory approach to masturbatory control, discuss the root cause of timed hormonal reactions and what that means regarding PAT and we'll conclude by touching on ways to further monitor and control your PAT.

In our next series of articles, we'll take an in-depth analysis of a topic commonly discussed indirectly on TRP but rarely accurately addressed forthright: the "radical polarization" of women (as opposed to standard polarization which is first introduced in Mark Manson's Models) and how the submission of rectorial fear plays into the feminine dynamic of modern-day relationships.

Last time we defined the "Predator" approach as a masturbatory regulation used by those who are actively pursuing multiple sexual relationships or aiming for more frequent or efficient satisfaction from a sexual partner. In this approach, masturbation should be infrequent yet utilized within the parameters set by your **PAT, or Positive Abstinence Threshold**.

We also defined PAT as the point at which your sexual desire reverts back to its instinctual state, causing you to seek any form of sexual release with little to no discrimination or prerequisite.

The Observer approach is reserved for men who are truly content with the current level of their sexual encounters, be it through an LTR, good marriage, substantial amount of plates, etc. and are *not looking to pursue additional sexual opportunities nor improve upon the current level of commitment from their partners.*

This approach focuses on the elicitation of more control and less drive.

The observer approach focuses on *discipline*. You train your masturbation to adapt to maintained and regulated "**release schedule**" which should center around limiting masturbation to the days at which your sexual encounters frequently occur (i.e. if you commonly fuck on Saturdays and Wednesdays, those should be the only days you masturbate as well). These should be considered your "release days".

You should also only initiate masturbation on "release days" if a sexual encounter is unlikely to occur.

This approach turns masturbation into a truer sense of sex-supplementation as opposed to a stand-alone sexual release provision that competes against the act itself.

There has been some debate on whether or not it's wise to masturbate before a sexual encounter with someone. I'm in favor of this approach, so long as it's limited to only the first or second sexual encounter with someone, as pre-ejaculation is a present risk that could affect without or not the sexual encounter evolves into a plate or an ONS.

I do not, however, support the notion of masturbation before every sexual encounter for 3 reasons.

First, building a prerequisite for sex is unhealthy and can take away from the enjoyment of the experience. If you have to run through a mental checklist before every sexual encounter, sex becomes a chore and not a privilege.

Second, making masturbation a prerequisite to sex negatively impacts your perception of masturbatory release as opposed to sexual release. Instead of utilizing masturbation as a “stand-in” for sexual intercourse on sexually-inactive release days, it becomes fastened to your sexual regime and your body will begin to associate it with the actual act of intercourse. In turn, you’ll find that after masturbating on inactive days, your body will continue to produce high level of testosterone in preparation for a perceived following sexual encounter that will never come, leaving you feeling frustrated and hornier than ever. It’ll become a never ending cycle, resulting in masturbation being viewed as a chore as well. We’ll discuss why this occurs in the next segment.

Third and most importantly, by doing this, you’re giving too much weight to the woman’s opinion on how she rates your sexual exploits together, whereas truthfully, a woman’s rating scale for sex is purely emotionally-driven and subjective to multiple uncontrollable circumstances (i.e. how she feels emotionally during sex will gauge how she rates you, not how long it lasts typically).

’CUMMING ON TIME’

Have you ever pondered how one’s body instinctively knows when to wake up at the same time without the assistance of an alarm clock? Have you ever considered why you might become horny on Friday or Saturday nights without the aid of porn and with no women present?

In both of these examples, the body has built a biological schedule based on perceived behavioral patterns.

Both sleep and sexual release are needs of a normal human male, instinctual behaviors managed by the “reptilian brain” and subconsciously effect our real-world perception based upon a lack or abundance of either.

In the realm of sleep, your body constructs a biological sleep schedule determined by your most-common sleep cycles. Your body produces higher levels of gamma-aminobutyric acid (GABA) at the times you more prone to fall asleep and higher levels of acetylcholine around the times you prone to wake up (Sunlight and Vitamin D also play factors in setting this schedule as well, but that’s for another discussion).

Sex is a hormonally-based behavioral pattern, so sexual release is no different. If you were to set a biological release schedule around the most time-effective/beneficial days (and times) to achieve sexual release, your body make its own adjustments to compensate.

Your body produces higher levels of testosterone in preparation for any sexually-base activity. In contrast, the days you aren’t sexually active, your body will produce higher levels of prolactin to keep your thoughts away from sex. Through these indirect control of your body’s production of these chemicals (and several others), it is possible to control your release schedule and in turn adjust your PAT:

Prolactin levels affect sexual desire indirectly by influencing mood...evidence now suggests that mood affects aspects of sexuality including [sexual] desire and interest (Regan & Berscheid, 1999)(...) any decreases in sexual desire in men and women are the result of mood alterations influenced by high prolactin secretion. (“Hormonal Correlates And Causes of Sexual Desire”, P.C. Regan, The Canadian Journal of Human Sexuality, Vol. 8(1) Spring

1999, 2-15)

The neuroendocrine response to sexual activity in humans is characterized by a pronounced orgasm-dependent increase of plasma levels of prolactin. In contrast to the well-known inhibitory effects of chronic hyperprolactinemia on sexual drive and function, the impact of acute prolactin alterations on human sexual physiology is unknown. Therefore, this study was designed to investigate the effects of acute manipulation of plasma prolactin on sexual behavior(...)Therefore, besides a neuroendocrine reproductive reflex, a post-orgasmic prolactin increase may represent one factor modulating central nervous system centers controlling sexual drive and behavior. These findings may offer a new pharmacological approach for the treatment of sexual disorders. (*“Effects of acute prolactin manipulation on sexual drive and function in males”*, *J Endocrinol.* 2003 Dec;179(3):357-65.)

The level of the body’s production of these chemicals being indirectly yet strongly influenced by the frequency and timing of sexual release explains why complete abstention won’t work long-term.

When compared to practices in sleep, although many other extraneous variables may come into play, complete abstention is roughly comparable to sleep deprivation.

This also explains why the clear understanding and control of your PAT is important.

Adjusting your release schedule is also comparable to adjusting your sleep schedule; if you extend too far beyond your known PAT in terms of abstinence, your body will adjust to the lower instances of sexual release and your overall libido will drop. Adversely, this explains why highly sexually active individuals report higher sex drives, require sexual release more often and are reported to masturbate even after sexual intercourse; the act of very frequent sexual release increases their body’s need for sex and their bodies adapt to the necessity:

Similarly, Schreiner-Engel, Schiavi, White, and Ghizzani (1989) found no significant differences between the 17 individuals who met DSM-III-R criteria for HSD [Hyperactive Sexual Desire Disorder] and the 13 healthy, sexually functional individuals in such parameters as: mean endocrine values, testosterone, prolactin or luteal values of bioavailable testosterone (...) significant differences were obtained, however, in levels of subjectively experienced sexual desire; specifically, the HSD group expressed a greater frequency or desire for sex (...) Apparently, more than circulating testosterone influences whether the individual will experience sexual desire...[the individuals] who received testosterone in conjunction with increased sexual activity reported a greater increase in the number of sexual thoughts on a weekly basis.(“Hormonal Correlates And Causes of Sexual Desire”, P.C. Regan, *The Canadian Journal of Human Sexuality*, Vol. 8(1) Spring 1999, 2-15)

It’s synonymous to eating. When you eat high levels of calories regularly, your body will adjust to the increased level of intake and your “need” for food increases. When you eat scarcely, your body adjusts to the limited intake of food and your required quantity of food per day decreases.

To those of you who are very sexually active with multiple plates, you can teach your body to adjust by increasing testosterone production through regulated masturbation. If you’re sexual encounters are scarce *and your content that way* (be it for focus on work, monk mode, focus on lifting, etc.), you can spread out your scheduled days of sexual release to better fit your current routine and your body will adapt.

There is a limit to how far you can manipulate these adjustments, however.

While your PAT and release schedule may be altered to a degree, the *range* at which your sexual needs operate cannot. This is the true definition of your **libido** or the effective range within which testosterone, scheduling, PAT adjustment, prolactin and any other variables can influence sexual desire:

Sherwin (1988), Bancroft (1998), Campbell & Udry (1994) have proposed that sexual desire will be noticeably affected only when the level of hormone has dropped or risen within some unspecified critical threshold (...) [beyond] this threshold, increasing levels of hormones will have no further influence on desire..this would help explain why the serum testosterone levels in physically healthy men in a study conducted by Brown, Monti and Corriveau (1978) failed to significantly correlate with the daily frequency of sexual thoughts and sexual interest; the majority of healthy men have more bioavailable testosterone than is required for the experience of sexual desire. (“Hormonal Correlates And Causes of Sexual Desire”, P.C. Regan, The Canadian Journal of Human Sexuality, Vol. 8(1) Spring 1999, 2-15)

Libido, like certain facets of attraction, is genetic.

As such, there are no long-term solutions to high/low libido issues outside of medication. The only thing that can be done outside of prescripitorial influence is PAT management through release regulation.

The next series of articles will delve into the radical polarization, frame and the fear associated with cold approaches; we'll discuss the rationale behind the fear of approach, talk briefly on ego v. inaction, cover standard polarization v. radical polarization, cover briefly how “the halo effect” influences frame, and discuss why frame can be easily faked short-term but never forced long-term (long-term social perception ladders). This series will be a delight to read, I can assure you.

Remember to take your medication daily. Until next time, RPer.

"Strip" Part 1

105 upvotes | July 1, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Dear RPer,

Synopsis: *“OmLaLa the Machiavellian here. I'm writing this series of articles not as a reason to avoid strip clubs, but as a framework through which to better understand beta men, false alphas and black widows, the signs they give off to reveal themselves, how they interact and how they think so you may have a better understanding of them should you encounter them in the future. I hope you all enjoy and I highly encourage your own personal feedback for future discussions. Thank you all for reading.”*

I have reached a conclusion; professional strippers of high-end strip clubs are both monetary geniuses who understand the true nature of the feminine social landscape (like most of us) and deluded, damaged, and overly-dominant women blind to their impending date with The Wall™.

That's right. For these next few articles, I'll be talking about strippers, Fake Alphas, Black Widows and the poor men they feed upon.

First, some background info:

On my birthday weekend, a group of my “beta-esque” friends decided taking me to a lush, high-end strip joint would be make for a wonderful birthday surprise despite my overt opinion on the stupidity behind “tossing hundreds of dollars into a fish tank full of sexy ex-grad students and wanna-be actresses”.

They assured me they'd be covering all of my expenses the entire night so what the hell. Why not. (I bought an expensive-ass bottle of what I'd assume was champagne, which helped)

I also dragged my “fine china” along for the ride for kicks. I made her sit idly by and watch as we paraded around women 10x hotter than her. She leaked with insecurity and jealousy the entire time, which made for a intense "after-party" (wondrous dread game, strip clubs; you should really give it a try).

Because I'd learned so much that night, I felt it'd be a crime not to make an article centered around our experiences.

This article will stand more as RP theory than a Field Report; this will not be a complete relocation of all the events that take place, yet more of a framework through which we will identify the ideology and archetypes of those within.

For starters, this particular strip club is one of the more famous strip clubs in America.

We're talking model-class women, beautiful interior, security armed to the teeth, personal catering, table-side bottle service, etc. It was easily one of the nicest venues I'd ever been to.

The first thing I noticed after we sat down and got comfortable were present in that strip club (sans maybe the security personnel); they were all exaggerated representations for our well-established RP archetypes.

I'd like to identify these archetypes for you, my fellow RPer, to give you a glimpse as to why each of these men would feel the urge to throw way entire paychecks on ‘Candy’ or ‘Desire’ while their post-Wall™ wife and ADD-prone children choke down store-bought ramen noodles back at home.

let's begin by discussing what's attracting these men to the strip club in the first place (besides being

dragged there, of course).

”LIKE MOTHS TO THE FLAME”

Men who frequent and participate in strip joints are *beta*. Point, blank, period.

Only a beta would throw his hard-earned \$700 weekly check across the floor just to see Candy’s beat-up 350cc B to DD silicone implants so she can waste his money on her failing tone-deaf singing career.

While watching this tragic display of denial, delusional escapism, severe compensation and peer approval seeking, I notice 3 things that seemed to draw these mosquitos of men into Candy’s flickering yet deadly flames: **atmosphere, access & attention.**

Atmosphere

Although the strip club was gorgeous (the wait staff wore tuxes/tux-lingerie, for chissakes), not all of the strippers were attractive.

The ratio of hot strippers to ugly strippers was about 3:1.

Some of the strippers were so bland even a desperate man wouldn't have bothered to look twice in a supermarket or a bowling alley.

So why were these C-section scarred, dimply-assed, frumpy women still being paid so handsomely? *Because the beautiful setting complimented them.*

It’s why we pay top-dollar for a French cuisine and swear it was worth every penny even if it tasted far below average, all just because it’s French and looks fancy. (*“Taste of Price”*, Brian Wansink, Ph.D., Dyson School of Applied Economics and Management at Cornell University)

It’s why most wine connoisseurs rate expensive or well-packaged wine higher than cheap brands even though it’s the same wine. (*“You’re Not So Smart”*, David McRaney)

It’s why middle-aged soccer moms swear on their oldest son that *Panera Bread’s* over-rated \$6.00 grilled cheese sandwich is "of higher-quality" compared to the ones they make at home. It’s the exact same stupid bread and Craft-brand cheese you get from Wal-Mart, lady! (*“Taste of Price”*)

(That last one was personal).

It’s all toying with **expected pleasantness** or EP.

..a basic assumption in economics is that a person’s “expected pleasantness” (EP) from consuming a product depends only on its intrinsic properties and the individual’s wants. However, marketers try to influence this experience by changing external properties, such as its price. “This type of influence is valuable for companies, because EP serves as a learning signal that is used by the brain to guide future choices,” (Stanford News Service, *“Is Expensive Always Better?”*, Lisa Trei)

Because the nearly-nude HB4 is stripping in a beautiful and eloquent *locale di spogliarelli* surrounded by a bevy of beauties and demanding at least \$80 before revealing her asymmetrical silicone-filled abominations, her beta audience will perceive her just as high value as her peers, causing her SMV to skyrocket.

I mean, why else would a ritzy joint like this let a cow graze on it's green pastures if it wasn’t truly beautiful? Right? ... *Guys?*

To make matters worse, the uglier stripper gets more attention because they appear more attainable

and less intimidating/dominant than their Barbie doll-esque counterparts (u/Whisper posted an excellent article detailing this called “Innocence and Toughness”, I highly suggest you all read it).

In all honesty, compared to the women of the *real world*, all strippers come across as more available, interested and attainable.

Could this also be what’s attracting these suckers?

Access

Remember WonderTits™?

That bombshell-of-a-bipedal-female-homosapien you’d dream about daily in Anatomy 201 class? The Aphrodite of Your Heart around whom you’d spend days perfecting a cockamamie scenario in which you two worlds would haphazardly collide, synonymous to some Rom-Com you saw last week on Hulu?

I’m willing to bet my rare Babe Ruth card you were way too anxious to ever make that happen. “*She’s too good for me*” or “*She’s out of my league*” or some shit. We’ve all been there, sport.

But what if beta you could have paid to see someone as hot as WonderTits™ strip bare and do a little dance *just for you*? You’d like that, wouldn’t you? *Of course you would.*

While most of you Rpers have since wised up to the silly notion of throwing money at women, to the un-enlightened man, strip clubs are a blessing in disguise. It gives them the opportunity to approach the women they’ve labeled “out of their league” for years AND it gives them the opportunity to see those very same women naked*.

*for a monetary fee

By watching their demeanor, stature, marriage status, physique, and socialization skills (*One guy showered a girl with money while staring blankly at his shoes, I shit you not*), you can clearly see the high pedestal strip club-goers have placed attractive women on.

They see no fault in paying a hot girl, not for a service of mutual benefit, but for simply existing and being hot. Poor bastards.

Not unlike porn, this fantasy becomes self-deprecating; it reinforces to the beta’s mind that maybe Candy really does like him for who he is inside and not just for hundreds of dollars he throws at her every Tuesday night.

We call this the “T-Pain Syndrome”

Attention

While Hip-Hop isn’t my favorite genre of music, it is by far the most RP media in existence. My friend (who is also on this site and has sworn to secrecy) played a song on the way to the strip club called “*For Everybody*” by Juicy J.

In this song, Juicy J clearly and accurately describes the hypergamy of women; if you put them in front of a real alpha they’ll leave without guilt, women don’t belong to you it’s just your turn to fuck them, etc. Let’s take a look:

Now she work the pole, but you ain't know

That's how she make her dough

Seen her in New York

She was all throwed, forgot we met before
She say she fuck with Drake
I ain't surprised, all these hoes fucking with Drake
I asked why she out this way
Said she on a date, then she left with Trey
When will niggas learn?
Hoes like a doorknob, everybody gets a turn
Chicks be so high-class on the internet
But don't got shit she earned
She got that bag from Juicy J
She got that ass from Rudy Gay
Now your silly ass down on one knee
Fuck man, is you cray?

Once you get past the dialect and rhythmic prose, the message is clear: women are hypergamous. Many rapper share the same message regarding women; a trait that the Hip-Hop genre is infamous for.

T-Pain is one of this one of those rappers. *Usually*. T-Pain has a song out that I'm sure many of you are familiar with, entitled "*I'm In Love With A Stripper*".

Apparently, that song is based on an actual infatuation T-Pain once had for a stripper:

"My brother, one of his girlfriends was one of the strippers. So you know, I had been around her for a while, so I went up to her to talk to her and was like, 'Hey, so my brother sucks, so let's do this, me and you. Real quick. This is great. This is the opportunity.' And, after that, we started hanging out and literally fell in love." (T-Pain, Interview, USA Today, October 28, 2014)

If Hip-Hop is so RP, then what happened with T-Pain? How could he allow this to happen?

Lets answer that question with another one:

This is a Reading Comprehension test. Please read the passage below and answer the following question in the space provided.

1. *An older man entered the strip club that had obviously been in attendance for years. He hugged*

one of the strippers like he'd known her a long time, sat with her at the bar, and bought her a ton of drinks. After some time had passed, he tipped her with a wad of cash and left.

Question 1: What did the older man pay the stripper for?

Well, it obviously wasn't sex. There's no chance in hell she'll run back to her dressing room with her panties soaked, thinking to herself, "Damn, Guy No. 21445 was so sexy after he nervously stuffed that \$20 bill down my ass crack. I really hope he can come to my dressing room and he can fuck me on this countertop while my sexy friends cheer him on and serve him delicious Hors d'oeuvres." I don't think this happens.

It's not for an LTR. From the look on her face after the older man left, she'll clearly be playing the role for the generous financial compensations (as most women do).

It's not for a service. She didn't dance on him or strip for him, all of which were clearly listed in her job description when she signed her W-2 papers. She barely said anything while he droned on about some business venture he wants to start (the guy was really loud).

It's not for a good. He left the strip club with less than he walked in with.

Answer: He paid her for her attention. He literally threw away money for some fabricated, monetarily-biased attention from a woman he'd deemed unattainable otherwise.

All of the men in attendance shared that mindset. They felt an urge to feel wanted, desirable and accepted by their peers.

Beta men live out a fantasy where the more money they have, *the more women/unconditional love they'll have.* It's a falsehood, a fabricated delusion. This is what a lot of media has taught them.

The problem with this fantasy is that their reality doesn't match up; some may have a nice car in the parking lot or may even make six-figures, but have yet to experience a harem or a horde of bombshells. Or maybe they finally have the bombshell of their dreams at home, but for a reason they couldn't possibly comprehend, the sex is getting dry, she nags him all the time or he suspects that her personal trainer is scheduling overnight Pilates classes.

Strip clubs help betas live out the fantasy they've come to expect. The issue lies in mixed perceptions; the stripper sees only contractual affection, the beta interprets the affection as genuine.

In monogamous relationships, men love unconditionally and women circumstantially. In these relationships men love unconditionally and strippers feign unconditional love fabricated from a purely-contractual relation. There is no remorse nor guilt.

As soon money runs out, the stripper stops dancing, picks the beta male's money off the floor and casually stroll off. Her end of the contractual obligation is completed in her mind.

The man, however has been seduced and feels genuinely towards the stripper. "Surely this woman understands me and likes me for who I am. She shows great enthusiasm towards me and deep interest in my affairs." He is then left longing for more intimacy, attention and gratification. He's willing to pay more to keep his addiction going.

Hence we see another dopamine addiction based upon a capitalist-created delusion, synonymous to porn.

LL: Strippers and “the strip club economy” make a pretty good analogy for monogamous relationships:

Women are more than happy to do crazy and wild things so long as the money keeps flowing, but once that cash stream stops, they’ll have no problem nor remorse in picking up your money, feeling like they’ve earned it, and moving on to the next cash-flow.

Such is their nature.

See you in Part 2, RPer.

"The RP Comprehensive Guide to Dating Sites"

604 upvotes | July 14, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- This is a concise and updated guide on how to approach dating sites (**with examples**).

95% of the women I've "met with"/plated in the past couple months I've met on dating sites. I'm going to explain how.

A few months ago in an article entitled Local Sexy Single Women (LSSWs), I constructed a guideline which summarized an effective approach to handling dating sites within our feminine online social landscape. Here I will be updating that approach.

First, some key notes:

- *All women on dating sites are not primarily serious about meeting in-person.* Women use dating sites purely for validation. It is your goal to pull them from this mindset and into your frame. Once this has occurred, the rest becomes easy.
- *Dicks don't attract chicks.* Women don't want to see your dick. Women are aroused by the high SMV man attached to your dick. Don't go waving your dick around unless it's explicitly asked for. Don't be that dick. Dicks are like pens. Everyone's got one, most people'll loan you one if you ask for it and unless it's super unique, nobody cares about it.
- *Approach LSSWs and dating sites like baking.* You don't begin baking a cake as soon as your starving and you don't only bake one cake in case something goes wrong. Approach multiple women at once, only approach women you'd be excited to fuck and be ready to let them "bake" for at least a few days. Abundance mentality is a prerequisite to success.
- *Be attractive.* I cannot stress this one enough. Take your shirt off and look at yourself in the mirror as objectively as possible. If an attractive woman would look odd standing beside you, she'll feel the same way. Lift hard and feel confident in taking shirtless pictures of yourself before even attempting this guide. Insecurity always bleeds through.
- *Don't hover.* A lot of dating sites will inform you when you have a visitor. Don't be that guy that visits her profile every hour. She will notice and it will put her off.
- *Be distant.* I check dating sites roughly 3 times a day, even if my phone blows up (luckily I have a work phone and a play phone). That leaves a lot of messages unanswered for hours at a time. Distance creates intrigue, distance shows you've got a life, distance shows how unimportant she is to your daily life. This should be like baking a cake; you only take it out when it's ready, so be patient and go read a book.
- *Insecurity always shows.* If you're uncomfortable being shirtless online, it'll show. If you think the LSSW is out of your league, it'll show. If you're desperate to bang the next LSSW that messages you, it'll show. Strong frame is also a prerequisite to this guide.
- *Be ready to drop out at any time.* I don't care how hot she was. I don't care how well it was going. I don't care how it seemed like a sure thing. Women and LSSWs are fickle, and remember that you are not real to them until you're standing in front of them. They don't feel the need to hamster or explain their actions to someone who doesn't exist. So until you're sitting in their living room sipping on whiskey and coke, don't expect any compassion or mercy

from them.

- *Avoid single mothers.* Single mothers are dominant out of necessity; due to the lack of a father-figure in the relationship, the strong, stern frame must be developed by the mother in order to effectively discipline her children. As a result, single mothers typically come across as dominant, aggressive and usually provide the greatest amount of "drama" and shit-tests. They're typically only on dating site in search of a replacement beta provider. It's not worth the effort.
- *Organization is key.* Once you've become accustomed to this approach, you'll notice a stark increase in the amount of women you'll be in contact with. Organize them. In my contacts under "Name" I put their first name, the site I met them on, then the city or county they reside in. *Melody POF Seattle* or *Gabby Tinder NYC*. This'll help you keep track of who's who.
- *Don't start until you're ready.* A strong frame, attractive figure and abundance mentality are REQUIRED prior to attempting this guide. If you don't have these 3 qualities yet or you feel that they could use improvement, handle that first. A lot of how you'll be judged as an alpha from here on will be based solely on *perception* and not necessarily the reality of your situation. Because of this, these qualities need to become second nature and aspects of yourself you don't have to think about. You need to *know* your frame is strong, *know* you're attractive and *know* you could move on if you had to.
- *Know what you want and only aim for that.* I'm very attracted to women with long thin legs and a very slim frame OR thicker women with large breasts. The women who clearly show these traits in their pictures are the only ones I message. I say this because if you *think* they might have the traits you like but you're unsure, you open yourself to being catfished by an unattractive woman with good photography skills.
- *Don't be afraid of WonderTits™ one-word responses.* If she's responding to you at all, she's interested to some degree and the guide still stands. This goes double for WonderTits™, who probably get 10x the messages compared to ordinary women.
- *Understand your opponent.* Always think from the LSSW's perspective: they receive up to 50 messages a day, don't respond to most of them, but something about your profile picture and bios caught her attention. Find out what that something is and exploit it. Also, if you're noticing a point in the guide where a lot of LSSWs are dropping off, find out why and repair it.
- *Learn from your failures.* I've dropped the ball countless times and so will you. Figure out what you said, how you said it and *why* you said whatever you said that lost her interest. Maybe you responded too soon? Maybe you came off as insecure or desperate? Remember, for this to work her *perception* of you is what matters. I'll be repeating this a lot.
- *Money doesn't matter.* Don't talk on how much you make or flash around your wealth. She'll perceive it as compensation for something else or perceive you as a potential provider, both of which you don't want.
- *Turn off those pesky notifications.* A watched pot never boils. If you see pending messages from POF, Tinder or OKC every time you check your phone, you're pretty likely to respond too soon. Go into your phone's settings and turn off those pesky notification pop-ups so pending messages can be addressed at your leisure.

PART 1- DATING SITES

As I've stated above, most LSSWs aren't serious about meeting any of the guys they see online in-person. It's like a game to them; the more men in their inbox, the more attractive they perceive themselves and the more confident they feel. **You are not real to her until you are standing in front of her.** The goal of this guide is to make that happen in as short a time span as possible while cutting out as much "shit-test", "I have to get to know you first", "I'm not that type of girl" BS as possible.

*The goal of this section will be to get her number as effortlessly as possible ALL WHILE MAINTAINING YOUR FRAME. I stress this because getting a number is meaningless if the LSSW's *perception of you is beta or a validation resource. Until you're standing right in front of her, perception is all you have - false or otherwise. She must perceive you as alpha all the way through for this to succeed or else you'll all fall on your ass in Part 2.**

--Building Your Profile--

1. Shirtless pics for days. Grow some balls, stand in front of a body mirror, take some shirtless pictures and throw them on your profile. I've got 4 on mine. Also, include some high SMV photos of you doing interesting things or visiting interesting places (bonus points if attractive women are in the pictures; women love to compete).

This will establish you as attractive, a woman's first alpha prerequisite.

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2. Write about how you're the shit. Juxtapose the vain shirtless selfies with a bio that tells about all the amazing hobbies, interests and accomplishments that represent you. Go as in depth as you can. Be cocky. Describe your life as the best thing since sliced bread.

This extravagant regaling of your life will be contrasted nicely by your short and rare responses while chatting with the LSSWs, causing them to hamster into thinking maybe they're not good enough for you. Why would this attractive, interesting, smart alpha want to spend time with a boring woman like me? And all this will come without you having to lift a finger.

This will establish you as higher value than her, a woman's second alpha prerequisite.

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NOTE: DO NOT talk about how much money you make, your high-paying corporate job, your nice car, your big house, etc. Only boast about YOU and things that can only be found within YOU. Otherwise, the LSSWs will immediately peg you as a potential high-SMV provider, the shit tests will get insane and same-night/short-term sex will be near impossible.

--Messaging--

3. Send short messages and only to the hot ones. All I do to start any conversation via dating sites is send out "Hey" to every LSSW within a comfortable driving distance that I'd enjoy fucking. Nothing more. If the LSSW responds, she's interested to some degree, whether it's because she thinks you're attractive, higher value or both. If she doesn't respond, who gives a fuck? Move on.

Her first response will almost always be "Hey", "Hi", "Hello", "Hey, how're you", etc. Follow it up with "What are you looking for" (no punctuation) or "What kind of guys do you like" (no punctuation, and I know this seems like you care what she has to say about it, but it's more to get her talking).

*If she asks what I'm looking for, I say, "I'm just browsing meeting new people" or "I'm just browsing making new friends". This helps her to avoid weeding me out as one of the many sexually-desperate men out there.

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3a. "What are you looking for"

Honestly, 9 times out of 10 she'll respond by saying "friends", "friends but if it becomes more, that's cool", "a relationship", "LTR", etc.

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There is no difference in these responses and they all mean the same thing. If she's responded at all at this point, she's intrigued: a woman's third alpha prerequisite.

3b. "What kind of guys do you like"

She'll usually go on and on about how she wants some "mythical unicorn" of a man; a guy who's loving, caring, smart, funny, strong, tall, handsome, independent, blah blah fuckin' blah. I never really read any of their responses to this question. It's mainly to get her intrigued by your response.

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3c. Response

My response for 3a and 3b is usually the same and you can tailor it how you see fit.

I always respond with either "I think I can handle that much" or "I think I can manage that much", I wait for her response, then I follow it up with "Whats your number" (no punctuation) or if her profile doesn't list it, with "Whats your name" (no punctuation), her response, then "Whats your number".

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This response causes her to hamster that all her ideal-man characteristics might be found in you and that portraying them is no big deal to you. She'll hamster you as her golden goose that she'll have one opportunity to attract.

This'll further her intrigue in you and if all has gone accordingly, she'll give you her number.

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NOTE: If she doesn't respond to your number request, fuck it and move on. If multiple LSSWs are non-responsive at this point, check your SMV both in your pics and in your bio.

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If she gives you some schpeel about how "It's too early to give out her number" or "she doesn't give out her number after the first conversation" or she wants to "talk more on here more first to get to know you" or any other possible excuse, she either sees you as a potential provider, as a lower SMV compared to her or as desperate/sexually-depraved (comes across by responding too quickly; scarce mentality). This cake is bad, move on and work on yourself more.

PART 2: TEXTING/CALLING

Unlike conversing on dating sites, texting is a bit trickier with someone you've never met, simply because this is usually when the real shit tests start. On top of that, ignoring, combating or brushing off these shit tests will usually lead to her cutting you off in an instant because remember: *you don't*

exist to her until you're standing in front of her.

The goal of this section will be to establish your existence (and your frame) within her world by meeting in person, all-the-while avoiding those game-ending shit tests most people encounter at this stage.

--Texting--

1. Start off simple. My first message via text is usually “Name’s ___” with a picture of myself attached. I do this so that after I leave a conversation to “bake” for the rest of the day (described below), when she responds the next day, she’ll remember what I look like.

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Otherwise, I might leave the conversation to bake, message her the next day and she’s completely forgot what I look like (I do the same thing all the time). Her perception of me has thus changed and I’d have to pack it up and move on.

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Physical attraction is important. It was the main reason the LSSW responded to my first message on the dating site and it’ll be used to keep her intrigue across any span of time.

2. Give her a taste. This may sound odd, but start a conversation with the sole purpose of leaving her hanging mid-way through. For example, start talking about movies, ask what hers are, and when she responds drop the conversation for the day. After baking (again, described below), do not continue or acknowledge this conversation.

This’ll cause her to hamster, but the direction she hamsters isn’t really important. What’s important is that now you’ve become relevant to her.

3. Bake the cake. These is my pending messages since this morning.

I call this method “*baking*”. Baking is letting a message sit unanswered and unopened long enough to where a woman may feel like they’re being ignored.

Women both love and hate this (especially attractive ones) and it contrasts well against the many others who’ve received their number and then sporadically sent out texts every 10 minutes.

Sometimes, if you bake correctly, the LSSW will put in the leg work for you:

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This will establish you as unattainable, a woman’s fourth alpha prerequisite.

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4. Like it never happened. After baking (again, described below), do not continue or acknowledge the conversation you were having previously. Simply tell her “Hey” or “Good morning” and move on to the next step.

This’ll cause her to hamster, but the direction she hamsters about you isn’t really what’s important. What’s important is that now you’ve become relevant to her though your unavailability.

5. You better call, Tyrone. Taking shit tests head-on through texting is counter-productive; the more of her dumb questions you answer, the more her perception of you (and perception is all you have at this point) will change from alpha to another validation resource.

To avoid all of this BS, your best bet is to make her bring you into her reality is by calling her.

To set this up, your next texts should both tell her when you plan to call and ask her if she’s available

to talk around that time.

I take my lunch around 12:00-12:30, so I usually say something along the lines of “I want to call you this afternoon. You busy?” and 9 times out of 10 she’ll say that’s fine. Cater this around when you’re free to talk.

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--Calling--

If you’ve done everything correctly up until this point, you’ll notice she’ll seem very excited to talk to you. Maintain frame and if possible remain stoic. She’ll ask a few questions and might shit test a little, but by this point you’ve got it in the bag. Honestly, as soon as she’s picked up you’ve won.

By maintaining frame through this conversation, you’ve successfully maintained her perspective of you being alpha from beginning to end. Good job, let’s bring it home.

6. The home stretch. The small talk of this conversation is ultimately irrelevant. Tell her some cool things about yourself, let her tell you some cool things about herself. Then move along.

7. Set up a meet-and-greet. The purpose of this conversation for her is to establish that you do exist, had the balls to call her and might just be the man of her dreams.

The purpose of this conversation for you is to establish a place for you two to meet up.

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Tell her you two should meet up and let her talk for a bit. If you’re a high enough perceived SMV, she’ll do the legwork for you:

*She may set up the locale (“Have you ever been to ____? I heard it’s really cool.”), begin hinting at sex (“we seem to click, so we could meet up at my place for drinks”), revealing her true feelings (“When I first saw your profile I thought, ‘Why is he interested in a girl like *me? I’m nobody.’”), etc. She’ll also typically plan a time or date very close to the time of the call (like that evening or tomorrow afternoon; not exactly sure why that is).**

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NOTE: Some are saying that calling is an unnecessary step but I’d have to disagree. Although calling may seem archaic, it usually provides the LSSW with the final prerequisite they require before NSA hook-ups, safety. By hearing the sound of your voice, you become a reality and she’s now verified that you’re not a catfishing PUArtist beta with a knack for falsifying online social interactions.

8. Short and sweet. She’s now within your frame. Keep any texts or responses to hers as short and succinct as possible.

9. Make her ass worry that you’re the one flaking. Whether you’ve decided to meet back at her place or at some coffee shop, once the date/time has been finalized and the address gained, don’t bring it up again and if possible, stop texting her until that date (unless she reaches out).

Do not double-check the time you’re meeting, check if she can make it, call her to say you’re there, etc. She’ll do that for you and you need to allow her to. It’ll further her investment in meeting you.

NOTE: I’ve noticed that reconfirming dates will increase an LSSW’s likelihood to flake, even after all this guide has explained. By not reconfirming and letting them reach out first, I’ve yet to see one LSSW flake.

Lesson Learned: Behavioural patterns of LSSWs can be controlled for the experimenter's best possible outcome through a concise, repeatable cause-and-effect method developed through behavioural experimentation and approach modification.

For any further questions, I'm open to talking over Skype under Skype username OmLaLa. Please message me set up a meeting.

"The RP Guide to Defeating the Enemy: Mindset"

542 upvotes | July 16, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- This will be a two-part guide: the first part will help you better understand the actions, mindset, habits, fears, strengths and weaknesses of women. The second part will explain how to use this new-found knowledge to your benefit.

--PART 1: KNOWING THE ENEMY--

"If you know the enemy and know yourself, you need not fear the result of a hundred battles. If you know yourself but not the enemy, for every victory gained you will also suffer a defeat. If you know neither the enemy nor yourself, you will succumb in every battle." –Sun Tzu, *The Art of War*

The fight for sex/validation is a game in which women are our opponent. Just like with any opponent, by completely learning and understanding their strengths, weaknesses and habits, one learns what characteristics can be exploited, how to exploit those characteristics, to what degree and to what outcome.

This guide aims to identify these characteristics in all women beyond those explained in basic TRP theology. The first topic we'll cover is the mindset and thought processes of women.

Section A: Mind

There is little logic required to influence the thoughts of women. Women base their thought processes solely on 2 factors: *how they feel about something (emotions)* and *how they feel about something right there and then (perception)*.

1. Mental Activity

The emotional and short-term perceptual basis of a woman's thought process often contradict one another in seemingly irrational ways:

Brenda loves the taste and smell of vanilla ice cream (logic), but because Jenny from accounting called her a fat cow last Wednesday while she ate vanilla ice cream during her lunch break, she may associate her negative FEELINGS towards Jenny to her overall PERCEPTION of vanilla ice cream. This'll lead to her blaming the consumption of vanilla ice cream to Jenny's comment, not her lack of calorie moderation.

Now until something positively influences her perception of vanilla ice cream, she will continue to feel negatively towards ice cream as the cause of her weight gain and the cause of bitch Jenny's remark.

This is the framework behind "hamstering".

2. Feelings

Women don't get caught up in the *why* behind something that makes them happy, more-so the access to the feeling itself i.e. the *what, when, how much* and *how often*.

Women are lost in the constant pursuit of "feel-good" emotions due to their short-term, ever-

changing thought processes: *happiness, security, curiosity, lust, intrigue, complacency, etc.*

This "pursuit of happiness" also succumbs to the ever-changing nature of a woman's perspective and beliefs.

Brenda's vanilla ice cream may have made her happy earlier today, but because of Jenny's rude comment on her ever-growing second chin, she'll hate vanilla ice cream tomorrow.

This causes her to constantly feel the need to seek out multiple "feel-good" stimuli and keep close secondary fail-safe "feel-good" stimuli as a countermeasure.

Women don't plan out long-term supplies of these feel-good emotions like men would due to their "in-the-moment", constantly-shifting perspectives, and as such, are always looking for the next best thing in case one of her current "feel-good" stimuli fails.

This is the framework behind "hypergamy".

3. Perception

As I've explained above, women don't plan for long-term "feel-good" stimuli due to the risks of being left with no stimuli in the short-term and the chance that the long-term stimuli will disappear before reaching its full potential.

Because of this, women do not care about a "potential" or "likely" benefit to them nor do they care about stimuli operating outside of their personal perspective (i.e. grasp).

They only care about things and people that will provide them "feel-good stimuli in the short-term which operate within a close proximity to them (i.e. ease of access).

This is also the framework behind hypergamy.

This is why women don't care about your job as a Senior Technical Engineer in and of itself because the literal actions you take while working that job do not provide them with any sort of feel-good stimulus. It's the RESULTS from working your job –the security of a house, the happiness brought on by items bought using your paycheck- that truly provides these feelings for them.

This is also why women cannot "love" unconditionally; while a man can love a woman for what she does, a woman loves a man for what he provides in the short-term. The phrase "I love you" coming from a woman honestly translates into "I love how you make me feel at this particular point in time through the "feel-good stimuli you are providing me".

That's not to say she isn't impressed with your ability to work that job, but because she has little to no understanding of the complexity of that job and learning about said complexity does not provide her with the "feel-good" sensation she requires, she deems it as unimportant. It exists outside of her perspective.

4. Relationships with Men

The desire for relationships from the mindset of women stem from her recognition of a man as an established provision of multiple long-term "feel-good" stimuli (not on the potential for said provision as women don't care about potentiality).

NOTE: This mindset explains why lesbian relationships can effectively exist; the woman is being provided multiple "feel-good" stimuli from one person over a long-period of time and her sexually-

based stimuli are effectively being taken care of to the degree required by her individual necessity.

In short, women are drawn to men (or other women) that make them feel good in the moment AND men they've determined can make them feel good for a long time. This goes for plate-spinners, natural alphas, RP alphas and betas alike, with the only difference being the stimuli each provides.

An alpha's determined provision is sex, passion, intrigue and lust (visceral, reptilian). The beta's determined provision is security, comfort, and validation (support).

From this perspective, a woman's "unicorn" is a man who can provide all stimuli they require at once (provide sex and intrigue and provide security and validation) all while providing said stimuli at the same level consistently for a long period of time.

It's their belief in this "Prince Charming" and their limited foresight when obtaining "feel-good" stimuli that leads many women to marry once-Alpha men with the belief that she's "feel" this way for him forever or why women pursue "bad boys" with the intention of "fixing them up".

Women are constantly trying to build their unicorns; they like how they feel in the moment with these men and they want that *FEELING* to last forever.

Ever hear a woman utter the phrase "I want this moment to last forever" in a RomCom? This is the moment they're referring to.

The problem with the woman's understanding of her Prince Charming lies the limitation of having just one provision.

Having only one "feel-good" stimuli, no matter how powerful a stimuli it is, runs counter to the very nature of a woman's nature (requiring "feel-good" at any moment and requiring multiple "feel-goods" as insurance).

5. Insurance

Let's assume Prince Charming exists. He's everything a woman could ever ask for: handsome, smart, funny, validating, comforting, reassuring, the whole nine yards.

She will cheat or be tempted to cheat.

Why?

Reason 1: "He's too good for her." Her need for a "feel-good" back-up plan still exists. Because Prince Charming and *products deriving from Prince Charming* (i.e. things connected to his paycheck or his social influence) are her only source of "feel-good" stimuli, she'll undoubtedly acquire a fallback or "fail-safe" guy (preferably in a similar albeit lower position than Prince Charming, otherwise she'd leave Prince Charming) to rely on should Prince Charming find himself a better suited woman.

Why does she do this?

Because she can.

With a vast supply of men to choose from, it's easy for her to pick out not only the best male she possibly can but also his runner-ups as well.

NOTE: These runner-ups are not necessarily beta. A second-tier alpha is simply a man she's determined to have her required characteristics for an good alpha, but an alpha she's determined to

be lower-tier compared to the alpha she's currently with.

Reason 2: "There's only one of him." As great as Prince Charming is, he's still only one guy with his own life, goals and destinations. **He can only be around her but for so long and his influences only reach but so far.** On top of this, her needs and desires for a "feel-good" stimuli are in the moment and must be considered *at all times*.

Let's say she visits a foreign land for 2 weeks and becomes horny. Let's also say she encounters a handsome Foreign Prince who meets all of her qualifications for being an alpha. Because her focus is limited to the moment and the "good feeling" that moment is providing her, she's likely to succumb to said feelings.

This is commonly why women explain their infidelity with "I needed you but you weren't there!" She's right to a degree; **she cheated because her mind required that specific "feel-good" stimuli (sex, intrigue, lust) and due to the limitation of the man's presence, influence or due to a lack in the over-all CURRENT quality of the stimuli, she went to seek it out elsewhere.**

Because of how their minds are constructed, women don't see sex with another man as infidelity. If they did, they'd also see going to X restaurant instead of Y restaurant due to Y restaurant distance or rundown state as an act of infidelity as well.

Women only see long-term utilization of another man's "feel-good" stimuli as cheating. That is why women weigh emotional infidelity higher than sexual infidelity in general.

Think of it like a cellphone tower. The signal that tower gives off are only beneficial to you so long as your cellphone gets reception. Anywhere outside of that range, you'll require another means of communication to connect with your friends. In this instance, you may "*cheat*" on your cellphone tower by using someone else's phone out of the necessity of your current situation. Yet when you've returned home and you're back within range of your tower, you continue with your phone as if it never happened. This is the mindset of a woman regarding infidelity.

Note: This also explains the "guilt" a woman feels after infidelity; she doesn't feel bad about what she's done, she's mourning the sudden lost of multiple "feel-good" stimuli she'd once been given by her bf/husband. She also feels anger towards the bf/husband as he is the one who has separated her from said stimuli (remember, she sees no fault in infidelity, only the repercussions of being caught).

This in turn alters her perception of him from wonderful alpha/beta to "the horrible person who made her feel bad and separated her from happiness", regardless of whatever they've had in the past.

Reason 3: "He was mean to her last Tuesday." As described by the vanilla ice cream example, a woman's perspective is constantly changing and updating. Although Prince Charming himself hasn't changed, her feelings and beliefs about him have.

Because a woman is always "in the moment", her perception of Prince Charming will solely be based upon her feelings towards him the last time she saw him and NOT a collective summary of all their times together, as this would be a very logically-based conclusion.

As such, let's suppose Prince Charming and this woman get into a heated argument that made her feel terrible. Then, her Prince Charming leaves for a 2-week vacation to cool off without rectifying her negative emotions. Now she is left alone and in desperate need of some –if not all- her "feel-good" stimuli requirements met, yet all of her resources have walked out the door with Prince Charming.

As specified, all women have a back-up plan, and hers is Prince Savy. Remember that a woman's

beliefs stem from her perceptive and not logical facts, so regardless of all that Prince Charming has provided her in the past, *at this very moment* she feels hatred and disgust at the thought of him, believing him to be a terrible man for making her feel this way.

She was left with needs to be met and Prince Savy happily obliges.

6. Real World Example

Here is a good example of a woman's perception of someone being altered (received this morning/afternoon).

Let's review what her actions, her text messages and her time of texting have to say about her current perceptions and determine how they can be manipulated for benefit.

a. Context

Last night I met up with this woman I'd met on OKC whom we'll refer to as Q.

Pre-sex, I asked Q if she had to rate her sex drive between 1 and 10, what would it be? She happily replied "10". Post-sex, Q admitted that my sex drive was more likely a 10 and hers was more of an 8. She confessed that 10-level sex drives were rare and that she was having trouble keeping up.

I replied with, "I know a lot of people with 10-level sex drives."

b. What she thought

It's obvious from Q's text message that she believed me to imply, "I know a lot of *attractive women* with 10-level sex drives and you're not one of them" and her perception of me has changed from ordinary alpha to "player" (this was also hinted at from her reaction when I told her she wasn't the first woman I'd met up with off dating sites).

Truth is, I was actually referring to some friends of mine when I made the comment, focusing on the "*rarity of 10-level sex drives*" she'd mentioned.

But I won't be correcting her just yet.

c. What she's thinking now

By not responding, she feels as though she's correct in her assessment and as such feels replaced. She has been told that her once-secured resource of sexual "feel-good" stimuli could be lost to another, better woman. Although her anger is *caused* by her lower sex drive when compared to her perceived competition, she has *perceived me* to be the root cause of her "bad feelings" and ultimate the bad guy of this scenario.

d. What she will think

She may seek out other men for short-term fixes to fill in the void I've left as her "feel-good" stimuli resource. I could care less about that.

Because she perceives me as a high-SMV male and possibly the only high-SMV male within her current perception (range/access), she will soon realize the men she's supplementing my absence with cannot provide her the same level of stimuli (or she's just find a better/equal alpha). She'll then reach out and try to rectify the situation; not because she's admitting fault, but because she requires the level of stimuli I provide.

This is how Alpha Widows are born.

I'll then reveal the miscommunication, she'll laugh it off and we'll resume having sex like nothing

happened. She'll put forth additional effort on her part during sex to help alleviate her fears of losing me as a stimuli resource. I'll reap the reward of said efforts.

e. UPDATE (24 HOURS LATER)

As predicted, Q reached out after a radio silence of 12 hours. She has now shifted her perspective of me from the a manipulative "player" only out to hurt her back to one of me as a strong "feel-good" stimuli.

Note that she now specifies that she "enjoyed my company" and that the "irrelevant BS" is a separate entity from me. Because she doesn't want to lose me as a stimuli resource, she's concluded that the offensive statement I made was the cause of her "bad feelings" and not me. This is a big step.

NOTE: If I had tried to explain prior to this point what I really intended, Q would have read such an act as one set on by guilt, similar to how a child rationalizes his bad decisions immediately after being caught.

I don't respond to this message for another 12 hours, telling her the real reason for my remark. Here's what follows.

Have you noticed how she continues as if the incident never happened? She's back within range of her cellphone tower because she enjoys the strong signal it gives.

And to the benefit of the cellphone tower, it can give its signal to multiple phones at once. Think of the relationship between men and women as **sybiotic** in that regard.

LL- To combat and succeed against women, first you must understand that the thoughts, mindsets, beliefs and rationalization behind their actions are based upon values very different from ours, an oversight many of us tend to make. A woman's understanding of the world is thoroughly subjective as it is purely based around her own focal point: her interactions within the world, experiences in the moment and her interpretation/internalization of the information the world puts in front of her.

For any further questions, I'm open to talking over Skype under Skype username OmLaLa. Please message me set up a meeting.

OmLaLa on YouTube

119 upvotes | July 30, 2015 | /r/askTRP | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

If I made RP-based YouTube videos for the community, would you watch them?

"The RP Guide to Defeating the Enemy: Attraction"

282 upvotes | August 3, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- This will be a two-part guide: the first part will help you better understand the actions, mindset, habits, fears, strengths and weaknesses of women. The second part will explain how to use this new-found knowledge to your benefit.

—PART 1: KNOWING THE ENEMY— (cont.)

"People tolerate a lot for looks. They tolerate much less for plainness." — Donna Lynn Hope

SECTION B: BODY

A woman's mindset is founded on 2 key characteristics: *how she feels* (emotion) and *how she feels right now* (perception).

A woman's perception of attractiveness is founded on the same 2 characteristics: how she feels *about herself* (emotion) and how she feels about herself *now and in comparison to others* (perception).

The "*others*" are the men pursuing her i.e. men who show her affection, validation, or interest, the men to whom she *reciprocates* interest and each man's SMV *in relation to her own*.

In short, the men she chooses to keep "within range" is a strong determinant of what type of men she finds attractive, to what degree and to what end.

This "range of men" reveal her required prerequisites for any potential partner; an SMV range under which she'll categorize all men as "alpha", "beta", "unattainable" or "unworthy".

As we discussed in the "Mindset" portion, women gravitate towards the most potent "feel-good" stimuli resource within range.

Using the cellphone tower analogy, if we consider her ideals of attraction as her annual income, she'll determine her range of attraction by first determining which cellphone towers she can afford, then pick the best option among them.

The SMV of men she's prone to sleep with will determine her Alpha prerequisites, the men she's likely to "befriend" or that she only "likes like a brother" will determine her beta prerequisites, the men she tends to scorn or ignore are determined "Unworthy" and below her beta SMV and the men she drools over yet can't obtain are considered "Unattainable" and are above all of her SMV prerequisites.

This is referred to as "The Ladder Theory".

1. The Ladder Theory

There's an saying that goes,

"A woman can determine whether or not she will sleep with you within 5 minutes of meeting you".

This is true. To an extent.

Every woman has a mental checklist of traits any man must meet in order to be placed on a particular ladder.

While the original Ladder Theory only addresses two ladders ("Friends" i.e. Betas and "Potential

Partners” i.e. Alphas), we will be discussing our newly-revised 4 Ladder method: **The Unworthy, The Beta, The Alpha, and The Unattainable.**

To better illustrate how the ladder theory works, we will use archetypes Brenda, an attractive club-hopping blonde and Alex, a heavily tattooed painter.

2. The Beta

Brenda arrives at Skyy Bar with her friends. She quickly notices Alex across the bar and thinks he’s attractive, so she signals him with an IOI. Alex responds with a devilish smirk, brushes his hair back and begins to walk over to Brenda.

For the sake of argument, let’s attach numerical values to Brenda’s “SMV Range of Men” better understand Brenda’s prerequisites in general and for each ladder:

Brenda’s Attainable SMV Range: 4-25

Unworthy (<0-3) Beta (4-15) Alpha (15-25) Unattainable (>25)

Now, let’s attach a value to one of Alex’s characteristics i.e. his tattoos:

Alex’s Awesome Body Ink (+15)

Before actually speaking with Alex, his tattoos alone would have put him *towards the bottom of the Alpha ladder* (more on this later).

Brenda finds that large tattoos extremely attractive, so this would stand that Alex –whose covered head to toe in tattoos- is likely to end up on Brenda’s “Alpha” ladder.

That is, if physical attraction was *all* that mattered.

Brenda weighs each trait of Alex’s differently, some even negatively.

Brenda sits down and chats with Alex. Although she thinks he’s attractive, from their conversation, she also thinks Alex is a pushover, timid, she hated how he agreed with everything she said, dislikes that he’s worked at Kinko’s for 8 years and feels like he comes off as too sexually desperate.

In lieu of their conversation, Brenda’s “updated” evaluation of Alex becomes...

Alex’s Awesome Body Ink: (+15), Weak Frame(-2), Meekness (-2), Fear of Confrontation (-2), Unambitious (-2), Scarce Mentality (-2)

Therefore, in Brenda’s mind...

Alex, That Tattooed Guy from The Skyy Bar = 5 (Low-Ladder Beta)

Alex is baffled by this crash and burn. He’s confused by how such a “sure thing” could so quickly turn into “let’s just be friends” and “I don’t see you that way”.

Men don’t have multiple ladders. Men have *one*.

For the advancement of society, men had to possess the propensity to fuck any and every woman. Because of this, men *only* possess a “Potential Partners” ladder.

Also, the majority of all prerequisites for men on determining a woman’s placement on their Potential Partners ladder is based on physique or sensory determinants; unlike women, characteristics like intelligence, social status, personality, etc. are not *inherently* a factor.

Alex is distressed by the loss of a chance with Brenda. He follows her and her friends around the bar to try and rectify the situation. Every time Brenda separates from her friends to get a drink or use the

restroom, there's Alex trying to talk big. Brenda begins to get annoyed.

What Alex isn't understanding is that once he was placed on Brenda's "Beta" ladder, he cannot "jump" to the "Alpha" ladder to avoid climbing up the "Beta" ladder.

This concept is called "**ladder-jumping**" and it is impossible.

Brenda won't wake up one day and think scarce mentality, meekness and a weak frame are suddenly attractive. AWALT prevents the feasibility of this.

While Alex can't "jump" to the next ladder, he can certainly "drop" to a lower one.

This concept is called "**ladder dropping**" and it is very possible.

Even *if* Alex had portrayed multiple Alpha qualities (20), a few Beta mistakes would be all it took to "drop" him down to her "Beta" ladder.

Herein lies one of the key points to The Ladder Theory:

Once placed on a ladder, the only way to move onto "better" ladder is to climb up the ladder you were initially placed on past all the other men she's placed above you. After accomplishing this, you must begin at the bottom of the "better" ladder, again below those she's placed above you.

For Alex to even get a taste of sex with Brenda, he'll have to make Brenda *genuinely* believe that he's a better match than Clyde (7), James (9) and Jason (13). And that's just to get on the *bottom* of the Alpha Ladder!

And imagine the kinky things Chad (25) must be doing to her!

The fundamentals of The Ladder Theory explain the key reasons The Red Pill community stresses good physique, interesting and successful lifestyle and having the ability to let go/ drop out:

- A good physique and interesting lifestyle will guarantee a higher "ladder position" when meeting most if not all women. As such, the likelihood of being placed on her "Alpha" ladder is much higher.
- The ability to drop out quickly reduces the amount of time lost. Some women will drop you down to the "Beta" ladder, as no man's the Prefect Alpha™. It's much simpler and less time consuming to move onto a woman whose likely to put you on their Alpha ladder within hours than to spend months attempting to work your way up her Beta ladder *just* to end up on the bottom of the Alpha one.

2. The Unworthy

After leaving Skyy Bar, Alex drunkenly confesses to Brenda that he's fallen deeply in love with her over the course of one night in a bunch of page-long text messages.

Alex's Desperate Pleas for Attention (-5)

This action results in Alex being dropped down to...

Alex That Creepy Stalker from Skyy Bar = 0 (Unworthy)

Alex is now *below* Brenda's SMV range and on her highly-populated "Unworthy" ladder. Once here, it is almost impossible to climb out, leaving the Alpha ladder as nothing more than a pipe dream.

Alex has noticed Brenda's not answering her phone like she used to. He continues to call until

Brenda becomes annoyed enough to block his number entirely. Goodbye Alex.

Although Alex is *still* considered physically attractive by Brenda, his cons deftly outweigh his pros. And while Alex was placed on the “Unworthy” ladder by Brenda, Bob is considered universally Unworthy.

Bob arrived at the Skyy Bar shortly after Brenda. He thought Brenda was more gorgeous than Athena herself and tried every trick of seduction he’d learned. Most of Bob’s advances were ignored, so he attempted the “asshole” approach he’d seen Chad use. Brenda swears at him and dumps her Redbull Vodka down his plump shoulders.

Bob’s lack of physique and persistence caused Brenda discomfort.

Bob’s Over-weight Appearance (-10)

Low-SMV men like Bob disgust Brenda.

To Brenda, Bob’s traits were valued at...

Bob’s Soft Spoken Tone (-2), Short Stature (-5)

And so Bob was considered...

WhatsHisName, that Fat Creepy Guy from Skyy Bar = -17 (Unworthy)

By showing his affection, the Bob is implying that they consider Brenda attainable. This consideration threatens Brenda’s perception of her own SMV (i.e. attaching ego to attraction) because if Bob and other low-SMV men consider her attainable, she may not be as beautiful as she once thought.

It basically boils down to:

- If Brenda aims for Chad (25) and Chad reciprocates, it reinforces her perception that she’s attractive.
- If Brenda ignores Bob (-17) yet Bob persists, it shatters her perception that she’s attractive.

As reference to the “Mindset” section, Brenda directed her anger, fear and frustration back towards the Bob because in *her* mind *Bob* was the root cause of her “bad feeling” by making her feel unattractive and the cause of her loss of the “feel-good” stimuli of her belief she was attractive.

In short, “Bob made me think, which made me feel, which felt bad, so Bob is to blame.”

Ignoring his wet clothes, Bob believes if he can get Brenda into intellectual conversation, he can convince her to sleep with him through his job, hobbies and ambitions.

Bob is attempting to use his assets and personality to leverage against his poor physique which *could* work in some cases. Bob has a decent understanding of that.

What Bob *doesn’t* understand is that physique is a prerequisite to physical attraction, physical attraction is non-negotiable, impressing her does not equal intriguing her, his potential means nothing to her with results *aaand* Brenda’s interest don’t extend beyond her perception.

Brenda, finally giving in to his persistence, decides to hear him out...

Bob’s engineering job that Brenda doesn’t understand (+0), Bob’s high income (+10), Bob/Brenda’s mutual love of wrestling (+4), Personality (+5), Bob’s Potential Raise in 2 Years (+0), Bob’s Rolex (+2)

Even though she sees Bob in a slightly better light...

Bob, That Fat Rich Guy from Skyy Bar = 4 (Bottom-Ladder Beta)

..she has places him at the bottom of the “Beta” ladder. She hasn’t forgotten all of Bob’s negative traits and will weight them *all* to reach her conclusion.

Unlike Alex, Bob will have a much harder climb considering his unattractive physique weighing him down (pun intended).

3. The Alpha/The Unattainable

A few months pass and Alex (13) has miraculously moved to the top of Brenda’s “Beta” ladder. He knows all of Brenda’s interests, movies, music choices, hangs out with her constantly, texts her daily and talks to her on the phone for hours at a time.

Alex and Brenda go on a date to Skyy Bar, the bar where they’d first met. Alex has planned to use this date to ask Brenda to be his girlfriend.

Chad (25) arrives shortly after Brenda and Alex and is greeted by the glances of many intrigued women around the bar. One of whom is Brenda, Alex notices and feels a wave of insecurity.

Chad’s opening appeal to Brenda, before she even notices his physique or personality or hobbies, is the **pre-selection** he’s immediately garnered from other women.

Pre-selection operates under the concept of groupthink; what’s appealing to the majority is perceived appealing to the individual, what’s unfavorable to the majority is perceived unfavorable to the individual.

Chad’s Popularity Among Women (+15)

Even if cellphone tower A provides a better signal than cellphone tower B, if tower B has twice as many users, tower B’s popularity alone will attract more users than tower A. This is considered the basis of good marketing and branding techniques (Tylenol and Generic Brand are the same, but the majority favors Tylenol, so there must be a reason, right?)

Chad walks by Brenda and Alex’s table and barely acknowledges Brenda; a short half-hearted grin then off to the bar. Brenda thinks Chad is gorgeous.

Chad’s Physique (+10)

Chad hits on Melody the WonderTits™ bartender first. She turns him down abruptly.

It’s not that Melody finds Chad physically unattractive nor that she’s left unimpressed by his garnered pre-selection.

Melody’s SMV range (20-45) is *much* higher than Brenda’s; the men who meet Melody’s “Alpha” prerequisites (35-45) are men Brenda would consider unattainable (>25).

For Melody, the best Chad (25) can hope for is to end up on her “Beta” ladder (20-35).

Brenda makes an excuse to leave Alex and rushes to the bar. She throws a flurry of not-so-subtle IOIs in Chad’s direction and he reciprocates.

Alex notices Chad whispering something briefly into Brenda’s ear. He can’t make out what they’re saying. She looks offended at first, Chad smirks, says something else, she giggles and they begin to walk out together. Alex tries to catch up to confront Brenda but loses them in the crowd.

A few moments later, with a bladder full of Gin, he distinctly hears Brenda’s moans echoing of the

bathroom walls.

Unenlightened, Alex will forever wonder what magic words Chad whispered to Brenda to have her bent over a bar toilet within seconds, something he couldn't accomplish after months of trying. Yet he again fails to see the bigger picture.

Alex was doomed from the start; even though he'd done well to jump from a 0 to a 13 in a matter of months, he was still a 13 and thus was still on Brenda's "Beta" ladder.

Alex's hard work does not equate towards the guarantee of sex. Just as attraction is non-negotiable, attraction is not something that can be "earned" through time and diligence.

Alex may have added +13 to his SMV, but he is still limited to Brenda's perception of *all* his traits:

$$(+15)(-10)(-5)(+13)= 13$$

And what's worse for Adam, the +13 increase to his SMV is specific TO BRENDA ONLY; unlike something universal like physique or gaining an interesting hobby, the +13 increase Alex has gained by getting to know Brenda will NOT "carry over" to other women.

Even if he hides his negative traits with the next woman, the highest he could hope for with a woman as attractive as Brenda is low-ladder Alpha (15). And that's only if they admire tattoos as much as she did.

Several months *wasted*.

LL: A woman's attraction is centered upon a "range" of SMVs she perceives she is operating within and the role of each man residing within said range determined by the values she places on certain positive/negative characteristics these men portray.

"Vicarious Validation"

55 upvotes | August 4, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TR; DR- I reached this epiphany early in my journey. I hope this knowledge does for you what it's done for me.

Vicarious Validation

Well, the man who despises himself tries to gain self-esteem from sexual adventures —which can't be done, because sex is not the cause, but an effect and an expression of a man's sense of his own value." -Francisco d'Anconia, Atlas Shrugged

A need to show women off or “peacock” in front of women, to embellish details of sexual regalings to impress or stir envy in friends, to relish just by being *seen* alongside attractive women, a need to constantly remind those around them how sexually adept they are...

These are all symptoms of men who require “vicarious validation” ; weighing their worth not on the enjoyment of sex but by living vicariously through their own self-inflated persona.

These men base their own SMV on the SMV or quantity of women they've slept with. They've concluded that their “weight as men” is ultimately determined *not* by their achievements but by the amount of women resulting from said achievements.

They are the sellers which determine their prices from the opinions of the competition and not by market value. They are the sellers who base all of their business's success not on its profits, but on how many customers walk through the front door.

“Banging the hottest chick to make my friends jealous” or “banging as many chicks as possible to prove a point” or “banging this one gross chick because she's here and sex is sex” may be considered “Alpha” to some, but as *enlightened* Alphas, we set our own standards and only act on things within our self-interest.

As such, we cannot weigh ourselves down by limiting the scope of our purpose. We can't mistake a *byproduct* as an end result. And we can't define ourselves vicariously through women or our peers.

We are not our shoes. We are not our cars. We are not our houses.

We are not our experiences.

We are the embodiment of knowledge *gained* from our experiences. A collective consciousness of information, ever growing.

An apple tree doesn't stop once it's broken soil. It *grows* ; it bears fruit which it shares amongst nature as a means to spread its seed and continue its legacy.

“If anyone on the verge of action should judge himself according to the outcome, he would never begin. Even though the result may gladden the whole world, that cannot help the hero; for he knows

the result only when the whole thing is over, and that is not how he became a hero, but by virtue of the fact that he began.”— Soren Kierkegaard

Enlightened Alphas *have* sex. They are not defined by it.

Defining yourself this way would only serve to...

"...weaken your frame."

You'll commonly take unnecessary steps, participate in activities or conversations, behave in a manner you're not accustomed to, all for the sake of sex.

Sex'll become a *routine* like brushing your teeth or combing your hair; you'd weigh your SMV primarily on sex, so constant sex would become a requirement to feel "*attractive*" or "*sexy*".

You'll sleep with women you don't find attractive or have sex at inopportune times because sex is now a version of your self-identification. That hat or jacket that defines you as an individual.

You're the "player, the "sex guru", the "girl whisperer".

Gotta keep playing the part.

"...bring scarce mentality."

Sure, your attention is divided amongst multiple plates. But those *attractive* plates... they're the ones you're "proud" of.

They'll receive the most attention.

More and more weight'll be placed on their opinions over others because deep down you're afraid of them leaving.

"...create a dependence on high-SMV women."

Your determinant of worth is her attractiveness and losing her would cause you stress. Because of this, you'll do whatever it took to keep her interested.

"...create a dependence on approval from your peers."

Allowing your self-worth to be determined through peer validation is dangerous; everyone around you acts in their own best interest, not yours. There is no altruism.

If your peers see an opening, some may discredit you out of spite or envy.

"...degrade your SMV."

You understand.

You *get it* now.

You've *truly* internalized what TRP has caught.

You've witnessed it for yourself.

And yet, you're only improving yourself as a tactic and not truly for yourself; you've given yourself

an “*end goal*” in a community based in an endless goal.

In the short-term you’ll be successful. But once the “goal has been reached” and the “battle is won”, you’ll have nothing left to fight for. You’ll lack the drive to upkeep your SMV. “Why bother? Who *cares*? I’m fucking 5 different women right now!”

They’ll all lose interest in time.

They always do.

And because you’ve let your SMV decline, it’ll be back to square one.

LL- Enlightened alphas gauge their attraction objectively (“am I really as attractive as I think I am?”) and logically (“women are attracted to men with large chests and large shoulders in proportion to their waists”). Sex is a byproduct, not an end goal.

For any further questions, I'm open to talking over Skype under Skype username OmLaLa. Please message me set up a meeting.

"The Cuckold and The Slut"

303 upvotes | August 6, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- At a beta/fat chick circlejerk of acceptance and reassurance, I met the embodiment of a cuckolded sap-of-a-man and the personification of limitless *encouraged* hypergamy. It's as big of a trainwreck as you think.

I didn't know whether to consider this a Field Report or a Rant. I think it's both. Things'll get kinda NSFW, so if you're in a public place, be mindful of that.

THE CUCKOLD AND THE SLUT

I joined a close-knit philosophy group about a month ago. They were over 300 members strong mostly comprised of the most overweight beta men and feminist women you could imagine. "Open to all!" was their slogan. No matter what you believed, you were welcome in their society.

As you could guess, most members joined for *acceptance*, not for freedom to express opinion. They had bronies, otakus, hedonists, trannys, feminists, baseless radicalists, wanna-be philosophers, "polygamous" couples (I say this with quotation because they fail to understand the difference between *polygamous* and *open*), asexuals, gamers, meme junkies, LARPerS, and I hadn't seen that many White Knights in one place since my brother dragged me to an anime convention.

They were all there to be told "you're *fine* just the way they are" or "we *accept* you this way". A community centered around a beta circlejerk.

The women weren't any better. Angry and bitter yet desperate and promiscuous. One of the "smaller" fat chicks was known as "**Queue**", a nickname she wore proudly. I asked how she got that name. Apparently after one of the group's gatherings she'd picked out 9 guys, invited them over to play Mario Kart at her place and as they played she picked them in order from "favorite" to "least favorite" 1-by-1 and fucked them in her bedroom.

The guy who told me seemed happy about it. Apparently he was Number 4.

Everyone -*all 300 members*- had heard this story. They *celebrated* her for it. Open expression, they called it. She had the freedom to *live how she wanted without judgement*.

This wasn't a philosophy group. This was a beta jockey lot. Cheap men for cheap thrills. It made me sick. Not Queue's debauchery. I'd expect something like that. No, what made me sick was that this "hedonistic den" was being rationalized under the guise of *acceptance*.

Denial was more like it.

There was another girl there named "**Pix**". I'd noticed her earlier as she was one of *very* few skinny chicks in there. Not *gorgeous*, but not unattractive.

She joined a conversation me and some of the other members were having about sexual experimentation. She got really excited.

And I'd thought *Queue* was bad. *THIS* woman... she... well...

She'd had done *EVERYTHING*. Literally. Everything. If it was sexual in nature, she'd done it. And she was *thrilled* about it.

She also had a *HUSBAND*! Who was *IN* our discussion! And he was *happy* for her! He'd said

something like, "I take joy in knowing that she's happy. That's my satisfaction." Bull. *Fucking*. Shit. They said they were in a "polygamous" relationship. Last I checked, polygamous relationship means they *date* other people in addition to each other. This was "open" relationship. She was just fucking every dick in sight. Trying to justify being a cum dumpster and married.

And boy, did she have her husband fooled. He said he was "letting her express herself through her *sexuality*". The *fuck* does that even *mean*? I asked him if he had multiple partners like Pix. He says "Pix's all the woman *I* need." That really pissed me off. More like, "I can't get multiple partners because I can barely get out of this *fucking* chair". So Pix's it for him. He knows she's out there fucking random strangers, sometimes a bunch at a time, and he's *okay* with sticking his dick in that chasm of a pussy.

If you saw a pack of blood-thirsty wolves run into a cave, would you go in behind them because "*it's raining*"?

Or would you *build a new shelter*?

So I was curious. I *had* to know. I had the group (roughly 40 of us now, seated away from the others) play "Raise Your Hand If". It's basically "Never Have I Ever" with easier rules.

I encouraged everyone to keep it sexual. No one had an issue with that. No one ever does.

And wouldn't you know it, Pix won every time. From memory, here are some things Pix openly and *proudly* admitted to in front of 40 of her peers *AND* her husband:

- Getting pissed on by 7 guys
- Having every sexual orifice of her tiny body filled at once
- Going home with 3 random brothers from a random dive bar, riding 45 minutes out of town and letting them take turns on her
- Sitting by a gloryhole in the men's restroom at a locally-known sleaze bar and taking on all comers
- Letting a famous football team all fuck her at once (don't know which one and I think it was the defensive starting line)
- Blew an entire amateur rock band in a family restroom
- Put an article on Craigslist for a bukkake gathering, "umpteen" strange men show up at her hotel room, and she let them cum all over her. One even ended up fucking her afterwards
- Letting a guy in the group choke her til she passed out and fuck her stilled body (this one fucked me up a bit and the guy was sitting like *2 people over* from her husband)

And that's *just* what I can remember. She went on for a while.

Then, when it gets around to her again, she says, "everyone raise your hand if you've fucked me". Nearly the entire group of 40 people's hand shot up. Then they laughed and high-fived over it like that was some sort of accomplishment. They played it off like it was *cool* or *okay* or *normal*. "Yeah bro, all 32 of us had sex with her! High five!"

And there sat her husband, now surrounded by the people he considered his *closest friends*, who were openly admitting to banging his wife *-without remorse-* and he just sits there and *TAKES* it. Grin plastered across his big dumb face. "Haha, you guys're such knuckleheads" type-of grin. I wanted to

hit him.

I went to take a piss. When I came out, there stood Pix. She said she came over to tell me her friend Fox (*another post entirely because Fox has some different issues*) had seen me come in earlier and had some kind of "crush" on me. I said thanks. Then she grabbed my cock.

She says if things don't work out with Fox or if Fox wasn't my type, she's all mine. *Anytime. Anyplace.* Say she'll do things with me I'd never heard of. She said a bunch of other "seductive" shit, but I don't remember it so I must not've been paying attention.

I said something like "Okay" and we walk back to the group. The topic had changed –don't remember to what- but halfway into the conversation the guy sitting beside Pix starts fingering her. It *wasn't* subtle. The others tried to avert their gaze like it wasn't happening *right the fuck in front of us*, but I honestly didn't give a shit. I looked right at the two, her squirming and him trying to "play it cool".

Then she just stares at me. That "I want your cock" stare. And she hold that look for the longest time. And I look to her husband. *please* do something about this shit. This is your *wife*. Do you even *know* the guy fingering her? *In fucking front of you?*

Same stupid dumb expression. "That's my girl" kind-of expression.

I fucking *hate* that this guy considers himself a "man". Chop of your balls and donate them to someone who'll use them if *you* not going to! A dog gets more respect than he did that night, and he just wagged his tail and lapped up the scraps that fell to him.

sigh I feel *much* better now.

LL: Women don't feel remorse for their actions. They only see consequences. Women are instinctively amoral and without the restraints of social peer pressure or a conservative moral agenda, they will do whatever it takes to get what they want.

"...And Candy Cheats Again"

668 upvotes | August 14, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- A girl who cheated on me cheats with me.

"...And Candy Cheats Again"

"It is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself. Infidelity does not consist in believing, or in disbelieving, it consists in professing to believe what he does not believe."
— Thomas Paine, *The Age of Reason*

I dated this cute chick named "Candy".

Together almost 6 months just as TRP *really* started to click. One post had me *thoroughly* convinced LTRs were stupid. Still believe it to this day. I think it was one of [u/Whisper](#)'s posts. Love the guy. Smart shit.

Anyways, I dumped her ass soon after reading that. No call, no text. Just stopped seeing her. Hurt like shit but it had to be done. Think she was cheating with some Chad, shit like that. Focused on me, moved on.

So last week me and Fine China [Plate] went to the mall and bump into Candy. She's with some guy. Mike I think. We kept it brief and left.

She called that night. Wanted to talk about "us". Wanted "closure". Says she looks at our pictures and thinks of me. Asks if I do the same. Nope. I've moved on. She hung up.

Next day she's at my door. Won't leave 'til I talk to her. But what about Mike? "We're just *talking*. We're not together like *that*." Okay, *sure*. I hear her out.

She goes on about the *good times* we had. How nice our time was together. She misses the "old" me. The "me" that put up with her shit. That bought her shit because "*that's what guys are supposed to do*". That came by *Every. Single. Fucking. Day.* for *hooours* on end just cause that's what a "good boyfriend" does.

That guy's been dead a while now. Tough break.

She *had* to ask who Fine China is to me. Like a cheap cologne I could smell that jealousy a mile away. "Are you two *dating* now?" "Is she *better* than me?" I tell her we're just fucking and we hang out sometimes. And yeah she's better. She cooks for me. Candy *never* did that shit.

That bugged her. She threatens to leave. Says she doesn't have to put up with being insulted. I open the door. Say I don't do games. You asked for my opinion, I gave it. Now *leave or don't*. She leaves.

So that night she's at my door again. Fine China's over so we talk outside.

"I don't know if I can ever see you as a boyfriend again...but I think we should *at least* be friends." Okay? Ask her *what kind* of friends. "Friends that, you know... '*do stuff*'." She means *fuck*.

She asks if we can "do stuff" tonight. Fine China's over, another time.

The next night she's at my door, we "*do stuff*", she's asleep. Her phone goes off like 5 times. It's Mike. I read a few texts. He's her boyfriend. Poor guy had *no* idea.

Best part? She's got me listed as her best friend "Miranda". She told him Miranda was going through some shit and needed a "true friend" tonight. I'm Chad now.

LL- Through overcoming a woman's perceptions of your former self and all her shit tests that'll accommodated those opinions, you can ideally fit any role in which she deems you suitable. Past is harder to overcome than simply starting fresh with a new woman, but it can be done with time, frame, consistency and most importantly through dominance/control of the situation.

"The Wolf: An AWALT Parable"

211 upvotes | August 14, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- Just another AWALT parable from the RP Machiavellian.

"The Wolf: An AWALT Parable"

"Nothing has changed since Little Red Riding Hood faced the big bad wolf. What frightens us today is exactly the same sort of thing that frightened us yesterday. It's just a different 'wolf'. This fright complex is rooted in every individual." — Alfred Hitchcock

Once upon a time there was a boy named **Cody**.

Cody was the son of a great lumberjack and they lived happily in a cabin deep in the woods. Cody loved his father and learned as much as he could from him. His father in turn taught him everything he knew.

One day while gathering wood to sell at the market, Cody saw a **young wolf** in a clearing. The wolf small and alone, howling for its mother.

"I should help that poor baby wolf." cried Cody to his father.

"No son," replied his father, "wolves are dangerous and cunning. You should always be alert around one."

Cody looked back at the small wolf. "But not *this* one, papa!" he pleaded. "It's much too small. And if he tries to eat me up, I have my axe!"

His father shook his head. "One day you'll understand."

The following day Cody's father left to gather wood and never came home. Cody searched for days and days but knew his father was gone for good. Winter was coming and Cody would soon have to hunt for food and lumber to last him.

Luckily, Cody's father had taught him well. He'd collected enough food to last him three winters over. He knew he'd surely be snowed in soon, so he gathered his supplies and locked up his cabin for winter.

During the worst of the blizzard, three loud knocks pounded on the cabin door. "Surely father's come home to escape the storm," thought Cody.

He opened the door to find not his father, but the young wolf from the clearing.

"Please sir," whimpered the wolf, "I am so weak and cold. If I stay out here I'll surely freeze."

"My father warned me about wolves like you." replied Cody. "You're dangerous and cunning. You'll try to eat me up."

"Not I! Not I! I am not like those wolves!" pleaded the young wolf. "I am too small to be dangerous. And I am too young to be more cunning than you!"

Cody was still suspicious. "You knew winter was coming. Why have you not prepared?"

“I have been alone for a very long time.” sobbed the wolf. “I had no mother or father to teach me such things. The wolf sniffed the air. “Surely you have enough food to feed us both with some to spare. And I know not how to start a fire.”

The wolf noticed the axe by the fireplace. “Keep your axe close. Should you not trust me, strike me with that.”

Cody pondered. Surely a wolf as small and frail as this could do him no harm. And should it try, his axe was much faster.

“Okay,” sighed Cody. “but should you try to eat me, your pelt shall make a fine coat.”

The young wolf entered the cabin and Cody locked the door behind it.

The weeks that followed were pleasant for Cody. He’d been alone for so long, it was nice to have someone to talk to. Cody told his stories and his father’s stories to the young wolf. The young wolf told its stories of its time with his pack and how he’d been separated. They taught each other games and learned from each other. Cody felt a bond to the young wolf.

But as the storm raged on, Cody had noticed the food was depleting faster than he’d predicted. Sure now it wouldn’t last them through the winter. He’d also noticed the wolf had grown in size. Its teeth looked sharper, its claws longer. Cody confronted the wolf.

“Have you been eating more than your portion while I sleep?” Cody inquired.

“Heavens no!” cried the wolf. “Wolves do not lie. I would never take more than I needed.”

“How have you grown to such size so quickly, young wolf?” he inquired again.

“Wolves grow much quicker than boys.” retorted the wolf, “it is a well-known fact in the forest.”

Cody could not help but to distrust the wolf. He began sleeping with his axe clutched tightly in his palm. “Why do you grasp it so? Do you no longer trust me?” puzzled the wolf. “There are other dangers outside the cabin,” lied Cody. “I must be ready should we be attacked.”

Not long after, the last of the food perished. Days past and both Cody and the wolf grew hungrier still. Cody grew weaker and weaker from his hunger while the wolf remained large and foreboding. Every night the wolf watched Cody fall asleep. Cody’s fear of this kept him awake night after night. He became so tired and hungry, he could barely grip the axe.

“I’ve waited for this day a long time.” howled the wolf as he circled feeble Cody. “Day after day I’ve waited since you let me into your cabin.”

“How have you remained so big with no food?” Cody asked weakly.

“While you slept I’d hide the food in a cave in the forest. *Bit. By. Bit.*”

“Why haven’t you eaten me sooner?”

“You had the axe.” grinned the wolf. “Surely I’d’ve perished had I acting too soon. But in *patience* I’ve gained your food, your shelter and now... *you.*”

The wolf lowered its head. “You’ve made this a very easy winter. I feared I’d spend it cold and hungry.”

And the wolf pounced and ate Cody just as the sun began to peak through the storm clouds.

THE END

LL- *All* women are like that. Just because she doesn't seem like a threat to you *now*, that reveals nothing about her nature in the future. Since none of us can know what the future holds, always recognize the potential danger a woman can pose before it's too late to act. In the wise words of u/JP_Whoregan, "treat every 'gun' as though it is loaded".

"...You're Not My Type"

577 upvotes | August 24, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- Tinderina becomes “my type” by rationalizing it as an attempt to prove me wrong.

“...You’re Not My Type”

“An open Facebook page is simply a psychiatric dry erase board that screams, “Look at me. I am insecure. I need your reaction to what I am doing, but you’re not cool enough to be my friend. Therefore, I will just pray you see this because the approval of God is not all I need.” — Shannon L. Alder

It started with meeting this cute chick from Tinder named Tinderina at a bar.

Tinder chick’re hot, but Tinderina was high-tier. She wore this button-up thing with her tits spilling out. Says she just ‘threw it on’ and didn’t realize. Yeah. *Oookay*. Tinderina’d drove 45 minutes to come to the bar. Came in with her tits pouring all over the place like a couple of stuck faucets.

Sex was on the table. *All over* that damn table. *Cake*.

Well, from the jump all she dishes out is shit test after shit test. Poke after *poke*. Prod after *prod*. She just *talks* and *talks* and *talks*... starts to grind on my gears a bit. Better shit to do, you know? I start getting bored, not really getting anywhere.

She stops and asks what’s wrong. Why I’m so quiet. "I’m *bored*. You're boring me."

She says something like “well, I’m *sooooo*ry I’m boring you!” She clams up. Fucking *finally*.

It didn’t last long. “How *daaa*re you! No one’s *eeever* told me that *I* was boring!”

"Well then no one’s been straight with you. Like lettuce'd been stuck in your teeth all day. Maybe you have dishonest friends."

She fucking flips. *Blah blah* you’re *suuuch* an asshole. *Blah blah* you’re *sooo* mean. *Blah blah* no guy’s *ever* treated me this way. A fucking princess, this one.

I check my phone during her lil’ temper tantrum. A text from Candy. An invitation to spend the night. Sure thing v. this Tinderina's hissy fit? Easiest decision of my life.

Rock beats scisso—I mean—actions beat words. Head for the door. She stops me.

“And *wheere* do you think *yooou*’re going?”

"Candy’s place."

“Whose *Caaandy*?!” “So you’re *lee*eaving me?!” You know, with that extra sing-song-y inflection-y shit pissed off girls paste at the end of every sentence. I’d had enough. I tell her:

“You’re not my type.”

...

...

...

Well then.

That shut her up.

She gives me this “*did you just cum in my mouth?!*” face. Mouth open ‘n shit.

How many hot dogs do you think she could she fit in there? Maybe twelve.

Anyway she’s pissed again.

“Ex’*cuuuse* me?! I’m *eeeveryone*’s type! I mean just *look* at me!” Stuck up lil’ brat.

"Welp, you’re not mine."

“Are you *gaaay* or something?!” Grasping at straws much?

"Candy’s just better."

“Over *meee*?!”

"No shit over you."

Tell her Candy doesn’t dish out bullshit (Candy *totally* dishes out bullshit).

She asks if I do this to girls often. I say if they’re not my type yeah.

“...well what *is* your type?”

I tell her ‘promiscuous girls’. Whatever the fuck *that* means. I keep it vague on purpose. Let her hamster figure it out.

She goes *on* and *on* about how she doesn’t talk about sex with people she just met. It’s not *lady-like*. The fuck *ever*. I say that’s not my type either. I head for the door again. Stops me again.

“Okay *okay* just stop *leeaving!*” I ask why should I.

It was *stupid* easy from there. She says let’s go somewhere secluded and “listen to some music”. Fuck does that even *mean*? She wants to be my “type” all of a sudden. And what do promiscuous girls *do*? Why they listen to music in secluded places of course. So we leave in my car.

I park in some old parking lot off the freeway. She asks me to play Frank Ocean. I play The Weeknd. Tell her *fuck* Frank Ocean. “Oh. My. *God*. You’re *suuch* a *fuckin*g asshole. You know that?” I tell her she’s not the first to say that.

Then we fuck. Which was nice.

Then it was time to go. Got work in the AM. Tell her I have to return some tapes. She didn’t get it. Too young I guess.

LL- The only advantage men hold in relationships or encounters with women is the ability to walk away. While men may not experience the damage done to the female psyche and self-esteem from unexplained and effortless abandonment, do take note that the damage is indeed being caused. An assassin needn’t taste the poison to know it’s potency, nor does the gunman to suffer his own bullet to know it’s power.

“The Red Pill’s Guide to Online Dating”

783 upvotes | September 15, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- This is a concise and heavily updated guide on how to approach dating sites. Most of this guide has been altered based upon which strategies worked the most frequently and consistently from beginning to end.

“The Red Pill’s Guide to Online Dating”

Almost all of the women I’ve slept with/plated in the past several months I’ve met on dating sites.

I’m going to explain how.

For the previous version of this guide, please see “The Comprehensive RP Guide to Dating Sites”. If you’ve read the previous version, I’d highly recommend you read this one as most of its content has changed.

Note: Several Addendums have been added since this article's original posting.

Key Notes

- *Don't start until you're ready.* A strong frame, attractive figure and abundance mentality are REQUIRED prior to attempting this guide. If you don't have these 3 qualities yet or you feel that they could use improvement, handle that first. A lot of how you'll be judged as an alpha from here on will be based solely on perception and not necessarily the reality of your situation. Because of this, these qualities need to become second nature and aspects of yourself you don't have to think about. You need to know your frame is strong, know you're attractive and know you could move on if you had to.
- *All women on dating sites are not innately serious about meeting you in-person.* Women use dating sites purely for validation. It is your goal to pull them from this mindset and into your frame. Once this has occurred, the rest becomes easy.
- *Understand you opponent.* Always think from the LSSW's (Local Sexy Single Woman's) perspective: they receive up to 50 messages a day, don't respond to most of them, but something about your profile picture and bios caught her attention. Find out what that something is and exploit it. Also, if you're noticing a point in the guide where a lot of LSSWs

are dropping off, find out why and repair it.

- *Understand your SMV.* The hotter she is the higher her SMV range will be. You may be considered an 8 amongst the women you frequently see, but remember that if these women are less attractive compared to the LSSW you're pursuing, then that 8 will drop comparatively. For example, what I find hot *and attainable* is completely different compared to Brad Pitt.
- *Understand your competition.* Even if you're in the top 20% in your area, there are always hotter guys out there. Thanks to the globalization of the internet, women can see and judge any guy within a 100-mile radius. She is always weighing her options. Should one of these more-attractive guys reciprocate her interest, it's likely she'll suddenly drop off the face of the earth. Most times she's only picking you over the hotter guy because of limitations like range. Never over-invest, never forget hypergamy. Don't take it personally. Move on.
- *Learn from your opponent.* A lot of the successes from the strategies in this guide were inspired by how hot women reply to men they're not attracted to. You will be using their strategy against them. The key to understanding this guide is understanding the importance of fleeting investment and why overinvestment is often the silent killer to most of your attempts.
- *Be attractive.* Again, this is very important. This is a late-game strategy and can ONLY be implemented successfully if your body is in the right place. Physique is the main driving point of this strategy; most women I've encountered don't even read my bio or even open my profile (you get notified when they do). They'll look at my profile picture and decide from there.
- *Insecurity shows.* If you go into any encounter thinking, "this woman's *waay* out of my league, I hope I don't mess this up", you're going to mess it up. It's best to picture the woman you're messaging as fat or unattractive to keep your mind planted in a position of higher SMV.
- *Less is more.* Though we'll cover this more in the actual guide, the *less* you say in both messages and texts, the *less* you initiate as opposed to her, the more likely you are to succeed.
- *Don't creep.* Most dating sites will inform you when you have a visitor. Don't be that guy that visits her profile every hour. She will notice and it will put her off.
- *Approach dating sites like baking.* You don't begin baking a cake without all the necessary ingredients, you don't bake as soon as your starving and you don't only bake one cake in case something goes wrong. Approach multiple women at once, only approach women you'd be excited to fuck and be ready to let them "bake" for at least a few hours to days. Abundance mentality is a prerequisite to success.
- *Be ready to drop out at any time.* This is very important. I don't care how hot she was. I don't care how well it was going. I don't care how it seemed like a sure thing. Women and LSSWs are fickle, and remember that you are not real to them until you're standing in front of them. They don't feel the need to hamster or explain their actions to someone who doesn't exist. So until you're sitting in their living room sipping on whiskey and coke, don't expect any compassion or mercy from them.
- *Don't settle.* You'll notice that the higher your SMV appears on your profile, the more subpar women will begin outright chasing you. Do not engage. If you settle for less than you're capable of, more often than not you'll end up mistranslating the subpar women as "your league" and your *actual* league as unattainable. Long term this does more harm than good.
- *Don't be afraid of WonderTits™ one-word responses.* If she's responding to you at all, she's

interested to some degree and the guide still stands. This goes double for WonderTits™, who probably get 10x the messages compared to ordinary women.

- *Don't flash.* Don't talk on how much you make or flash around your wealth. She'll perceive it as compensation for something else or perceive you as a potential provider, both of which you don't want.
- *Be wary of the "easy lay".* If something came too easy, there's usually a reason. If she messages you first, quickly becomes sexual, gives out her number much faster than expected, begs to visit you with no shit tests or in a short amount of time, be skeptical. Ask for a picture, ask to Skype, whatever it takes to confirm her identity. You'd be surprised how many catfish there are.
- *Turn off those pesky notifications.* This one I'd also highly recommend. A watched pot never boils. If you see pending messages from POF, Tinder or OKC every time you check your phone, you're pretty likely to respond too soon. Go into your phone's settings and turn off those pesky notification pop-ups so pending messages can be addressed at your leisure.
- *Dicks don't attract chicks.* Women don't want to see your dick. Women are aroused by the high SMV man attached to your dick. Don't go waving your dick around unless it's explicitly asked for. Don't be that dick. Dicks are like pens. Everyone's got one, most people'll loan you one if you ask for it and unless it's super unique, nobody cares about it.
- *Know what signs to look for.* If her figure isn't clearly shown in any pictures, if her pictures are taken at an obscure angle, if her pictures look dated and blurry, if all of her pictures are of just her face or in one post or just her ass, there's a reason. You may think an LSSW has the traits you'd like in a woman, yet if you're unsure you open yourself to being catfished by an unattractive woman with good photography skills.
- *Text carefully.* Read over your texts very carefully before sending them. Without the ability to read your body language to understand you on a covert level, women will attempt to do so through the texts you send. Small things give out huge messages to women if you're not careful (more on this later). I'm not sure about iPhones, but on Androids there's a "Text Delay" setting where you can type and send a text and it'll give you up to 30 seconds to alter or change it before it's actually sent out. I would highly recommend this to anyone attempting this guide.
- *Let convos die.* More on this in the guide, but if she's attempting to push a subject matter that bores you, stop the conversation there and leave her be. Most likely she'll message you again in several days with a much more erotic disposition.
- *Learn from your mistakes.* I've dropped the ball countless times and so will you. Figure out what you said, how you said it and why you said whatever you said that lost her interest. Maybe you responded too soon? Maybe you came off as insecure or desperate? Remember, for this to work her perception of you is what matters. I'll be repeating this a lot.

And now for what's been removed since the last version of the guide:

- *Organization is key.* Drop this advice. Documentation of various LSSWs you'll encounter both a) causes overinvestment in any particular interaction with an LSSW and b) subconsciously causes you to approach LSSWs differently based on SMV, race, locale, etc.
- *Avoid single mothers.* While I'd highly advise caution when dealing with single mothers,

complete avoidance is unnecessary so long as nothing other than sexual promiscuity is established between the two of you.

- *The entire calling section.* Calling can work for some people, but for others –especially the younger RPer’s- it’s wildly inconsistent and may communicate an overinvestment on the RPer’s part. This guide will aim to avoid calling altogether.
-

PART 1: DATING SITES

LSSWs aren’t serious about meeting any of the guys they see online in-person. It’s like a game to them; the more men in their inbox, the more attractive they perceive themselves and the more confident they feel.

You are not real to her until you are standing in front of her.

The goal of this guide is to make that happen in as short a time span as possible while cutting out as much “shit-test”, “I have to get to know you first”, “I’m not that type of girl” BS as possible.

The goal of this section will be to get her number as effortlessly as possible ALL WHILE MAINTAINING YOUR FRAME. I stress this because getting a number is meaningless if the LSSW’s perception of you is beta or a validation resource. Until you’re standing right in front of her, perception is all you have - false or otherwise. She must perceive you as alpha all the way through for this to succeed or else you’ll all fall on your ass in Part 2.

--Building Your Profile--

1. When fishing for bass, use the right bait.

Minnows are a better bait for catching bass than worms. On the same note, shirtless, attractive pictures are a better bait when fishing for purely sexual encounters with women.

The idea here is selective marketing. If you own a restaurant and you want to attract hungry people, do you put a nuclear scientist conducting research as your commercial? No, as that would either attract the wrong demographic or misrepresent the goals and intentions of your restaurant.

The same applies for shirtless pictures. The key is to tap into the reptilian side of her mind. **Any LSSW that messages or responds to a message to a guy with a good shirtless picture has made it clear that your physique piqued her interest.**

Look confident. Relaxed posture, relaxed shoulders, relaxed palms, no head tilt, no deer in headlights stare.

Making your profile picture shirtless is making sexuality and physicality your thesis statement; most

women typically don't look past the profile picture anyway, so she'll draw as much as she can from the profile picture alone. Make it a summation not of you or what you are but what you want and what you expect. A profile picture of you riding in a race car? "He's interesting and fun, but he's looking for women who also like that sort of thing and I don't care about cars." A shirtless picture in low-waist jeans at some beach in Maui? "He's attractive and comfortable with himself."

This will establish you as attractive, a woman's first alpha prerequisite.

NOTE: *I'm not implying that having pictures of you doing interesting things is a bad thing. Quite the opposite, I'd encourage it. What I am saying is that if sex is what you want from an LSSW, shirtless pictures will make that message clear.*

2. Pre-selection is powerful. Use it.

The second most potent statement one can make through pictures is displayed/"unintentional" pre-selection.

Preselection basically boils down to any evidence supporting you as a hot commodity, or in this case, pictures with women genuinely enjoying your company.

I've posted pictures of myself from the Toyko nightlife with a swarm of 8-10 women. I don't remember their names or how we'd met that night, but in reality, for what I use them for, that doesn't matter. All that matters is that by reading their body language in the pictures it was clear that they were having a good time and I was the cause. While they don't need to be Tonk Stark-esque pictures, you should post pictures like these.

NOTE: *Do not post pictures of you near women or with women where interest or attraction isn't blatantly displayed. The women need to seem enthralled just by being in your company. The truth of what's really happening in the picture doesn't matter, only how it appears. More pictures like [this](#) but none like [this](#) or [this](#) or [this](#). Watch for body language. That "they've probably boned before" look.*

3. Write about how you're the shit.

Juxtapose the vain shirtless selfies with a bio that tells about all the amazing hobbies, interests and accomplishments that represent you. Go as in depth as you can. Be cocky. Describe your life as the best thing since sliced bread.

This extravagant regaling of your life will be contrasted nicely by your short and rare responses while chatting with the LSSWs, causing them to hamster into thinking maybe they're not good enough for you. Why would this attractive, interesting, smart alpha want to spend time with a boring woman like me? And all this will come without you having to lift a finger.

This will establish you as higher value than her, a woman's second alpha prerequisite.

NOTE: *DO NOT talk about how much money you make, your high-paying corporate job, your nice car, your big house, etc. Only boast about YOU and things that can only be found within YOU.*

Otherwise, the LSSWs will immediately peg you as a potential high-SMV provider, the shit tests will get insane and same-night/short-term sex will be near impossible.

4. Real you vs. digital you.

If you've continuously floundered on the first date every time you've met an LSSW in person, this could be your problem. If you're more attractive in your profile picture than you appear now, she'll brand you a liar.

And she's not wrong in feeling that way.

If a HB9 agreed to meet you for coffee and a HB4 walked through the door, you would feel cheated.

Humble yourself a bit, be honest; are you as attractive as you're making yourself look? 1,000 numbers means nothing with 0 lays. **Attracting them is only the first step.** Maintaining their intrigue is the rest.

--Messaging--

Before we delve into messaging on dating sites, let's briefly discuss "baking".

Baking is the process of leaving messages or text messages unanswered for long periods of time to invoke intrigue.

Just like in actual baking, LSSWs can be left to bake for too long or not long enough.

Over-baking is leaving a text or message for too long, often leading to an unintended "soft" next. The resulting soft next isn't the same as one towards a known woman, however, and future interactions with the LSSW may be lost as you have yet to exist to her i.e. have yet to enter her perception.

Under-baking is how most guys handle messaging on dating sites; as soon as the notification of a new message arrives, they jump on the sight and reply on the spot. This invokes over-investment in her and significantly weakens your chances of success in any form. Remember, women watch actions over words; if you're responding to her immediately every time she messages you no matter the hour or day, she'll notice your over-abundance of interest and be put off.

You should bake a minimum of 15 minutes and a maximum of 24 hours. The more attractive you consider her, the longer you bake.

Why? Attractive women expect a certain level of investment from men. By separating yourself from this expectation, you effortlessly invoke intrigue putting you above whomever else she's considering. Now back to the matter at hand.

5. Succinct and selective.

The shorter the message the better. Nowadays, I begin all encounters by sending “Hi” to every women I’d enjoy fucking. No punctuations, no double messages, no questions.

This is the proverbial “casting of the net”; this part of the process is purely a numbers game.

You only engage the women who reply back. Those that don’t have their reasons which you don’t have time to dwell in.

Your physique increases the number of initial responses, your frame increases the number of in-person meets, your SMV increases the number of sexual encounters.

If you’re having trouble in any of these areas, check their corresponding causes.

Her first response will almost always be “Hey”, “Hi”, “Hello”, etc. Follow it up with “What’re you looking for” (no punctuation).

Starting a conversation with “Hi” and following with “Whatre you looking for” has rarely changed for me. It’s pretty standard.

Oh no, did she asked “How’re you?” or “How’re you doing?”

Respond with “Good you” (no punctuation).

Seems overly short and uninterested, right? That’s the point. We want her to feel as though you’ve got better people to message with. Too preoccupied to pay her any attention. She’ll say “good”, you say “What’re you looking for” and move forward.

6. “What’re you looking for” and the wonderful letter K.

This is the best point to judge her investment in you.

If she gives you some long-winded explanation about how she wants guy whose sweet, funny, caring, blah blah blah, you’re officially under-invested in comparison. That makes the rest of this guide very easy.

If she responds with one word like “Friends”, she’s still under-invested, but no problem. We’ll use the rest of the guide to appear even less invested than her.

No matter what her response is, I reply with the wonderful letter “K” (no punctuation).

Here's an actual exchange:

- *“I want a man would loves me for me and will be by my side no matter what.”*
- *“K”*
- *”So, what about you? What’re you looking for?”*

The fact that I completely ignored her desires for a man didn’t bother her in the slightest.

If you’re ever in a bind and don’t know how to respond, always always use the wonderful letter K.

Most times, because this mundane response is such a farcry from what they’re accustomed to, the LSSW will continue the conversation of her own volition. She desperately wants to get inside your

head and see what makes you so different from the others.

And you'll notice this *a lot*. It'll seem like she's having a conversation with herself. Just let it happen. I was on Skype the other night with an LSSW and I played with my phone the entire time. I rarely looked at the screen.

She used this technique I like to call **"blind firing"** where she'd jump from topic to topic to see what grabbed my attention.

She brought up sex, I finally looked at the screen.

It's sort of like a reverse psychology version of classical conditioning. Let her feel like she naturally reached the conclusion. Mind games through silence and succinctness.

NOTE: *"K cool" and "K good" and "K great" (no punctuation) work as less-succinct variations. The K is what matters. It's such an unimpressed and pedantic response, it's hard not to use it.*

7. "Friends"

Nobody joins on a dating site looking for friends. **"Friends" on dating sites is slang for sex partners. Remember that.**

If she asks what you're looking for—especially after she just described her Prince Charming- respond with "Friends" or "Friends maybe more" (no punctuation).

In the last guide I made the mistake of advising "I can manage that much" as an acceptable response. That implies interest in becoming whatever lollipop definition of a guy she described previously and invokes an over investment. Remember, Friends means sex buddies. You want friends for now.

NOTE: *If she says "Friends and you?", you respond with "Same" (no punctuation).*

NOTE: **"Nothing serious right now" is an equally -if not more- effective response. [Addendum]**

8. "Whats your number"

You want to keep going until you get to the point where she has nothing left to say or the conversations hit an end. If she responds with "yeah" or "okay" or "cool" or anything that ends that arch of the conversation, respond with "Whats your number" (no punctuation).

If she follows up with "What do you do?" or "What's your favorite color?" or "What's your favorite movie?" respond with "Only in person" and keep going.

If she doesn't respond to your number request, fuck it and move on. If multiple LSSWs are non-responsive at this point, check the level of SMV you're displaying both in your pics and in your bios ad make some adjustments. Be honest and be objective.

If she gives you some schpeel about how "It's too early to give out her number" or "she doesn't give out her number after the first conversation" or she wants to "talk more on here more first to get to know you" or any other possible excuse, she either sees you as a potential provider, as a lower SMV compared to her or as desperate/sexually-depraved (comes across by responding too quickly; scarce

mentality). This cake is bad, move on and work on yourself more.

PART 2: TEXTING

Unlike conversing on dating sites, texting is a bit trickier with someone you've never met, simply because this is usually when the real shit tests start. On top of that, ignoring, combating or brushing off these shit tests will usually lead to her cutting you off in an instant because **remember: you don't exist to her until you're standing in front of her.**

The goal of this section will be to establish your existence (and your frame) within her world by meeting in person, all-the-while avoiding those game-ending shit tests most people encounter at this stage.

Also, be very *very* succinct. Shorter the better. Think of what you want to say then shorten it as much as possible without using unnecessary abbreviations (u for you, wyd for what're you doing, ur for your, etc.)

NOTE: *Some phones (all Androids I believe) have a text setting called "Text Delay". It allows you to edit any text you send out 30 seconds after pressing send before the text completely leaves your phone. I highly recommend altering these settings in your phone to prevent premature text responses.*

9. Make her remember you.

Once you've received her number, start off by texting "Name's ___" with a picture of your profile picture attached to the text. Do this so that after you leave this conversation to "bake", she'll remember what you look like.

Women rarely save the numbers of guys they haven't met. **Sending your picture solidifies a reference to your physique should a great deal of time pass and she choose to reach out to you again.**

Do this soon after receiving her number to keep it relevant.

10. Give her a taste.

If she responds, reply back with a "Whatre you up to" (no punctuation) to invoke a small level of interest.

This may sound odd, but start a conversation with the sole purpose of leaving her hanging mid-way through. For example, start talking about movies, ask what hers are, and when she responds drop the conversation for the day. After baking, do not continue or acknowledge this conversation.

This'll cause her to hamster, but the direction she hammers isn't really important. What's important is

that now you've become relevant to her.

11. Bake at 450 degrees.

Bake for however long you deem appropriate do not continue or acknowledge the conversation you were having previously. Simply tell her "Hey" and move on to the next step.

12. "You free any this week"

Your variation may change from mine, but I've found "You free any this week" (no punctuation) after baking to be the best way to get an LSSW out the front door.

If she says she's free on a particular day, don't say "Let's [blank]" or "We should [blank]".

Say "Im free after " (no punctuation) or "[time/day] works" (no punctuation).

Remember, women don't too much care for blunt, direct conversation. Imply what you want without outright saying it.

You asking if she's free is implication enough that you're interested, you're attracted to her and you want to meet her.

If she asks what you two will be doing, dance around it but stay succinct. "Whatever I want", "Whatever I feel like", "Things", "Crazy shit", "Cool stuff" are all evasive-type answers that can build up intrigue.

If she asks when to meet up, either say "Whenever" (no punctuation) or just give a number, like "6". If she asks where, just send the address.

As short and sweet as possible.

NOTE: "Variations like "hows your week look" are just as effective. [Addendum]

13. Make her ass worry you flaked.

Whether you've decided to meet back at her place or at some coffee shop, once the date/time has been finalized and the address decided, don't bring it up again and if possible, stop texting her until that date (unless she reaches out).

Do not double-check the time you're meeting, don't check if she can still make it, don't call her to say you're on your way, etc.

She'll do that for you and you need to allow her to. It'll further her investment in meeting you.

NOTE: *I've noticed that reconfirming dates will increase an LSSW's likelihood to flake, even if this guide is implemented perfectly. By not reconfirming and letting her reach out first, I've yet to see an LSSW flake.*

14. Flakes will happen.

For flaking, I like to use the College 20 rule. If she doesn't show or contact me in 20 minutes after our arranged time, I'm gone.

Don't get mad. Don't get upset. Don't reach out. Simply drive off and go do something else.

You'd be surprised how surprised they get when you don't passive-aggressively call after being stood up.

If she calls later, act like it didn't faze you.

Or even better, tell her you didn't show up either! Show control of your emotions and she'll repay you in kind.

An LSSW was supposed to meet me and my friends one weekend to attend a rave. She never showed nor called. I dropped it and we had a good time.

Two days later I get a half page message of how sorry she was that she'd forgotten. She invited me over as recompense. Maintain frame.

Don't be shaken.

Always expect a flake and always have a back-up strategy.

A fun thing you can do should she not show up. This will keep you from making your happiness dependent on her arrival; sure having her around would be cool, but the mall is 5 minutes from here.

Lesson Learned

Behavioural patterns of LSSWs can be controlled for the experimenter's best possible outcome through a concise, repeatable cause-and-effect method developed through behavioural experimentation and approach modification.

For any further questions, I'm open to talking over Skype under Skype username OmLaLa2015. Please message me set up a meeting.

Addendum

This should suffice as proof of the usefulness of the wonderful letter K and succinct grammar when dealing with LSSWs.

"I Gwarp You"

119 upvotes | September 24, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

An odd title, I know.

But trust me, Red Pillar, and know that it'll make sense by the end of this article.

For now, let's just assume that one day I walked up to you and said...

"I Gwarp You"

"I'm trying to translate what my cat says and put it in a book, but how many homonyms are there for meow?" — Jarod Kintz.

...but what does that *mean*, exactly?

What does *gwarp* mean? And what does it mean to *gwarp* someone? It's sounds painful.

Well, since I'm the one who said it, I can create my own definition for the word "gwarp" which I can then spin depending on the context I use it in.

Then, you can read my body language, intonation and facial expressions to gauge your own interpretation of what I mean by "gwarp" through said context and then you can ultimately create your own definition therein deciding what "gwarp" means to you.

Regardless of how you interpret my meaning, there will be always be lack of consensus between the two of us on gwarp's definition since my definition for gwarp and your interpretation of gwarp will essentially be two different things.

Now let's take it a step further. Let's say I walk up to you and say...

"I gwarp my *family*, I gwarp my *dog* and I gwarp *bacon*."

So which do I gwarp *more*? And how do I *weigh* that differential?

Is my gwarp for bacon and my gwarp for family two different *types* of gwarp or are they the same type of gwarp but at two differing *scales*?

Is my gwarp for family stronger than my gwarp for dogs or bacon simply because the subject matter of family is more *personal*?

Hard to say, really. How I weigh the importance of dogs and bacon as subject matters vs. how I weigh family as a subject matter will differ between us as well.

Now let's take this concept on a *larger* scale.

Let's assume everyone in our society hears the word gwarp and begins using it, all of them with differing meanings, all the while seeded in obscurity.

With gwarp having *such* a wide-spread difference in its connotation, which person or definition is inherently *right*?

As subjective as gwarp has now become, it could *literally* mean anything to anyone.

Gwarp's meaning then becomes abstract, *vague*.

And, given the difficulty involved in interpreting any one person's meaning for the word gwarp and with an entire society constantly shifting their own personal meanings for gwarp based

upon other people's context, any one person could *easily* get away with using gwarp as a "justification scape-goat", all while maintaining their sense of political correctness.

I'll explain with an example:

Let's say I'm afraid of being alone, so I stick with some degenerative, non-beneficial women in hopes that my situation will some day improve.

My friends ask, "*Why are you still with her? She's terrible. She's bad for your health.*"

I reply, "*Because I gwarp her. You guys wouldn't understand.*"

Is my use of gwarp *wrong*?

Clearly I've used gwarp as a means to skirt the real issue at hand *or* to protect my ego from the truth of my situation, but with gwarp's definition being *so* open-ended and contextual, is a *wrong* definition of gwarp even possible?

These people within our society would be happy with leaving the true definition of "gwarp" ambiguous; it gives them both a platform for simple yet baseless justification and a shield behind which they can comfortably guard their ego in light of any communal scorn from the results of inaction, cowardice, purposeful ignorance or fear of the reality of their situations.

Gwarp can mean absolutely anything and through being able to mean anything it means absolutely nothing.

Now replace the word gwarp with love.

There are two key lessons to take from all this.

The first, as [u/Carminn](#) so expertly put it:

"Don't be surprised if your girl says she loves you one day and cheat on you the next, because her definition of "love" is not the same as yours."

And for the second, know that the malleability and ambiguity of the word "love" is intentional in that women (and some men) enjoy being able to use it as justification for their actions, inactions, feelings and opinions. Because it differs from person to person it never has to be explained, meaning it can be used at the necessity of the user.

But because love can't ever be truly explained or defined in lieu of said ambiguity, it can't accurately be measured. And if it can't be measured, not unlike gwarp, it isn't real.

Love isn't a cause or a feeling or a result. It's a vague concept. You don't *love* your dog, you care about it. You don't *love* bacon, you enjoy it. You don't *love* your family, you respect, protect and cherish them as repayment for supporting you in adolescence.

You don't *love* women, you just fear being alone.

Avoid using meaningless words like love. Instead, look for the deeper meaning behind them.

"On How Women Listen"

228 upvotes | September 25, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Let's assume you have a dog named Fido.

Fido, being a dog, has limitations to what he's able to comprehend.

These limitations are results of Fido's lower level of perception and he must be communicated with this in mind.

You may talk to Fido about how you hate doing taxes or how rough your day at work was at the accounting firm because talking to him, getting all that stress off your chest makes you feel better about your situation.

But Fido's level of perception does not encompass taxes or accounting. He lacks a frame of reference.

He can, however, sense your mood using contextual clues; he uses on your levels of intonation, changes in your body language, facial expressions, etc. To discern how you're feeling.

From this, he can tell that you're sad about something and whimpers in condolence.

Fido compensates his lack of communicatory perception through his ability to covertly read non-verbal, contextual cues your body –in most cases subconsciously- creates.

Comparably, women do the same.

While women do not perceive their world in the overt, informationally based way like you and I, they've supplemented this lack of factual perspicacity with a covert, emotionally and non-verbally based acumen.

In short, women judge their peers' intentions, SMV, personality and character by watching for non-verbal, subtle cues one subconsciously gives off as opposed to reading and reciting raw information in the manner men do.

And so, in today's article will go in-depth...

"On How Women Listen"

"Others hide from being real by filling the air with words; the more words they throw out, the less actual communication happens and they are left with only an illusion of connection. This is the intimacy they so ardently seek but with these coping skills find so elusive." — David W. Earle

"Neither sex is wrong in their communication; both sexes need to learn how to understand each other." — Pamela Cummins

Let's use an example to better explain the differences in male - female communication.

You're sitting on a couch with a beautiful girl named Lynn. Earlier, she told you she loves engineers and fast cars, and as luck would have it, you're an engineer who drives a Ferrari.

So you begin to tell her all about your job working for some automotive plant, how much you make, what your job entails on a daily bases, how you came about getting the Ferrari, the technical aspects that makes it go as fast as it does...

And yet after you've finished speaking you notice Lynn's mood has completely changed.

She seems... "distant". Unreceptive. It's almost hot and cold compared to how she was before. She's cold, short in her responses. She doesn't look in your direction. She almost seems bored to be around you. She inches towards the other end of the couch. She points her feet away from you. She crosses her arms. She sighs often.

You think, "*well maybe she didn't understand what I meant.*" I mean, she *did* say she liked engineers and fast cars, *right?*

So you begin again and go into even more detail. And yet again she becomes cold.

And then, without you consciously realizing it, the entire encounter falls apart:

You turn your feet towards her. You start talking with your hands. You grin as you talk. You try desperately to make and hold eye contact. Your voice varies. You fill the silence with more words. Laugh when you're uncomfortable or things become awkward. You make sharp motions with your head and limbs. You fidget. Your eyes glow with happiness in being in her presence.

You crack a joke and laugh after she laughs. When she's distant, you pull your limbs in closer to your body. You use too much kino, randomly, without reciprocation. You stumble over your words occasionally. You stutter. You mumble. You inch closer to her.

You use passive aggression as an attempt to seem harsh yet cool, like in those movies. Your phone goes off and you stiffen up like a red-handed criminal. You punctuate or fill the silence with "Uhhh" or "Ummm". You match her emotions, she's happy your happy, she's sad your sad. You ask a bunch of personal questions, just question after question and all about her. Whats your favorite mivie? Your favorite color? Your hobbies?

You like to imply things without outright saying them. "I want to fuck you" in your head becomes "Maybe we should go back to my bedroom and "talk" some more lol" out of your mouth.

While she may or may not understand the technical jargon you've buried her in, that's not what she's been listening for this entire time.

Instead, she's been watching and your body language, justas I've listed above.

And from those, she's in creating a "character bio" for you and deciding whether or not you're among the Unworthy, Beta, Alpha or Unattainable (see "*The RP Guide to Defeating the Enemy: Attraction*").

For the sake of simplicity, the sum of all these minute judgements falls down to one important conclusion she eventually aim to reach: **the level of your investment.**

And why is that so important to her?

Your level of investment is a rather accurate representation of other womens' collective perception of your SMV, which she'll use this a a basis to gauge her own perceptions.

Now, for the sake of simplicity, we'll categorize these levels of investment into two groups: **an under-invested man and an over-invested man.**

They are defined as such:

The **under-invested man** shows disinterest in any one woman as he has multiple women in tow. This, in turn, means that multiple women desire him, or implies that enough women desire him that he is sexually content, and thus must be worth her attention.

His under-invested state implies pre-selection without the need of actual, physical proof.

The **over-invested man** shows his interest in her in abundance, making it clear to her that his sexual encounters are few and far between. He may use sexual regalings in an attempt to convince her of his sexual prowess, though his body language and level investment prove counter; surely a man who gets as laid as he says won't feel the need to harp about in an attempt to sleep with her?

As such, this man is clearly unsatisfied and the woman wonders for why. In light for is undesirability amongst other women, she too shies away.

Allow me to explain this further with another example.

If you saw two identical rings and I told you one was worth more, how would you discern their worth?

Let's say Ring A and Ring B sat behind a glass display in a shop downtown and 100 customers stopped in, all looking for a ring.

Let's also say that 78 customers looked at Ring A and 22 looked at Ring B.

From there, although not necessarily true, you could predict that Ring A is worth more. The pre-selection from the other customers lead you to conclude the value of Ring A is higher.

Okay now let's take this a bit further.

Let's say rings are all the rage this season, and you constantly hear people talking about them.

From those conversations, you discern that 80% of the time people mention Ring A while Ring B is only mentioned 5% of the time.

High demand usually creates or stems from a high value to the user, and if 80% of the people around you speak highly of Ring A, you could assume Ring A is worth more. Although you haven't witnessed the pre-selection firsthand, the *implication* of pre-selection lead you to conclude Ring A is valued higher.

Both of these examples illustrate just how pre-selection works within this context; while the actual value of the rings was unascertainable, using the context provided by your peers, you were able to conclude which ring was worth more.

Sure people wouldn't clamour over something of low value, as collectively people's varying ranges of value average out.

Demand increases value which in turn increases demand. This is the basis of pre-selection, which leads to abundance mentality, which lets to under-investment, which leads to increased demand, etc.

For the sake of novelty, we'll call this theory the "**Red Spiral**"; the "contentness" derived from sexual abundance in turn fuels the sexual interest and intrigue of other women.

...but what of the over-invested men?

Follwing our previuis example, let's say the company producing Ring B noticed Ring B's lack of demand and decides to incorporate a discount sale in order to generate more sales.

But this is a mistake; the value of Ring B was already low, and by lowering its value more, consumers will believe something might be faulty or that Ring B is a counterfeit of Ring A.

The market for Ring B is now limited to those who can't afford Ring A, those begrudgingly accept Ring B as "the runner-up" or "the next best thing".

The folly involved is this:

Low demand will lead to lowered value, which then leads to market skepticism, followed by lower demand. This is the basis of desperation, which leads to over-investment followed by skepticism, which leads to scarce mentality, which leads to lack of sexual interactions, which leads to decreased demand.

We'll consider this theory the "**Blue Spiral**"; The desperation from a lack of sexual interactions prevents future interactions and further fuels the sexual desperation.

But why then do women bother with gauging investment over raw evidence when discerning one's SMV?

We'll use one last example.

Let's say you've taken up online dating in Saudi Arabia and every woman you come across wore a hijab (one of those sheet covering their entire body).

You wouldn't know what you were dealing with, what she looked like, etc. until you actually got to the bedroom. Hell, some of them could be guys!

So you might meet them for coffee first to get a chance to check for curves under their sheets or a casual slip revealing some details of what's underneath.

You study her frame.

Quite literally, in fact. But the premise is still valid.

This is what women are doing through shit tests; by reading your body language, they are checking your "sheet" for curves they like, possibly catching a glimpse of who you really are underneath all that fabric.

Attractiveness/Physique is only half of the equation for women. You'll need strong frame as well, which isn't inherently apparent like physicality is for men. The more she likes from what she sees underneath that sheet, the more likely she is to fuck you.

"The Questionnaire"

316 upvotes | September 28, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I was unfortunate enough to stumble upon one of the single most over-privileged women I've seen on a dating site yet.

We'll call her "Tammy the Goddess".

Tammy believed herself to be some sort of "divine judge", able to cast judgement on all those who wanted her.

She attempted this "passing of judgement" by using her weapon-of-choice...

"The Questionnaire"

"Audacity is central to everything I do. A lot of times I think my work is about just seeing if I can get away with it." -Sufjan Stevens

Item A- Tammy, late 20s, HB9 with *very* lovely features.

Tammy's that type of girl that's gorgeous and knew it. The type of girl that's never been told "no" or "you're wrong". The blissfully delusional type. You know the ones.

Her profile pictures all looked professionally taken and *very* "curve-centric". We're talking 4 steps above the competition.

But here was the weird thing: her bio outright says all she's looking for is a friend with benefits.

"Now *why* would this gorgeous individual feel the need to so bluntly display that her only interests are sexually driven if she knows it'll only draw in the flies?" I asked myself.

Well whatever. It's none of my business anyway.

So I ignore it and start up my usual "dating site" routine:

Hi

Hey sexy

What're you looking for

Fwb (insert some heart-eyed smiley bullshit) and what about you

Same

Then let's get busy

Quick history lesson: In 1962, the Better Business Bureau coined the phrase, "if something sounds too good to be true, it probably is" as a way to prevent larger companies from dealing with the shady, smaller companies that oft advertised fake promises. The "snake oil salesmen" at the time. They'd become so common that it'd become difficult to discern the real companies from the fake ones.

Now here's a stunning woman already agreeing to sex within 2 hours and with no shit tests whatsoever. Either I'm near a lake or she's *reeks* of catfish. And I don't see a body of water nearby.

I tell her "send a pic with 7 fingers up". I figured tht if she didn't reply, surely she was catfishing.

But, sure enough, she sent the picture soon after. At least I know she's real.

But wait.

This is where it gets... interesting.

After she confirms she's the real deal, I ask her for her number. She only gives me her first three. She then says that before she can give me the other numbers, she has to ask me something first. I say "shoot".

And then, ladies and gentlemen, I was presented with this:

The FWB Questionnaire

Hello, and thank you for taking the time to complete this. I decided to have potential fwb answer these questions to see if you are what I am seeking. Just because you fill this out does not mean that we will have sex. If you are interested in possibly meeting with me please answer these questions and message me your answers.

No no, you read that right.

She's made a questionnaire for *all potential fwbs*. She is *literally* interviewing men before she considers sleeping with them.

Again the word "Audacity" weighs *heavily* on my mind.

Note that she even feels the need to specify that "just because you fill this out does not mean that we will have sex". Think about that for a second.

Needless to say, this is the single most literal shit test I've ever seen.

1. Are you chivalrous? Yes No

Please, allow me to translate:

"Would you save me should a witch or a dragon wisk me away and lock me atop some watch tower"?

This quite literally translates to "would you consider yourself a white knight"?

And she *leads* with this. It's question #1. In a questionnaire about *sexual promiscuity*.

Just thinking of how many men will put yes to this *just because* they'll think it's what she'll want to hear honestly makes me a bit nauseous.

"Chivilry is dead. And women killed it." –Dave Chapelle

2. If yes, what does chivalry mean to you? (Do not give me a dictionary definition, give me examples.)

i.e. "If you're a beta, please list ways in which you've displayed beta tendencies."

There's a level of irony in here that I fear may be lost on some of you. I personally find this second question absolutely hilarious.

And remember, no dictionary definitions. This *is* a test, after all.

3. Does your member measure at least 6.75 inches in girth? Yes No

Wow.

What a shift from question 2.

Going from chivalry to cocks in 0.37 seconds.

And I *love* how she's included –not just the size- but the *exact* size down to two decimal places. "Oh, so your cock is 6.73"? I'm sorry sir, but you don't match my very precise and calculated requirements for my explicit, sexual promiscuous desires."

4. What are your girth measurements in inches?

Again, as gorgeous as this girl is, I *know* that there's been some poor schmuck that's sat with a tape measure around his dick trying to get his exactly girth measurements. And the fact that men'll go *that far* for sexy is pathetic.

While I'm sure most men know their cock size, what men are strolling around with an accurate measurement of his *girth*?

I know that if I sent out a questionnaire to all my potential partners, I'd be labelled a creeper in no time. "2. Are your breasts at least 32C in cup size?"

5. Does your member measure at least 8 inches in length? Yes No

Okay, now she's trying to weed them out. Pick out the ones she *really* wants.

6. What is your length measurement?

She must *really* be fascinated by the varying lengths and girths of the male genitalia.

7. Do you like rough sex? Yes No

Honestly this question is alright in my book. It's the *next* question I have something to say about.

8. Describe what rough sex means to you.

She didn't ask "describe your past rough sex experiences", she asked "what does rough sex mean to you".

9. Do you have any std's? Yes No

If a guy's bothered to fill this out, I wouldn't imagine he'd get to this question and think, "Dammit! I *do* have one of those! Guess I can't have sex with Tammy now."

But *don't worry*. Apparently Tammy's already thought of that:

10. If you do not have std's are you willing to provide proof that you do not? Yes No

So whomever Tammy chooses will roll right up to her apartment, doctor's approval in hand.

Problem solved.

Good work Tammy! You've solved the STD problem! Everyone, applaud Tammy! She's earned it.

11. Why should I choose you? (I am only looking to have one fwb relationship at the moment.)

"Well, uh, my name is Kevin, and, uh, I'm really good at sex, and uh, I made this one chick cum like 17 times in one night so, uhm, that's why you should pick me."

OR

"Greetings! My name is Brad and I'd treat you like the queen you are. Sure, we'd have sex from time to time, but I'd also take you on dates, out to dinner, to the movies, whatever your heart desires. I'd be honoured to be your King."

Anyone else feel queezy right now?

12. If I choose you, how often would you be willing to meet in a month? (I will require sex whenever necessary sometimes at a moment's notice)

Basically, “When I want something, you’ll have to drop everything you’re doing and give it to me.” This is sounding less like “friends with benefits” and more like “slavery”.

13. Would you be able to host for meetings? Yes No

Based on her age, It’s safe to assume she doesn’t stay on her own. That being said, she’s making all of these demands before sex yet lacks any actual sex venue. Talk about entitled.

14. How many times have you had sex in a 24 hour period on average?

2.753 times within 24 hours. She’d love it just for the decimals.

Thanks for your time!

Be careful out there, Red Pillers.

Women like Tammy, Candy, Pix, Diva and Delilah are out there, resulting from hordes of betas mindlessly supporting their despicable/deplorable actions, justifying them as “normal” just for possessing a pussy. “It’s okay because she’s hot” on a grand scale. They’re aren’t used to such a large amount of constant and endless validation through social media, dating sites and real-world interactions.

If every man they meet calls them a **Goddess**, tells them that they can do know wrong and automatically support every decision they make, these women soon begin to mistake their horns for halos. They begin to believe it because no one’s telling them otherwise.

Be that one, Red Pillers. Don’t stand for shit like this just for sex. Sex isn’t worth your dignity, nor is it worth making these “Goddesses” any more delusional.

"A Quick Word from the Machiavellian" [Video]

50 upvotes | October 7, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

A couple of months back I began working on creating a YouTube channel centered around RP ideology. While I'm still working on the overall direction I'd like to take this channel, I feel as though it's about time I properly introduce myself.

And so, please allow my recent video post to stand as my "formal" introduction of both myself and the channel I will (hopefully) be utilizing in the near future.

To find my channel on YouTube, either search for the channel name "OmLaLa Machiavellian" or use the title of this post.

“Such is Our Nature”

411 upvotes | October 8, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

This is an original tale by yours truly, OmLaLa the Machiavellian. There are multiple TRP lessons hidden within this parable and its message is open to your interpretation. I'll leave it up to you, the RPer, to decide what this parable's really about. Best of luck.

I now give you the sequel of “Such is My Nature”.

“Such is Our Nature” by OmLaLa

Once upon a time, there was a rabbit named **Bella**.

Bella lived in a hovel tucked away in a garden. She'd lived there as long as she could remember.

The garden was owned and maintained by the **Farmer**.

The Farmer was slow, old and feeble, which meant that Bella could eat from his vegetables without fear of being caught.

And the vegetables were *plentiful*. The Farmer would constantly replenish the garden with seeds every day. Bella didn't quite know how farming worked, but she didn't too much care. She was happy just eating the "fruits" of his labor.

Bella also enjoyed the protection and shelter provided by the garden's fence. It did well at keeping the **Wolves** at bay.

All and all, compared to most rabbits, Bella lived both happily and comfortably.

Every now and again, on the days Bella spent out in the open, the **Vultures** would stare at her hungrily from the fence posts. Bella didn't worry too much about them though. For birds they were awfully slow and clumsy.

Bella found the Vultures amusing if anything. Sometimes she'd tease them, pretending to be sick or injured just to watch them fumble towards her.

“*She's MINE!*” “*No, she's MINE!*” they'd swabble, tripping over their feet and their wings and each other. And as soon as they got close enough, Bella would dash back to her hovel, crying in laughter.

“*Another day, fellas!*” she'd scoff.

But as much as Bella liked the food and protection of the Farmer's garden, she'd often peer out into the fields beyond, dreaming of the wondrous places it held. Sometimes she could catch a glimpse of an **Apple Orchard** far off in the distance.

She'd seen other rabbits heading there, so surely those apples must be delicious.

But she knew she was not fast enough to outrun the Wolves. *Not yet.*

But as time passed, Bella became faster. *Much* faster. So fast in fact, she felt assured she could sprint passed the wolves.

And so one day, while the Farmer was away, she sprinted off for the Apple Orchard.

The Wolves took notice and ran after her. One Wolf came close to catching her.

“*Come with me... little rabbit,*” panted the Wolf. “*I can... take you.... somewhere... far... better than*

some.... stupid Orchard."

But Bella wasn't stupid.

"You are a Wolf," snapped Bella, "There is nothing you can provide me that is better than an orchard!"

The Wolf was very displeased.

"H-How... do you... know that?" wheezed the Wolf, "I'm so much... different than... the other Wolves."

"A wolf is a wolf is a wolf." huffed Bella.

"It's in a wolf's nature to be crafty and sly and it's in a wolf's nature to try and catch rabbits. I refuse to go anywhere with you."

The Wolf, defeated, gave up on the chase and solemnly returned to his pack. Bella'd never felt so victorious.

Soon after escaping the Wolf, Bella came upon the Apple Orchard.

It was a vast and plentiful place, with apples falling every minute.

The Orchard offered no protection like the fence in the Farmer's garden. But Bella was okay with that. She felt she'd be fast enough to outrun any wolves that might linger.

There were also dozens of other rabbits about. But Bella didn't mind that either. Certainly there were enough apples for all of them.

However, Bella what *did* want was her own stash.

"Orchard?" Bella cried out. The other rabbits fell silent.

"I'd like to ask a favor of you."

The Orchard stirred.

"Ask." The Orchard bellowed, its voice echoing deep throughout its branches.

Bella hesitated. Never had she met such a foreboding presence. She straightened herself up and tried once more.

"While I'm very grateful for the apples your providing us..." Bella gulped and continued, *"...could you possibly drop a few apples down just for me?"*

The Orchard became silent. The **Wind** rustling the leaves was the only sound heard. The other rabbits began to stare. Bella grew more anxious by the second.

"No." The Orchard finally boomed.

"My apples fall when they fall. The Wind decides when they fall. The Wind is controlled by no one."

Bella pondered this and replied.

"Couldn't you just make more apples? Or make them faster? And it's not as though you're using them."

The Orchard grew still once again. The other rabbits shook their heads. 'Be happy with what you get, Thumpalina' one of them snickered. A few others giggled.

The Orchard stirred once more.

"An Orchard does not change for a rabbit. A rabbit adapts to an Orchard. If you are unhappy with the fruits I provide, you are free to leave at any time. There are no walls here."

The other rabbits giggled.

The Orchard paused momentarily, then rang out once more.

“Here you are given a surplus of my fruit. However many the Wind decides that are not claimed by the others. In turn, the rabbits provide the spreading of my seeds. This is our coexistence. Such is our Nature.”

And with that, the Orchard fell silent once more.

For the next few weeks, Bella pondered what the Orchard had said to her.

At first, she'd felt rather ungrateful to the Orchard. But as time passed, she felt her requests were more than reasonable.

Every day she had to compete with the other rabbits for apples. And although she enjoyed apples much more than the Farmer's vegetables, she didn't like having to work for them.

Why couldn't she be the only rabbit?

She'd decided to ask the Orchard.

“What would make one rabbit more beneficial to me than a dozen rabbits? A dozen rabbits will spread my seeds faster. One rabbit has its limitations. Moreover, should I choose but one rabbit and that rabbit leaves this Orchard, what have I left to spread my seeds? More rabbits assures the future of my trees.”

What a crock of nonsense, thought Bella. She didn't care about “coexistence” or stuff like that. She wanted her easy life back.

She was also getting quite sick of the Wolves.

She was quicker than them for now, but with every passing day she grew slower and slower. Soon would come the day where she couldn't stay in the Orchard without being caught by the Wolves.

She thought back to the Farmer's garden. If only this place had a fence too. Then she could live here forever.

“Why can't the Orchard have a fence around it?” She asked.

“I am no protector of rabbits. That is not in my Nature.”

Bella sighed. The Orchard continued.

“The Wolves exist to catch the slower rabbits. Rabbits slowed by age are caught by Wolves. The younger, faster rabbits can only reside here so long as they are equipped enough to escape the Wolves and to spread my seeds. Such is our Nature.”

What a load of hooey, grumbled Bella. She wouldn't be caught by some Wolf. At least, as long as she could help it.

But one night, while desperately trying to escape pursuit, one of the quicker Wolves almost caught her. She barely managed to escape into her hovel just in the nick of time.

Bella swore silently to herself. She was no longer fast enough to stay in the Orchard. She had grown too old, too slow.

While she always had the option of returning back to her hovel in the Farmer's garden, she'd recently heard a rumor spreading amongst the other rabbits.

As its told, just over the hill, there sits a magnificent **Strawberry Patch**, stretching for miles and miles, all protected by a massive stone wall.

Bella couldn't bear to pass up such an attractive opportunity.

Surely the Farmer's garden could wait.

The next morning, Bella sprinted with all her might over the hill and came upon a massive stone wall protected by a heavy wooden gate. Just as the rumors had said.

"Strawberry.. Patch," Bella panted, *"I've come... to ask... a favor."*

The Strawberry Patch stirred beyond the wall.

"Ask." The Patch triumphantly roared.

Bella wasn't fazed by the Patch's mighty voice. She'd grown old and time wasn't on her side.

"Could you please let me inside? I'd like to partake of your fruit."

The Patch response was swift and unwavering.

"You have no home here. You have grown slow and feeble, requiring my walls for protection from the Wolves. Yet you can provide me no benefit in return."

Bella was shocked.

"Surely I can spread your seeds, as I've done with the Orchard?"

"With my walls offering such protection from the Wolves and my fields bountiful, any rabbit would desire a home in me. As it stands, I could possess the most agile and vigorous rabbits in the area. Why would I choose you over them?"

Bella grew desperate. Maybe sympathy could get her inside.

Bella lowered her head and began to weep.

"B-But I'm just a small, frightened rabbit. I-If I stay out here much longer, I-I'll surely be caught by those terrible Wolves. You wouldn't want that to happen now, would you?"

The Patch healthfully chuckled in response.

"The Wolves exist to catch slow rabbits. Rabbits slowed by age are caught by the Wolves. Only the most agile rabbits are offered my protection and fruit, as they can carry my seed farther than the others. Such is our Nature."

She'd heard that somewhere before.

But Bella didn't have time for this. The sun was going down and the Wolves would be out soon.

Bella used what little strength she had to sprint back to the Farmer's garden. *Home sweet home.*

But when she arrived, the gate was locked. *The Farmer has never locked the gate before, she thought. Why would he start now?*

Bella noticed something moving inside the garden. Out of her hovel popped another rabbit.

"You've taken my home!" cried Bella, desperate to get in.

The other rabbit chuckled.

"I saw you leave from this garden months ago. I was growing old and slow. I envied this this garden for quite some time. So as soon as you left, I moved in."

This is hopeless, panicked Bella.

Exhausted and desperate, Bella picked a random direction and hoped that in time she'd come across another garden like the Farmer's.

But after miles and miles of running, another garden never came. They were all locked, all occupied, all desolate.

She was hungry. She was tired. She was weak.

And then the Vultures came. She could hear them bickering overhead.

The Vultures landed nearby and approached her. Bella chuckled morbidly to herself.

“Had to wait until I was old, feeble and worthless to finally catch me, huh fellas?” Bella scoffed.

The Vultures shrugged.

“Such is Our Nature.”

THE END

"On Inherent Value and The Ease of Hypergamy"

125 upvotes | October 12, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I been holding quite a few Skype sessions and I've noticed a trend in a certain belief: that women will also continuously participate in sex long-term based solely on physique.

In short, that a high level of attraction gives some type of innate value that can't be found elsewhere in other men simply because the other high valued men aren't perceived.

I'm sorry to say that this simply isn't the case.

This is due to the implimentation of factors like the Ease of Hypergamy (EOH) movement which has been brought on by the "new digital age of socialization", the resulting change to the basis of the 80/20 rule, the subsequent differences between being high-valued and being attractive, and the ever-shifting SMV range of a woman (ala "The RP Guide to Defeating the Enemy: Attraction").

Even those at the top of their physical game will see a constantly wavering amount of intrigue from plates, leading to a difficulty in how or if keeping them in tow for the long run is feasible.

While all of the elements I've listed above are commonly discussed on TRP, up until now they've been discussed in a relatively informative manner. I will be aiming to approach them on a more practical and personal level.

All things considered, long-term plate spinning is based...

"On Inherent Value and The Ease of Hypergamy"

"Strangers when you meet, strangers when you part -a gymnasium of bodies namelessly masturbating each other. People with no morals often considered themselves more free, but mostly they lacked the ability to feel or to love. So they became swingers. The dead fucking the dead." — Charles Bukowski, Women

We need to begin with a basic lesson: why dicks have no inherent value.

[Part 1: Dicks, Unlike Pussies, Lack Inherent Value]

Let's assume every male college student in an anatomy class always had a pen in their pocket. Gina needs to take notes every day but always forgot her pen. She commonly borrows the pen of the Gus, who sits next to her, as it's convenient and writes well enough.

One day, Gus's pen doesn't write as well as it once did. Gus begins to rant on about how Sheena used his pen last period and didn't have this problem, but that doesn't matter to Gina. She just needs a pen. She turns and quietly asks the guys sitting on the row behind her if she could borrow one of their pens.

Immediately the entire back 3 rows erupt, frantically fighting to pass their pens forward. With such a large option of pens, she chooses the most convenient yet reliable looking pen from the bunch and continues taking notes like before. Although Gus values his pen highly, to Gina, Gus's pen has become an afterthought.

When creating a new product or service, it's often encouraged to understand not what *you* value highly but what your *consumers* will value highly ([u/trpSenator](#) created a great post ~one month back

that does very well at detailing this). The same applies here.

In an economical sense, Dicks™ are saturating the marketplace; they're everywhere, easily attainable and are never constantly/actively sought after. This in turn relates to sex.

As such, we can't expect our dicks or the act of sex alone to maintain a high-value perception of us as, for women, that commodity is in ready supply from multiple facets in their life, some of which remain unseen to us.

This leads me to my next point.

[Part 2: Ease of Hypergamy]

The Digital Age has spawned a new challenge we all must learned to overcome: a woman's ease of access to multiple hypergamous behaviors.

While the boom of promiscuous acceptance is indeed a factor, I'd like to touch more on how the range of access to the top 20% within the 20/80 rule has changed within the past few years.

Let's use a new analogy.

Gina collects pens.

Previously, in order to build up her vast collection, Gina would drive to a city or state she'd never visited before, peruse the mall with a fine-toothed comb and hopefully stumble upon the pen she was after. Sometimes she'd come up empty-handed and other times she'd stay home as she couldn't afford the time it took to drive all the way out of town just for a pen scavenger hunt.

Then, a colleague of Gina's introduced her to Amazon. This changed everything.

Now Gina could select exactly which pen she was looking for at any time and have it shipped directly to her house. She is also no longer limited by how far she can drive, as now she can have pens shipped to her from across the nation, What's worse, the pen suppliers can even compete by lowering their prices just for Gina's business in real time.

The drastic increase in dating site participation is no coincidence. **Women use these sites for one thing and one thing only: to seek out the 20% of high-valued men in their area.**

This doesn't bode well for the top 20% of men either as they are now in a competition with both each other and the top 20% of other areas, a competition that prior to online dating was easily avoided.

Let's look at it another way.

In the 90's, Kevin is in the top 20% of guys at his college. Gina takes notice of this and begins sleeping with Kevin. Mike is in the top 20% of his college, but Gina has no way of meeting Mike, so he's not a factor. As such, Gina is more submissive to Kevin as her options on available 20% men are very limited. Also, Kevin is not pressured into meeting a certain level of standard regarding Gina as he knows he's the highest male within her reach. The couple is happy.

Move to the 2010's. Kevin is in the top 20% at his college and is still sleeping with Gina, but Gina comes across Mike's profile on Tinder. Gina now has a Plan B (and C, D, E, etc). With so many high-value fall-back options, her investment in Kevin is much more reserved and should Kevin fail to meet up to her now-increased expectations, she'll move on to Mike. The couple is tense, a tension built upon the abundance of options on Gina's end vs. the lack of abundance on Kevin's, even though he's at the top 20% in his given area.

This is the bases of the LSSW (Local Sexy Single Women) ideology.

So within this newly-established framework, how does one maintain a long-term plate in the face of

EOH?

Unfortunately, becoming the 20% is no longer enough to permit sexual commitment.

While the top 20% have always had to compete to some degree, in the face of EOH, the guarantee of at least some sexual commitment from high-value women is gone. In order to establish even the slightest sexual high-value commitment in the long-term, you must become at least the top 10% of your respective area.

Due to certain limitations, whether genetic or otherwise, reaching the top 10% will be impossible for most men. And that's the point.

In lieu of EOH, sexual commitment of high-value women is nigh impossible. It should always be approached as such.

Back to our analogy, there are simply too many nice pens in the market and simply too easy for her to find one. If she hasn't yet, she will eventually. There are few exceptions.

But let's say your pen is unique. It writes in a way no other pen can and you're sure of it. While your type of ink may be impressive, as I've stated before "impressed" does not mean "intrigued".

[Part 3: Sexual Expertise Doesn't Illicit Intrigue or Attraction]

Sexual prowess/sexual ability is not a stimuli which causes female attraction. It is a simply a byproduct which may or may not reflect an actual stimuli.

Sex is not why she's interested and sex will not draw her within frame. It's not the sex that matters to her.

In short,

It's not the promise of good sex that leads her to sleep with someone. It's the intrigue sparked by why others have rated the sex so highly.

Let me break this down some.

A bakery opens on main street and begins selling donuts. Gina has never visited this bakery as she's on a strict diet, and yet every time she walks by the lobby is packed with lines out the door. She hears her colleagues talking about it. She see smiles on the customers faces. So finally she drops her diet and tries one of their donuts.

Now here's the important part:

She neutral about the donut. Prior to her diet, she remembers having better donuts. BUT, because everyone else values these donuts so highly that they're packing out the lobby every day, she concludes her personal perception is WRONG and continues eating the donuts.

Groupthink is a powerful thing, swaying massive amounts of men and women every day. It's the bases of pre-selection and the sole foundation of modern-day marketing practices. It's concept is so simple yet so effective: "All of these people can't be wrong, right?"

Even though the donut was average, she changed her perception of what "average" is based upon the compiled perception of her peers. What's crazier, she'll slowly begin to define these particular donuts as high-quality simply based on the same notion! (ala "The RP Guide to defeating the Enemy: Mindset")

So what can be taken from all of this? Several things:

- Long-term plates are nigh-impossible to maintain in the long-run. Top 20% is no longer enough to keep plates interested long-term. There are too many other options and they're too easy for her to access. As such, one can never expect it.
- Dicks hold no inherent value to women. Sex is readily available at all times for her and whatever reason she's chosen for sleeping with you can easily be exhausted.
- Sexual prowess is defined more by perception than experience. Her and other womens' perception of you will define your sexual prowess, not inherently how well you stroke her walls. Granted, a certain level of sexual expertise has to be maintained, but assuming she's your plate and not a ONS, I'd wager these qualifications have been met. She won't base the quality of sex she's had on the amount of orgasms, she'll base it from r how other women would rather be in her position, the man's frame throughout and man's SMV at the time of the interaction.

"The Red Piller's Guide to Women"

691 upvotes | October 22, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

“The Red Piller’s Guide to Women”

“If you know the enemy and know yourself, you need not fear the result of a hundred battles. If you know yourself but not the enemy, for every victory gained you will also suffer a defeat. If you know neither the enemy nor yourself, you will succumb in every battle.” –Sun Tzu, The Art of War

Glossary

- *A Foreword*
 - *Chapter 1: The Mindset of Women*
 - *Chapter 2: The Perceptions of Women*
 - *Chapter 3: “Local Sexy Single Women” Fallacy i.e. The Over-Validation of Women Online*
 - *Summation*
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A Foreword

I’ve completely re-written the “Local Sexy Single Women” chapter of this post. I felt that as the term and subject matter becomes more and more prevalent, a proper explanation of the fallacy should be readily available.

Chapter 1: The Mindset of Women

There is little logic required to influence the thoughts of women. Women base their thought processes solely on 2 factors: *how they feel about something (emotions)* and *how they feel about something right there and then (perception)*.

Mental Activity

The emotional and short-term perceptual basis of a woman's thought process often contradict one another in seemingly irrational ways:

Brenda loves the taste and smell of vanilla ice cream (logic), but because Jenny from accounting called her a fat cow last Wednesday while she at vanilla ice cream during her lunch break, she may associate her negative FEELINGS towards Jenny to her overall PERCEPTION of vanilla ice cream. This'll lead to her blaming the consumption of vanilla ice cream to Jenny's comment, not her lack of calorie moderation.

Now until something positively influences her perception of vanilla ice cream, she will continue to feel negatively towards ice cream as the cause of her weight gain and the cause of Jenny's remark.

This is the framework behind "hamstering".

Feelings

Women don't get caught up in the *why* behind something that makes them happy, more-so the access to the feeling itself i.e. the *what, when, how much* and *how often*.

Women are lost in the constant pursuit of "feel-good" emotions due to their short-term, ever-changing thought processes: *happiness, security, curiosity, lust, intrigue, complacency, etc.*

This "pursuit of happiness" also succumbs to the ever-changing nature of a woman's perspective and beliefs.

Brenda's vanilla ice cream may have made her happy earlier today, but because of Jenny's rude comment on her second chin, she'll hate vanilla ice cream tomorrow.

This causes her to constantly feel the need to seek out multiple "feel-good" stimuli and keep close secondary fail-safe "feel-good" stimuli as a countermeasure.

Women don't plan out long-term supplies of these feel-good emotions like men would due to their "in-the-moment", constantly-shifting perspectives, and as such, are always looking for the next best thing in case one of her current "feel-good" stimuli fails.

This is the framework behind "hypergamy".

Perception

As I've explained above, women don't plan for long-term "feel-good" stimuli due to the risks of being left with no stimuli in the short-term and the chance that the long-term stimuli will disappear before reaching its full potential.

Because of this, women do not care about a "potential" or "likely" benefit to them nor do they care about stimuli operating outside of their personal perspective (i.e. grasp).

They only care about things and people that will provide them "feel-good" stimuli in the short-term which operate within a close proximity to them (i.e. ease of access).

This is also the framework behind hypergamy.

This is why women don't care about your job as a Senior Technical Engineer in and of itself because the literal actions you take while working that job do not provide them with any sort of feel-good stimulus. It's the RESULTS from working your job –the security of a house, the happiness brought on by items bought using your paycheck- that truly provides these feelings for them.

This is also why women cannot "love" unconditionally; while a man can love a woman for what she does, a woman loves a man for what he provides in the short-term. The phrase "I love you" coming from a woman honestly translates into "I love how you make me feel at this particular point in time through the "feel-good" stimuli you are providing me".

That's not to say she isn't *impressed* by your ability to work that job. But because she has little to no understanding of the complexity of that job and learning about said complexity does not provide her with the "feel-good" sensation she requires, she deems it as unimportant. It exists outside of her perspective.

Relationships with Men

The desire for relationships from the mindset of women stem from her recognition of a man as an established provision of multiple long-term "feel-good" stimuli (not on the potential for said provision as women don't care about potentiality).

NOTE: This mindset explains why lesbian relationships can effectively exist; the woman is being provided multiple "feel-good" stimuli from one person over a long-period of time and her sexually-based stimuli are effectively being taken care of to the degree required by her individual necessity.

In short, women are drawn to men (or other women) that make them feel good in the moment AND men they've determined can make them feel good for a long time. This goes for plate-spinners, natural alphas, RP alphas and betas alike, with the only difference being the stimuli each provides.

An alpha's determined provision is sex, passion, intrigue and lust (visceral, reptilian). The beta's determined provision is security, comfort, and validation (support).

From this perspective, a woman's "unicorn" is a man who can provide all stimuli they require at once (provide sex and intrigue and provide security and validation) all while providing said stimuli at the

same level, consistently, over a long period of time.

It's their belief in this "Prince Charming" and their limited foresight when obtaining "feel-good" stimuli that leads many women to marry once-Alpha men with the belief that she's "feel" this way for him forever or why women pursue "bad boys" with the intention of "fixing them up".

Women are constantly trying to build their unicorns; they like how they feel in the moment with these men and they want that *FEELING* to last forever.

This is the framework behind monogamy and marriage.

Ever hear a woman utter the phrase "I want this moment to last forever" in a RomCom? This is the moment they're referring to.

The problem with the woman's understanding of her Prince Charming lies the limitation of having just one provision.

Having only one "feel-good" stimuli, no matter how powerful a stimuli it is, runs counter to the very nature of women (requiring "feel-good" at any moment and requiring multiple "feel-goods" as insurance).

Insurance

Let's assume Prince Charming exists. He's everything a woman could ever ask for: handsome, smart, funny, validating, comforting, reassuring, the whole nine yards.

She will cheat or be tempted to cheat.

Why?

Reason 1: "He's too good for her."

Her need for a "feel-good" back-up plan still exists. Because Prince Charming and *products deriving from Prince Charming* (i.e. things connected to his paycheck or his social influence) are her only source of "feel-good" stimuli, she'll undoubtedly acquire a fallback or "fail-safe" guy (preferably in a similar albeit lower position than Prince Charming, otherwise she'd leave Prince Charming) to rely on should Prince Charming find himself a better suited woman.

Why does she do this?

Because she can.

With a vast supply of men to choose from, it's easy for her to pick out not only the best male she possibly can but also his runner-ups as well.

NOTE: These runner-ups are not necessarily beta. A second-tier alpha is simply a man she's determined to have her required characteristics for an good alpha, but an alpha she's determined to be lower-tier compared to the alpha she's currently with.

Reason 2: "There's only one of him."

As great as Prince Charming is, he's still only one guy with his own life, goals and destinations. **He can only be around her but for so long and his influences only reach but so far.** On top of this, her needs and desires for a "feel-good" stimuli are in the moment and must be considered *at all times*.

Let's say she visits a foreign land for 2 weeks and becomes horny. Let's also say she encounters a handsome Foreign Prince who meets all of her qualifications for being an alpha. Because her focus is limited to the moment and the "good feeling" that moment is providing her, she's likely to succumb to said feelings.

This is commonly why women explain their infidelity with "I needed you but you weren't there!"

She's right to a degree; **she cheated because her mind required that specific "feel-good" stimuli (sex, intrigue, lust) and due to the limitation of the man's presence, influence or due to a lack in the over-all CURRENT quality of the stimuli, she went to seek it out elsewhere.**

Because of how their minds are constructed, women don't see sex with another man as infidelity. If they did, they'd also see going to X restaurant instead of Y restaurant due to Y restaurant distance or rundown state as an act of infidelity as well.

Women only see long-term utilization of another man's "feel-good" stimuli as cheating. That is why women weigh emotional infidelity higher than sexual infidelity in general.

Think of it like a cellphone tower. The signal that tower gives off are only beneficial to you so long as your cellphone gets reception. Anywhere outside of that range, you'll require another means of communication to connect with your friends. In this instance, you may "*cheat*" on your cellphone tower by using someone else's phone out of the necessity of your current situation. Yet when you've returned home and you're back within range of your tower, you continue with your phone as if it never happened. This is the mindset of a woman regarding infidelity.

Note: This also explains the "guilt" a woman feels after infidelity; she doesn't feel bad about what she's done, she's mourning the sudden lost of multiple "feel-good" stimuli she'd once been given by her bf/husband. She also feels anger towards the bf/husband as he is the one who has separated her from said stimuli (remember, she sees no fault in infidelity, only the repercussions of being caught).

This in turn alters her perception of him from wonderful alpha/beta to "the horrible person who made her feel bad and separated her from happiness", regardless of whatever they've had in the past.

Reason 3: "He was mean to her last Tuesday."

As described by the vanilla ice cream example, a woman's perspective is constantly changing and updating. Although Prince Charming himself hasn't changed, her feelings and beliefs about him have.

Because a woman is always "in the moment", her perception of Prince Charming will solely be based upon her feelings towards him the last time she saw him and NOT a collective summary of all their times together, as this would be a very logically-based conclusion.

As such, let's suppose Prince Charming and this woman get into a heated argument that made her feel terrible. Then, her Prince Charming leaves for a 2-week vacation to cool off without rectifying

her negative emotions. Now she is left alone and in desperate need of some –if not all- her “feel-good” stimuli requirements met, yet all of her resources have walked out the door with Prince Charming.

As specified, all women have a back-up plan, and hers is Prince Savy. Remember that a woman’s beliefs stem from her perceptive and not logical facts, so regardless of all that Prince Charming has provided her in the past, *at this very moment* she feels hatred and disgust at the thought of him, believing him to be a terrible man for making her feel this way.

She was left with needs to be met and Prince Savy happily obliges.

Real World Example

Here is a good example of a woman's perception of someone being altered (received this morning/afternoon).

Let's review what her actions, her text messages and her time of texting have to say about her current perceptions and determine how they can be manipulated for benefit.

Context

Last night I met up with this woman I'd met on OKC whom we'll refer to as Q.

Pre-sex, I asked Q if she had to rate her sex drive between 1 and 10, what would it be? She happily replied "10". Post-sex, Q admitted that my sex drive was more likely a 10 and hers was more of an 8. She confessed that 10-level sex drives were rare and that she was having trouble keeping up.

I replied with, "I know a lot of people with 10-level sex drives."

What She Thought

It's obvious from Q's text message that she believed me to imply, "I know a lot of *attractive women* with 10-level sex drives and you're not one of them" and her perception of me has changed from ordinary alpha to "player" (this was also hinted at from her reaction when I told her she wasn't the first woman I'd met up with off dating sites).

Truth is, I was actually referring to some friends of mine when I made the comment, focusing on the "*rarity of 10-level sex drives*" she'd mentioned.

But I won't be correcting her just yet.

What She's Thinking Now

By not responding, she feels as though she's correct in her assessment and as such feels replaced. She has been told that her once-secured resource of sexual "feel-good" stimuli could be lost to another, better woman. Although her anger is *caused* by her lower sex drive when compared to her perceived competition, she has *perceived me* to be the root cause of her "bad feelings" and ultimate the bad guy of this scenario.

What She Will Think

She may seek out other men for short-term fixes to fill in the void I've left as her "feel-good" stimuli resource. I couldn't care less about that.

Because she perceives me as a high-SMV male and possibly the only high-SMV male within her current perception (range/access), she will soon realize the men she's supplementing my absence with cannot provide her the same level of stimuli (or she's just find a better/equal alpha). She'll then reach out and try to rectify the situation; not because she's admitting fault, but because she requires the level of stimuli I provide.

This is how Alpha Widows are born.

I'll then reveal the miscommunication, she'll laugh it off and we'll resume having sex like nothing happened. She'll put forth additional effort on her part during sex to help alleviate her fears of losing me as a stimuli resource. I'll reap the reward of said efforts.

Real Life Example Addendum

As predicted, Q reached out after a radio silence of 12 hours. She has now shifted her perspective of me from the a manipulative "player" only out to hurt her back to one of me as a strong "feel-good" stimuli.

Note that she now specifies that she "enjoyed my company" and that the "irrelevant BS" is a separate entity from me. Because she doesn't want to lose me as a stimuli resource, she's concluded that the offensive statement I made was the cause of her "bad feelings" and not me. This is a big step.

NOTE: If I had tried to explain prior to this point what I really intended, Q would have read such an act as one set on by guilt, similar to how a child rationalizes his bad decisions immediately after being caught.

I don't respond to this message for another 12 hours, telling her the real reason for my remark. Here's what follows.

Have you noticed how she continues as if the incident never happened? She's back within range of her cellphone tower because she enjoys the strong signal it gives.

And to the benefit of the cellphone tower, it can give its signal to multiple phones at once. Think of the relationship between men and women as **symbiotic** in that regard.

Chapter 2: The Perceptions of Women

A woman's mindset is founded on 2 key characteristics: *how she feels* (emotion) and *how she feels right now* (perception).

A woman's perception of attractiveness is founded on the same 2 characteristics: how she feels *about herself* (emotion) and how she feels about herself *now and in comparison to others* (perception).

The "*others*" are the men pursuing her i.e. men who show her affection, validation, or interest, the men to whom she *reciprocates* interest and each man's SMV *in relation to her own*.

In short, the men she chooses to keep "within range" is a strong determinant of what type of men she finds attractive, to what degree and to what end.

This "range of men" reveal her required prerequisites for any potential partner; an SMV range under which she'll categorize all men as "alpha", "beta", "unattainable" or "unworthy".

As we discussed in the "Mindset" portion, women gravitate towards the most potent "feel-good" stimuli resource within range.

Using the cellphone tower analogy, if we consider her ideals of attraction as her annual income, she'll determine her range of attraction by first determining which cellphone towers she can afford, then pick the best option among them.

The SMV of men she's prone to sleep with will determine her Alpha prerequisites, the men she's likely to "befriend" or that she only "likes like a brother" will determine her beta prerequisites, the men she tends to scorn or ignore are determined "Unworthy" and below her beta SMV and the men she drools over yet can't obtain are considered "Unattainable" and are above all of her SMV prerequisites.

This is referred to as "The Ladder Theory".

The Ladder Theory

There's an saying that goes,

"A woman can determine whether or not she will sleep with you within 5 minutes of meeting you".

This is true. To an extent.

Every woman has a mental checklist of traits any man must meet in order to be placed on a particular ladder.

While the original Ladder Theory only addresses two ladders ("Friends" i.e. Betas and "Potential Partners" i.e. Alphas), we will be discussing our newly-revised 4 Ladder method: **The Unworthy, The Beta, The Alpha, and The Unattainable.**

To better illustrate how the ladder theory works, we will use archetypes Brenda, an attractive club-hopping blonde and Alex, a heavily tattooed painter.

The Beta

Brenda arrives at Skyy Bar with her friends. She quickly notices Alex across the bar and thinks he's attractive, so she signals him with an IOI. Alex responds with a devilish smirk, brushes his hair back and begins to walk over to Brenda.

For the sake of argument, let's attach numerical values to Brenda's "SMV Range of Men" better understand Brenda's prerequisites in general and for each ladder:

Brenda's Attainable SMV Range: 4-25

Unworthy (<0-3) Beta (4-15) Alpha (15-25) Unattainable (>25)

Now, let's attach a value to one of Alex's characteristics i.e. his tattoos:

Alex's Awesome Body Ink (+15)

Before actually speaking with Alex, his tattoos alone would have put him *towards the bottom of the Alpha ladder* (more on this later).

Brenda finds that large tattoos extremely attractive, so this would stand that Alex –whose covered head to toe in tattoos- is likely to end up on Brenda's "Alpha" ladder.

That is, if physical attraction was *all* that mattered.

Brenda weighs each trait of Alex's differently, some even negatively.

Brenda sits down and chats with Alex. Although she thinks he's attractive, from their conversation, she also thinks Alex is a pushover, timid, she hated how he agreed with everything she said, dislikes that he's worked at Kinko's for 8 years and feels like he comes off as too sexually desperate.

In lieu of their conversation, Brenda's "updated" evaluation of Alex becomes...

Alex's Awesome Body Ink: (+15), Weak Frame(-2), Meekness (-2), Fear of Confrontation (-2), Unambitious (-2), Scarce Mentality (-2)

Therefore, in Brenda's mind...

Alex, That Tattooed Guy from The Skyy Bar = 5 (Low-Ladder Beta)

Alex is baffled by this crash and burn. He's confused by how such a "sure thing" could so quickly turn into "let's just be friends" and "I don't see you that way".

Men don't have multiple ladders. Men have *one*.

For the advancement of society, men had to possess the propensity to fuck any and every woman. Because of this, men *only* possess a "Potential Partners" ladder.

Also, the majority of all prerequisites for men on determining a woman's placement on their Potential Partners ladder is based on physique or sensory determinants; unlike women, characteristics like intelligence, social status, personality, etc. are not *inherently* a factor.

Alex is distressed by the loss of a chance with Brenda. He follows her and her friends around the bar to try and rectify the situation. Every time Brenda separates from her friends to get a drink or use the restroom, there's Alex trying to talk big. Brenda begins to get annoyed.

What Alex isn't understanding is that once he was placed on Brenda's "Beta" ladder, he cannot "jump" to the "Alpha" ladder to avoid climbing up the "Beta" ladder.

This concept is called “**ladder-jumping**” and it is impossible.

Brenda won't wake up one day and think scarce mentality, meekness and a weak frame are suddenly attractive. AWALT prevents the feasibility of this.

While Alex can't “*jump*” to the next ladder, he can certainly “*drop*” to a lower one.

This concept is called “**ladder dropping**” and it is very possible.

Even *if* Alex had portrayed multiple Alpha qualities (20), a few Beta mistakes would be all it took to “drop” him down to her “Beta” ladder.

Herein lies one of the key points to The Ladder Theory:

Once placed on a ladder, the only way to move onto “better” ladder is to climb up the ladder you were initially placed on past all the other men she's placed above you. After accomplishing this, you must begin at the bottom of the “better” ladder, again below those she's placed above you.

For Alex to even get a taste of sex with Brenda, he'll have to make Brenda *genuinely* believe that he's a better match than Clyde (7), James (9) and Jason (13). And that's just to get on the *bottom* of the Alpha Ladder!

And imagine the kinky things Chad (25) must be doing to her!

The fundamentals of The Ladder Theory explain the key reasons The Red Pill community stresses good physique, interesting and successful lifestyle and having the ability to let go/ drop out:

- A good physique and interesting lifestyle will guarantee a higher “ladder position” when meeting most if not all women. As such, the likelihood of being placed on her “Alpha” ladder is much higher.
- The ability to drop out quickly reduces the amount of time lost. Some women will drop you down to the “Beta” ladder, as no man's the Prefect Alpha™. It's much simpler and less time consuming to move onto a woman whose likely to put you on their Alpha ladder within hours than to spend months attempting to work your way up her Beta ladder *just* to end up on the bottom of the Alpha one.

The Unworthy

After leaving Skyy Bar, Alex drunkenly confesses to Brenda that he's fallen deeply in love with her over the course of one night in a bunch of page-long text messages.

Alex's Desperate Pleas for Attention (-5)

This action results in Alex being dropped down to...

Alex That Creepy Stalker from Skyy Bar = 0 (Unworthy)

Alex is now *below* Brenda's SMV range and on her highly-populated “Unworthy” ladder. Once here, it is almost impossible to climb out, leaving the Alpha ladder as nothing more than a pipe dream.

Alex has noticed Brenda's not answering her phone like she used to. He continues to call until Brenda becomes annoyed enough to block his number entirely. Goodbye Alex.

Although Alex is *still* considered physically attractive by Brenda, his cons deftly outweigh his pros. And while Alex was placed on the “Unworthy” ladder by Brenda, Bob is considered universally Unworthy.

Bob arrived at the Skyy Bar shortly after Brenda. He thought Brenda was more gorgeous than Athena herself and tried every trick of seduction he’d learned. Most of Bob’s advances were ignored, so he attempted the “asshole” approach he’d seen Chad use. Brenda swears at him and dumps her Redbull Vodka down his plump shoulders.

Bob’s lack of physique and persistence caused Brenda discomfort.

Bob’s Over-weight Appearance (-10)

Low-SMV men like Bob disgust Brenda.

To Brenda, Bob’s traits were valued at...

Bob’s Soft Spoken Tone (-2), Short Stature (-5)

And so Bob was considered...

WhatsHisName, that Fat Creepy Guy from Skyy Bar = -17 (Unworthy)

By showing his affection, the Bob is implying that they consider Brenda attainable. This consideration threatens Brenda’s perception of her own SMV (i.e. attaching ego to attraction) because if Bob and other low-SMV men consider her attainable, she may not be as beautiful as she once thought.

It basically boils down to:

- If Brenda aims for Chad (25) and Chad reciprocates, it reinforces her perception that she’s attractive.
- If Brenda ignores Bob (-17) yet Bob persists, it shatters her perception that she’s attractive.

As reference to the “Mindset” section, Brenda directed her anger, fear and frustration back towards the Bob because in *her* mind *Bob* was the root cause of her “bad feeling” by making her feel unattractive and the cause of her loss of the “feel-good” stimuli of her belief she was attractive.

In short, “Bob made me think, which made me feel, which felt bad, so Bob is to blame.”

Ignoring his wet clothes, Bob believes if he can get Brenda into intellectual conversation, he can convince her to sleep with him through his job, hobbies and ambitions.

Bob is attempting to use his assets and personality to leverage against his poor physique which *could* work in some cases. Bob has a decent understanding of that.

What Bob *doesn’t* understand is that physique is a prerequisite to physical attraction, physical attraction is non-negotiable, impressing her does not equal intriguing her, his potential means nothing to her with results *aaand* Brenda’s interest don’t extend beyond her perception.

Brenda, finally giving in to his persistence, decides to hear him out...

Bob’s engineering job that Brenda doesn’t understand (+0), Bob’s high income (+10), Bob/Brenda’s mutual love of wrestling (+4), Personality (+5), Bob’s Potential Raise in 2 Years (+0), Bob’s Rolex (+2)

Even though she sees Bob in a slightly better light...

Bob, That Fat Rich Guy from Skyy Bar = 4 (Bottom-Ladder Beta)

..she has places him at the bottom of the “Beta” ladder. She hasn’t forgotten all of Bob’s negative traits and will weight them *all* to reach her conclusion.

Unlike Alex, Bob will have a much harder climb considering his unattractive physique weighing him down (pun intended).

The Alpha/The Unattainable

A few months pass and Alex (13) has miraculously moved to the top of Brenda’s “Beta” ladder. He knows all of Brenda’s interests, movies, music choices, hangs out with her constantly, texts her daily and talks to her on the phone for hours at a time.

Alex and Brenda go on a date to Skyy Bar, the bar where they’d first met. Alex has planned to use this date to ask Brenda to be his girlfriend.

Chad (25) arrives shortly after Brenda and Alex and is greeted by the glances of many intrigued women around the bar. One of whom is Brenda, Alex notices and feels a wave of insecurity.

Chad’s opening appeal to Brenda, before she even notices his physique or personality or hobbies, is the **pre-selection** he’s immediately garnered from other women.

Pre-selection operates under the concept of groupthink; what’s appealing to the majority is perceived appealing to the individual, what’s unfavorable to the majority is perceived unfavorable to the individual.

Chad’s Popularity Among Women (+15)

Even if cellphone tower A provides a better signal than cellphone tower B, if tower B has twice as many users, tower B’s popularity alone will attract more users than tower A. This is considered the basis of good marketing and branding techniques (Tylenol and Generic Brand are the same, but the majority favors Tylenol, so there must be a reason, right?)

Chad walks by Brenda and Alex’s table and barely acknowledges Brenda; a short half-hearted grin then off to the bar. Brenda thinks Chad is gorgeous.

Chad’s Physique (+10)

Chad hits on Melody the WonderTits™ bartender first. She turns him down abruptly.

It’s not that Melody finds Chad physically unattractive nor that she’s left unimpressed by his garnered pre-selection.

Melody’s SMV range (20-45) is *much* higher than Brenda’s; the men who meet Melody’s “Alpha” prerequisites (35-45) are men Brenda would consider unattainable (>25).

For Melody, the best Chad (25) can hope for is to end up on her “Beta” ladder (20-35).

Brenda makes an excuse to leave Alex and rushes to the bar. She throws a flurry of not-so-subtle IOIs in Chad’s direction and he reciprocates.

Alex notices Chad whispering something briefly into Brenda’s ear. He can’t make out what they’re saying. She looks offended at first, Chad smirks, says something else, she giggles and they begin to walk out together. Alex tries to catch up to confront Brenda but loses them in the crowd.

A few moments later, with a bladder full of Gin, he distinctly hears Brenda's moans echoing of the bathroom walls.

Unenlightened, Alex will forever wonder what magic words Chad whispered to Brenda to have her bent over a bar toilet within seconds, something he couldn't accomplish after months of trying. Yet he again fails to see the bigger picture.

Alex was doomed from the start; even though he'd done well to jump from a 0 to a 13 in a matter of months, he was still a 13 and thus was still on Brenda's "Beta" ladder.

Alex's hard work does not equate towards the guarantee of sex. Just as attraction is non-negotiable, attraction is not something that can be "earned" through time and diligence.

Alex may have added +13 to his SMV, but he is still limited to Brenda's perception of *all* his traits:

$$(+15)(-10)(-5)(+13)= 13$$

And what's worse for Alex, the +13 increase to his SMV is specific TO BRENDA ONLY; unlike something universal like physique or gaining an interesting hobby, the +13 increase Alex has gained by getting to know Brenda will NOT "carry over" to other women.

Even if he hides his negative traits with the next woman, the highest he could hope for with a woman as attractive as Brenda is low-ladder Alpha (15). And that's only if they admire tattoos as much as she did.

Several months *wasted*.

A woman's attraction is centered upon a "range" of SMVs she perceives she is operating within and the role of each man residing within said range determined by the values she places on certain positive/negative characteristics these men portray.

Chapter 3: "Local Sexy Single Women" Fallacy i.e. The Over-Validation of Women Online

Sites like Instagram, Tinder and Facebook always seem to show tons of "local sexy single women" living in your area.

These "local single sexy women" (which will be referred to as LSSW for the remainder of this post) are rarely as attractive as they are in their profile pictures.

They'll try to hide all of stretch marks, sudden obesity and the like all while shit-testing as if they were the WonderTits™ they pretend to be.

These LSSWs are knowingly and skillfully portraying a façade of former selves to garner validation, attention, admiration, reassurance, the list goes on.

So then why do these LSSW go through all the cropping and photoshopping and filtering and lens flares and brush touch ups to pretend to be an HB9 then ACT like an HB9 when meeting in-person when it's so clear that, in reality, they're unattractive? Because they can get away with it.

The Origin of The “LSSW” Fallacy

Simply put, the online LSSW mindset is synonymous to the “**princess effect**”.

When women were little girls, they were told they had intrinsic value just for being alive and female (i.e. “my pussy deserves to be on this pedestal because I’m different from everyone else because mommy, daddy and my beta buddy said so”).

Also, because of the woman-catering online landscape, these women are provided an endless supply of betas and alphas alike that’ll give up validation by the barrel-full jut for the slim chance she might open her Pearly Gates™.

Online Orbiter: “I’ll keep chatting until she agrees to a date”

LSSW: “I must be so incredibly attractive and valuable to society, all these guys are chatting me up all day!”

It gets to the point where the woman becomes unreceptive to all real or obvious outside negative stimuli that may have previously caused her to change or better herself

LSSW: “What do I care what OmLaLa thinks about my obesity? I have 55 messages from guys on Tinder that tell me I’m beautiful this way. Big is beautiful.”

The key factors that we will cover to explain the basis and continuation of the “**LSSW fallacy**” are female abundance mentality (the limitless online validation condition), female *perceived* SMV vs. her actual SMV, the abundance of online BP scarce mentality, and online anonymity.

We will first need to build character archetypes to better illustrate the average LSSW and her rationale behind her decisions or lack thereof.

So then, let’s start with Brenda, a Post-Wall LSSW who, on her dating site profile, neglects to mention her all of her faults.

The Definition of a “Local Sexy Single Woman”

Brenda was once an attractive woman. In her prime, she was roughly an HB8 and she garnered tons of validation and reassurances due to her high SMV.

She had several male orbiters who would buy her food, pay for her gas, with one of the poor suckers even buying her a car.

What she had –and what a lot of high SMV people have- was minor social influence.

Social influence runs parallel to the concepts behind the “**halo effect**”; the more attractive you’re perceived to be by others the more people will want to follow you, the more trustworthy you’ll seem to them, the more interesting you’ll seem, the better you’ll smell, regardless of whether or not you’ve actually changed at all.

It’s not that attractive people ARE smarter, funnier, more interesting, or smell better; they are simply PERCEIVED that way.

In Brenda’s case, this social influence she controlled would be considered minor because she only influenced a small amount of men within a much larger society.

Keep this in mind, we'll address this later.

Unfortunately, Brenda hit the wall at an early age and at the top of her prime.

Almost overnight, her SMV plummeted. Her beta orbiters, not yet ripe and ready for “picking” ran off to orbit the next HB and left her stranded and de-valued.

Normally, a post-wall woman in her condition would normally scoop up the first frumpy, bottom-of-the-bargain-bin-in-Walmart beta she could find and settle down.

But no. Not Brenda.

A common phrase you'll hear on TRP is “**past value does not guarantee future benefits**”.

Brenda was fully aware of her recent decline in appearance.

But what kept Brenda from settling down –despite being post-wall- was a source of HB9-level validation that required little to no work on her part. Online dating sites and Social Media.

Brenda manipulates her current displayed SMV by using her past SMV as a façade (using old pictures to represent her “online SMV”) in order to capitalize on future benefits (male attention/validation based on false online SMV).

She will then rationalize all of this new-found attention as deserved as the pictures are still pictures/representations of her.

And so, Brenda creates a Tinder profile using her outdated HB8 pictures to attract a collection of helpless and desperate betas.

This is result of combining mass online scarce mentality and the betas'/LSSWs' anonymity leads to a delusion of SMV on Brenda's end.

Let's move on to Kevin, the “nice guy” who attempts to hook-up with the random LSSWs on Tinder/PoF/OKCupid, but always seems to get stuck in meaningless conversations about work, world news, weight and the weather.

The “Nice Guy” Over-Populace

For Kevin, dating sites were a god-send.

Kevin wasted hours upon hours in chats and messages with multiple LSSWs, giving them extensive details about his life goals, careers, ambitions, dreams, opinions, beliefs and motivations.

He'd soaked in all of the LSSWs' woes, problems and opinions, giving them step-by-step advice on how to fix themselves.

Kevin's over-persistence in the online landscape compared to his persistence in the real-world results from the combination of scarce mentality and online anonymity within the online landscape. The absence of the fear of rejection makes Kevin's attempts more bold and frequent.

He can also optimize how many women they can converse with at one time thanks to the internet's ease of access.

The Effects of Mass False-Validation

What you get from a multitude of “Kevins” all taking the same approach online is

- *a mass of undeserved validation for the LSSW, the amount to which she'd never have received previously.*
- *major social influence for the LSSW over a beta populace, as opposed to the minor social influence Brenda had in just her local area.*
- *the delusion of the LSSW that her actual SMV is as high as her online SMV.*

Both the betas and LSSWs feel benefited from this exchange, but the benefits for the LSSWs are much greater. It becomes a societal-based parasitic relationship.

This is the key issue behind the LSSW Fallacy; less attractive women are being overly-validated by a mass of beta males to the point they believe they're worth it. They will then pedestal their own pussies to unrealistic levels because of their newfound abundance mentality. And on the online landscape, the unattractive woman's SMV means little to nothing because it can be manipulated.

Summation

To combat and succeed against women, first you must understand that the thoughts, mindsets, beliefs and rationalization behind their actions are based upon values very different from ours, an oversight many of us tend to make. A woman's understanding of the world is thoroughly subjective as it is purely based around her own focal point: her interactions within the world, experiences in the moment and her interpretation/internalization of the information the world puts in front of her.

-OmLaLa the Machiavellian

"The Machiavellian Approach to Passive Game Manipulation"

Part 1

300 upvotes | October 27, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- An extensive analysis on the Machiavellianistic implementation of passive/pre-selection sexual strategy, using the manipulation process behind a threesome as it's framework.

"The Machiavellian Approach to Passive Game Manipulation"

Part 1

"Fortune is a woman, and if you wish to keep her under it is necessary to beat and ill-use her; and it is seen that she allows herself to be mastered by the adventurous rather than by those who go to work more coldly." -Niccolò Machiavelli

Disclaimer: On Machiavellianistic Amorality

First and foremost, both in comprehension throughout and in commentary below, leave your sense of morality at the door.

Game is amoral. Machiavellianism is amoral. The world is amoral.

Manipulating those around you for your own personal benefit i.e. adopting a psuedo-Machiavellian persona is big part of this strategy.

People will be used, discarded. Your lessers stepped on. Your blue friends manipulated.

Unlike other strategies, a high level of morality will hinder you.

But not unlike one's perceptions and opinions, morality is innately subjective.

Its subjective in that no one will value your sense of moral justice as highly as you.

While I do have *some* codes of ethics (don't purposefully persue a friend's LTR, etc.), this is still in my own best interest and I would never expect someone to hold my code of ethics to the same level that I do. That level is subjective to me.

That said, anyone that exists outside of my inner circle that is weak or frail enough to be stepped on or over for my own personal betterment, will be. I'd encourage you to adapt this line of mental processing before proceeding forward.

Again, to those who abhor the notions of absolutist or objectivist amorality, this was your

warning. This is not the place for you.

A Foreword

The point here is not the story in and of itself.

The point is to understand the importance behind every action taken in the story to improve the sexual strategy or, at the very least, the comprehension of said strategy amongst other RPerS.

In light of this, this field report will take a more analytical perspective, abandoning the tongue-and-cheek approach found in previous entries.

Also, this field report will be extensive. VERY extensive. Without a thorough establishment on how context, the implementation of passive strategy and on how motive, mindset, strategies and the end-goals of all characters involved ultimately led to the field reports conclusion, the results inherently become unnecessarily difficult for other RPerS to repeat.

On that note, let's begin by defining the key players and how they identify.

The Key Players

The Red Players

- **OmLaLa:** *OP, highest male SMV present at event*
 - **Cam:** *Natural Alpha (Chad Thundercock), a close friend, non-RP, has a crush on Jill*
 - **Scarlet:** *Self-Identifying Machiavellian Black Widow (Devil's Daughter), "Open" Marriage to Beta, HB9, highest female SMV present at event*
-

The Blue Players

- **Brad:** *Natural Beta, very low SMV, has a crush on Cindy*
 - **Ben:** *Chad-ish Beta, low SMV, dating Jill*
-

The Female Players

- **Cindy:** *Bi-Curious mid-CC HB8, ex-girlfriend to Mandy*
- **Mandy:** *Bi-Curious mid-CC HB7, ex-girlfriend to Cindy*
- **Jill:** *Normal attractive HB9, dating Ben, second most highest female SMV present at event behind Scarlett*

Each one of these players played a role the greater strategy, all roles which will be covered within this field report.

Additional depth will be given to each individual player as they become more relevant to the strategy at play.

Context

Cam and I were recently invited to attend a masquerade style Halloween party.

The party was hosted by one of our wealthier friends.

Roughly 50 people attended the party. Half in their late 20's to early 30s, the other half over 40 and married, although a fairer portion of these married couples identified as "open".

Cam's the textbook definition of a Chad: tall with an aloof approach to just about everything.

I enjoy keeping him around because his main social circles consist mainly of attractive women.

Although he'd never openly admit it, Chad follows me around as an attempt to comprehend how "a guy like me" ends up with "girls like that". *To learn my secret*, as it were.

Cam has a clear height advantage over me (Cam's ~6'4" to my 6'0"). Given that, judging solely based on physique alone, some might say our SMV is similar. More on this later.

Cindy and **Mandy** are new to our circle. Both of them identify as quote-unquote "lesbians", but recently they've gone through an unavoidable rough patch and have since split up.

Neither of them drink, sobriety being an important factor in this field report's conclusion.

Out of the two, Cindy's more attractive, so Cindy was my target.

Jill was Cam's target, although in all honesty, Jill was out of his league.

Common Flaws of the Natural Alpha

The reason I concluded that Jill is out of Cam's league is that while Cam understands the importance of male attractiveness, he doesn't seem to grasp the importance of frame control.

While appearance is a prerequisite for a general initiation from women, women will ultimately weigh which of the 4 Ladders to place a man on (The Unworthy, The Beta, The Alpha, or The

Unattainable), based upon her judgement of both good traits AND bad. Cam views emotional dependancy on women as a positive trait while most women will generally view such a trait as a weakness of frame or as a sign of scarce mentality.

Another strength of Cam's is his inherently "picky" nature with regards to women he'll actually pursue.

Cam ONLY pursues women who met a strict criteria he's lain out, making the women who don't quite stack up desperately pine for his attention, giving him a constant aura of "pre-selection".

His deeper fault comes from his knack for appearing too invested when women *do* meet his criteria. He tends to cling onto any relationship he has with qualifying women and thus either bores them or scares them off.

What he gets from that -and what he often witnesses- is hot-cold interactions women. Women who fawn over him one day and ignore him/cheat on him the next.

This is because these women are initially drawn into his frame by the pre-sectorial nature he's garnered through the women he's rejected or by admiring his high level of prerequisites any woman must meet in order to become involved with him.

And yet, due to the high levels of emotional attachment he poses, they soon feel betrayed; they're lured in by Alpha tendencies yet ended up with what they perceive to be a beta.

In short, while his passive game is strong, his active game consistently undermines him. He's stuck in a revolving door he doesn't know how to operate.

The truth is, if he simply approached his qualifying women with the same lackluster appeal that he uses with his non-qualifying women, he'd see a much higher success rate. But you can't make a horse drink.

Also, due to these his high protocol female prerequisites in combination with his cling-prone nature, his sexual interactivity is severely limited, occuring in spurts. This in turn has burdened him with a scarce mentality, leading towards additional over-investment, and so on. The Blue Cycle in practice.

His commitment towards monogamy doesn't benefit him either, considering the women he oft gravitates almost always openly identify as polyamorous, in part due to the circles he typically meets them in (raves, concerts, EDM parties, etc).

But I digress.

The Passive/Pre-Selection Strategy

At the party, the average physique of the women greatly outweighed that of the men.

While some might see the SMV imbalance as a blessing, in some ways it could be seen as a hindrance.

This imbalance can cause a sort-of small-scale replica of the "Local Sexy Single Women (LSSW) Fallacy"; a horde of lower-SMV men pouring out validation, bolstering up the high-SMV women's already high perception of themselves even higher.

But, all things considered, this shouldn't necessarily be seen as a roadblock. It should moreso be seen as a need for "cold approach tactition adjustment".

As so, the **Passive/Pre-Selection** approach was decidly the best sexual strategy for this event.

*But how does one go about implementing the PPS approach? *

The PPS approach is an inherently passive means at building sexual intrigue, based almost entirely on pre-selection and mystery. On that note, this strategy is best used on people you've just met among people/women who already view your SMV as high. The idea is to get the target woman's perceptions of your SMV to match the perceptions of others who view your SMV highly through via groupthink and the intrigue of the unknown.

In execution, PPS is rather simple. The difficulty lies in the overall comprehension of it; some might see a *passive* approach as a contradictory ideal, considering it falls subsidiary to "cold approaching", which is almost always considered an very *active* approach method.

To those of you who might read passive strategy as complex, focus not on the explanation detailing *why* or *how* it work.

Focus on the actions being taken. The actions themselves are small, simple and subtle. The complexity of this discussion is for you to fully understand why so subtle an action makes such a strong impression (in part due to women's covert means of communication, but that's another post entirely).

With that said, I will do my best to describe the theory behind passive-approach strategy, describe how it's implemented and address how it's incorporated within the framework of the threesome.

Proceed with an open mind. Some of these concepts ahead might prove difficult for newer members to accurately digest.

"Don't be the first to address, show interest or even show acknowledgement to high-SMV women. Let them to come to you."

Higher-SMV women take notice when a high-SMV man isn't paying them a lick of attention. And when I say not a lick of attention, I mean not even looking in their general direction.

What I'm *not* implying is that through feigning a cold veneer or appearing bitter or resentful, high-SMV women will flock to you. This could be seen as anti-social, over-compensatory or overtly strategic i.e. tryhard, all of which would ultimately hinder your chances of success. What I *am* saying is that your body language around your intent ed target should generally communicate disinterest or indifference.

On the implementation of said indifference, I always think of Betty, an overweight Post-Waller who lives nearby.

She has made it perfectly clearly wants to sleep with me. But because I don't want to sleep with her, nor do I want to unintentionally communicate that I want to sleep with her i.e. Give her the wrong impression or some sense of false hope, I passively avoid looking in her direction, make up BS excuses to cut our conversations short, hold conversations with other women to a higher regard when she's around, etc.

Not *passive-aggressive*, just *passive*. I don't actively avoid Betty, i don't act cold towards Betty nor do I look down on Betty. I'm just passively showing her where she is on my SMV ladder through my actions. I return her interest with disinterest. Nothing more, nothing less.

And while interest hasn't yet been shown by the high SMV woman, your approach towards her should still be one of disinterest in that same vien.

This forces her –the target high-SMV woman- to completely step out of her frame in order to signal any form of IOI to you, making most IOIs at this point very blunt and obvious and making her interests and intentions very clear.

For example (and I'm skipping ahead a bit here), **Jill** was one of the highest-SMV women at this event. I used the same approach on her that I use almost daily ob Betty; I didnt speak to her but spoke with lesser-SMV women or high-SMV women I'd already met, I didn't look in her direction unless absolutely necessary, and even when we were talking amongst the same group of people, I didn't addressed her as "there".

After about an hour of passive avoidance, she made up a reason to approach me.

She bluntly asked if she can try my drink, i let her, she sips it, then she started a entire conversation revolving around the intricacies of different types of scotch –something she knew very little about- all while standing barely an inch away from my face, kino abound.

She established sexual tension of her own volition. She didn't like the feeling of not being desired by the highest-SMV male present (and I mean that with the utmost humility), so she left her frame completely behind in a not-so-subtle attempt to grab my "elusive" attention.

"For her first time stepping out of her frame and into yours, reward her. Hit her hard, then end abruptly."

This one takes a *bit* more tact. More... *"finesse"*.

When the high-SMV woman does step out of her frame, let her know that you've both noticed it and appreciated it. This will encourage her to do drop frame more often around you. This makes her submissive and vulnerable, which is exactly what you want.

Skipping ahead once more, when **Cindy** finally approached, I touched her hip, whispered something in her ear (sometging about how "we're going to have fun tonight"), pulled her hair, kissed her neck, then abruptly stopped, walked away and began talking to **Jill**.

In doing that, you're communicate that while you find her attractive, you both have options and force her to acknowledge that fact immediately.

You build off of her insecurities without active acknowledging them. Choosing to talk to high-SMV Jill over the other women there was all but intentional on my part.

All passive, all implied, nothing inherently said.

I didn't *tell* her I had options, she saw it. Kind of like setting the stage.

While such a "James Bond-esque" approach isn't vehemently necessary in most cases (I had the added benefit of Macallan 18), the approach must come across as nonchalant. Like you've done this before and you'll probably do it when she's not around.

With this, you're stacking uncertainty on top of her insecurities and her willingness to step out of frame, all without barely saying a word.

Now there's an establish sense of sexual tension between me and Cindy. Sexual tension is good and gets better the longer it sits idle.

We'll continue this analysis in the next part 2. Until then.

"The Machiavellian Approach" Part 2

164 upvotes | November 3, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- An extensive analysis on the Machiavellianistic implementation of passive/pre-selection sexual strategy, using the manipulation process behind a threesome as it's framework.

"The Machiavellian Approach" Part 2

"Fortune is a woman, and if you wish to keep her under it is necessary to beat and ill-use her; and it is seen that she allows herself to be mastered by the adventurous rather than by those who go to work more coldly." -Niccolò Machiavelli

Disclaimer: On Machiavellianistic Amorality

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Game is amoral. Machiavellianism is amoral. The world is amoral.

Manipulating those around you for your own personal benefit i.e. adopting a psuedo-Machiavellian persona is big part of this strategy.

People will be used, discarded. Your lessers stepped on. Your blue friends manipulated.

Unlike other strategies, a high level of morality will hinder you.

But not unlike one's perceptions and opinions, morality is innately subjective.

Its subjective in that no one will value your sense of moral justice as highly as you.

While I do have *some* codes of ethics (don't purposefully persue a friend's LTR, etc.), this is still in my own best interest and I would never expect someone to hold my code of ethics to the same level that I do. That level is subjective to me.

That said, anyone that exists outside of my inner circle that is weak or frail enough to be stepped on or over for my own personal betterment, will be. I'd encourage you to adapt this line of mental processing before proceeding forward.

Again, to those who abhor the notions of absolutist or objectivist amorality, this was your warning. This is not the place for you.

The Key Players

The Red Players

- **OmLaLa:** *OP, highest male SMV present at event*
 - **Cam:** *Natural Alpha (Chad Thundercock), a close friend, non-RP, has a crush on **Jill***
 - **Scarlet:** *Self-Identifying Machiavellian Black Widow (Devil's Daughter), "Open" Marriage to Beta, HB9, highest female SMV present at event*
-

The Blue Players

- **Brad:** *Natural Beta, very low SMV, has a crush on **Cindy***
 - **Ben:** *Chad-ish Beta, low SMV, dating **Jill***
-

The Female Players

- **Cindy:** *Bi-Curious mid-CC HB8, ex-girlfriend to **Mandy***
 - **Mandy:** *Bi-Curious mid-CC HB7, ex-girlfriend to **Cindy***
 - **Jill:** *Normal attractive HB9, dating **Ben**, second most highest female SMV present at event behind **Scarlett***
-

Context

Cindy was my target, **Jill** was **Cam's** target.

Initially, Cam piqued **Jill's** interest.

As the night had progressed, he continuously turned down multiple women, making him quite the topic of discussion, thus garnering a aura of pre-selection.

He, for a short amount of time, became collectively "Unattainable" because of the collective

pre-selectoral trait he'd developed the women he'd turned away.

Jill eventually separated from her beta-esque boyfriend **Ben** and snuck outside to initiate with Cam while he smoked.

Now had Cam been an Enlightened Alpha and not a Natural Alpha, sex would have been assured at this point. She'd begun touched all over him whenever her boyfriend left the room. She played with his hair, sat on his lap and made it clear she was interested.

But, as we addressed in Part 1, his over-investment in women he desired became his own undoing.

Cam got too excited; he wanted it too badly.

He began to act differently around Jill than before: he'd constantly if something was wrong, he'd enter in conversation circles just because Jill was there, he'd show signs of insecurity when she began talking to other men, he used too much kino, he began talking covertly instead of overtly (i.e. "I want to fuck you" became "would you like to come with me to the back room and watch the game?")...

And sure enough, in light of these changes, her interest began to wane. And in light of her waning interest, he doubled his efforts, ultimately losing her entirely.

What's worse, the other women noticed his change in character and their collective perception of him changed as well. As a result, Cam did not get laid that night.

Active v. Passive Strategies

What Cam demonstrated towards the beginning of his attempt to game Jill is a basic summary of the core ideas behind PPS strategy, which are to:

- 1) *Cause the intended target (and any other possible women within range) to perceive you as Unattainable.*
- 2) *Use kino and flirtation to lead her to believe that the Unattainable is attainable, in a sense.*

And by "make her believe the Unattainable to be attainable", I mean that she should feel that in dropping her frame, she'll receive some type of positive response (as addressed at the end of Part 1).

Women will typically attempt to initiate with Alphas they'd consider Unattainable so long as some level of mutual interest is returned once they've initiated. They'll always pine for the branch out of reach, especially if they believe it's just barely out of reach.

The degree of her initiation towards a man i.e. how far she's willing to step out of her frame will normally reveal which ladder she perceives that man should belong to: either the Alpha ladder or the Unattainable ladders.

And yet, while her perception of said man's ladder placement can –to some degree– be directly influenced, it is ill-advised. *Why?*

The very act of active-approaching (day-gaming, PUA cold approach, etc.) is an investment into her frame. You're beginning the conversation with your interest in her as the focal point.

This won't be a popular revelation amongst the community, but allow me to explain.

That is not to say an active approach doesn't work. Nor is it to say active approach isn't extremely effective.

Also, that's not to imply sexual success through active approach isn't effective. There are a multitude of day-gaming, active-approaching Enlightened Alphas on TRP that could prove its success in spades.

What it does imply, however, is that there's an opportunity cost in choosing active approach as opposed to passive approach. From passive approach, you can begin and end any interaction using a lower level of investment, making appearing Unattainable to her more feasible.

In active approach, the man approaches first, possibly says the first word. He's beginning from a deficit.

Yet through passive approach, albeit by manipulating peers via pre-selection, the woman concludes the man as Alpha naturally. She bases her conclusions off of what she sees in him from a distance and not what he presents directly towards her, feeling more genuine.

In a way, it's like marketing.

An advertisement from a company about their product (active approach) will always be received with some level of skepticism (shit tests).

The true intentions behind the flowery language, big promises and bright colors in their advertisement -while the same with all companies- are clearly profit-based (sex), so no matter how good the product is, and while buying the product is good for the company, whether it's right for the individual buyer takes time to determine (ladder placement).

And yet by hearing from peers within multiple social circles talk positively about said product (preselection) raises less questions, as the company wasn't a direct influence (passive approach) in readjusting opinions (perceptions) on the product.

It's easier for the buyer to see the product was a benefit because it's seen as a benefit to her peers (passive pre-selection).

In short, consider active and passive strategy as two different methods of catching prey.

In Active approach, you're pulling her into your frame ala fishing.

In Passive approach, you're luring her into your frame ala mousetraps.

We'll continue on with Jill and introduce Scarlett, Cindy and Mandy and discuss actual implementation in Part 3. Until then.

"The Machiavellian Approach" Part 3

120 upvotes | November 6, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- An extensive analysis on the Machiavellianistic implementation of passive/pre-selection sexual strategy, using the manipulation process behind a threesome as it's framework.

"The Machiavellian Approach" Part 3

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 - **Jill:** *Normal attractive HB9, dating **Ben**, second most highest female SMV present at event behind **Scarlett***
 - **Bri:** *early-CC HB7, friend of a friend, used a pre-selection firewood by **OmLaLa***
-

Implementation

Cindy was my intended target, **Mandy**, **Scarlet** and **Jill** were potential targets, and the rest of the women were fodder.

These 4 of these women were regarded as potential targets.

As such, they were each handled in a similar fashion: with limited and succinct attention. Cordial yet

indifferent, polite yet disinterested.

And so, while their presence at the party wasn't entirely ignored, it wasn't actively addressed either. They were dealt with in the same fashion one deals –or doesn't deal with- unattractive/invisible women.

It's well known that an Alpha shouldn't go out of his way simply to speak to an lower-SMV woman at a party full of better options.

This was the basic premise.

It should be noted however that this method of approach only works if two key elements hold true:

1) *The venue, party, bar, social circle or otherwise is small/close-knit enough for passive indifference and the interests of other women is witnessable.*

2) *SMV is already up to par pre-implementation.*

The second point is a given, so let's discuss the first.

Requirements for Implementation

I've had to clarify this several times, so allow me to clear it up once and for all here:

This will not work in a packed bar or club in the middle of downtown. Any attempts at attracting attention passively in crowded venue would be lost amongst the white noise. The only viable option in these cases is cold approaching.

That said, this approach should be limited to venues and events where the actions of others can be witnessed *in passing*. A house party, a small bar, a social outing, a private party and the like.

The only exception should be if attending a crowded venue within a group of people which contains the intended target.

In cases like these, through active approaching women outside of the group, a sense of preselection can still be brought about, albeit with more difficulty.

Strictly speaking, the intended target must be able to witness the interest of other women **in passing**. While on the way to the rest room, while talking to another group of people, while getting a drink, etc.

And that's all this is: a boost of one's SMV through manipulation of the target's perception via pre-selection.

Basically, instead of directly gaming the target, the idea is to game the women around the target then turn them down with subtlety. It's passively proving the abundance mentality to the target and other potential witnesses via purposefully misdirected active approaches with the intention of building social rapport.

In short, it's proving a man is a man of abundance in real time, thus giving off an immediate sense of high value.

Firewood

Actual Implementation generally plays out like this:

- Lower-SMV women are used as “pre-selection firewood” because their reaction towards a high-SMV male is predictable; there are fewer outside variables to consider that could possibly make or break the interaction, unlike with women near or on par with the high-SMV male.
- The lower-SMV women are either actively approached or having their IOIs are responded to with bare-minimal effort from the high-SMV male, or just enough of an effort to lead them to believe he's interested to some degree.
- Once it's clear that they're attracted to the high-SMV male i.e. they are overtly showing attraction or fiending for some form of escalation from the high-SMV male, he then subtly removes himself from the interaction to continue with another woman. Also, groups of lower-SMV women being approached and abandoned at once speeds up the process indefinitely.

However, regarding the lower-SMV women i.e. the “firewood”, that's not to say that any woman below a man's SMV will do.

While these firewood women don't have to be gorgeous, they also can't be hideous. None below a perceived HB4 can be qualified as firewood.

Reason being, attraction/pre-selection garnered from a woman HB3 and lower would fail to prove any real sense of abundance mentality.

Even a lesser male can manage to garner a harem of trolls.

That being said, the higher the SMV of the firewood, the less is required. The overt attraction of 3-4 HB7s is enough to attract the attention of an HB9.

And she will notice.

Given that the venue is intimate enough, the target has already seen the potential partner in the high-SMV male and she's most likely already at the point of passive judgement.

That said, he shouldn't be concerned with whether or not she's watching at that moment because in some shape or form, she is, whether it's by actively watching, by listening to comments being made about him, by watching the body language of women around him or those who have around him, by witnessing their level or degree of initiation, etc.

Basically, just because he is not standing nearby, does not make him invisible. Women are covert, both in communication and in judgement.

Reciprocation

While Cam continued on about how odd Jill's recent lack of interest was, I began flirting with the middle-range women, basically the HB5s or HB6s.

My flirtation approach looked like this:

"If her initiation is overt, blatant, or direct, match it with minute and passing interest."

These are the women who would excitedly walk up to me and Cam, interest drawn across their face in highlighter ink with smiles the Cashmere Cat couldn't replicate. They'd then say something blatantly flattering and direct, usually with a loud tone. "You're so sexy!" and the like.

These women will escalate and build up rapport (pre-selection) even if I didn't say a word. They're enamored for one reason or another through no active effort on my part. As such, I give them the most minimal reciprocation possible, just enough for them to say interested.

A smile, maybe some elongated eye-contact so they feel there's hope somewhere in there, then I tell them I have to "return some tapes" and go find Cam.

These women make great firewood in that:

- 1) their interest is loud and abrasive, making it hard for anyone not to take notice
 - 2) they light themselves; they were already initiated before we even spoke.
-

"If her initiation is subtle, match it with subtlety."

These women are much more common. The long, seductive stares from the other end of the room. The smiles when they aren't warranted. The hands running along an arm in passing. The random sits in laps. The bodies closer than usual. The bites on bottom lips.

Nothing said, all covert. The most common and useful firewood.

Using these women as firewood is easier than one might imagine. While these actions are catered to the event at hand, the ideas behind the actions are sound and should be adjusted to one's particular circumstance:

The Subtle Approach

Bri was an HB7 in attendance that night.

She'd come with a separate group of friends, but I'd noticed her around from time to time. All night –at least up until that point in time-, she continuously held long glances in my direction, even when in a conversation with someone else.

I never let our eyes meet. I knew she was staring, that she was interested, but if our eyes locked and I didn't actively approach within a certain time frame, it would be perceived as cowardice and not strategy.

I never went out of my way to reciprocate. I only chose to act when she was physically close by. Otherwise, it would be seen as an investment on my part, which I don't want with firewood.

I ran out of scotch and went inside to pour another glass. She was by the doorway.

Without looking in her direction, slowing pace, acknowledging her or looking back, I ran my hand lightly along the small of her back. That's it.

I didn't turn to see if she noticed because I knew she did. After I got my glass I walked by her, again without looking at her, without acknowledging it or repeating it.

Why?

ASD. She's hear with her female friends and is limited in how much she can convey/what she can say for fear of judgement or "slut shaming".

Had I repeated it on the return trip, the mystery and in turn the novelty is lost. There's no question or ambiguity about my interest.

Acknowledging it would show investment into her reaction, which I wasn't. Not acknowledging it demonstrates covertly that you don't care if she noticed or not.

In short, I chose to reciprocate her interest in a way that was both:

1) hidden, so her friends don't notice and she can save face and

2) clearly communicated that I'd both noticed and reciprocated her interests in the quickest, least-invested way possible.

Ending Context

When Bri's friends went back inside, she approached me, we spoke briefly about music, then she took me by the hand out by the docks to go "smoke".

As we were walking out, we unknowingly brushed past **Cindy** who aptly took notice of Bri.

Scarlet came down shortly there after to interrupt or "smoke session".

I realize this is getting pretty long, but there's still a lot to say. We'll continue with why Scarlet considers herself a Machiavellian and why RPW make good wing women in Part 3. Until then.

"The Unattainable Male"

124 upvotes | November 9, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- We cover the definition and determinants for an Unattainable Alpha, the differences between an Unattainable Alpha and a Regular Alpha and how to realistically become an Unattainable Alpha.

"The Unattainable Male"

"In seeking absolute truth we aim at the unattainable and must be content with broken portions." - William Osler

"What is an Unattainable Alpha male?"

Well, for starters, I'd like to readdress the Ladder Theory from "[The Red Pill's Guide to Women](#)":

"In short, the men she chooses to keep 'within range' is a strong determinant of what type of men she finds attractive, to what degree and to what end."

"This 'range of men' reveal her required prerequisites for any potential partner; an SMV range under which she'll categorize all men as alpha, beta, unattainable or unworthy."

"Using the cellphone tower analogy, if we consider her ideals of attraction as her annual income, she'll determine her range of attraction by first determining which cellphone towers she can afford, then pick the best option among them."

...the men she drools over yet can't obtain are considered "Unattainable" and are above all of her SMV prerequisites.

In short, unattainable men differ from regular Alphas in a selectoral sense. While Alphas upon her Alpha ladder are organized by their degree of "feel-good stimuli provision, Unattainable Alphas are organized her desire of interation with them.

For example, a low-SMV woman will almost always perceive an Enlightened Alpha as Unattainable, meaning that she's likely to many any sacrifice necessary to interact with said Enlightened Alpha in any form.

To better explain how Regular Alphas are placed on a woman's Alpha ladder, let's use another example.

Say Ben and Adam are waiting in line at a club.

While they will both get into the club eventually, Ben is standing 5 people ahead of Adam, and so understandably, *Ben will get into the club first.*

This is how Regular Alphas are arranged. While a woman may see Adam and Ben as a fair source for sexual “feel-good” stimuli provision, she will bear preference for one over the other. Just as she possesses multiple beta orbiters, she is also prone to possess multiple Alphas in tow.

These Alphas are then arranged by the degree of satiation each provides, distance, physique preferences, frame, etc. which is all catered to her perception of the values of each trait.

Again, in reference to The Ladder Theory:

“The only, truly universally positive traits are those which TRP puts focus on like physique, frame, etc.”

“But even with these traits, the level at which each woman deems positive will differ from woman to woman. For example, in the case of ab’s influence to SMV, Brenda may value abs at (+10) while Barbara values them at (+8) and Marsha at (+16), respectively.”

”But why then does a sense of “Unattainability” even matter if Unattainable Alphas and Regular Alphas both have the propensity of sex with the woman in question?”

Let’s return to the club example.

Both Ben and Adam, while able to enter the club unlike their underage [*Beta*] or fake ID-wielding [*False Alpha*] counterparts, they both must wait in line to do so [*shit testing, ASD, comfort tests, “INTTOG” i.e. I’m Not That Type of Girl”, etc.*].

Justin is famous. He arrives late, pulls up in valet and proceeds completely skips the line every time. No matter the time he arrives nor the length of the line, the door is always open to him. He’s even *paid*, just to arrive and sit up in VIP. His drinks are free and he’s catered to all night.

While Ben, Adam and Justin were all allowed in the club, Justin’s experience vastly differed from Ben or Adam’s. Not only that, instead of being faced with obstacles in order to get inside, he was given incentive through payment.

This is how Unattainable Alphas and regular Alphas differ; an Unattainable Alpha is sexually sought after and incentivized into sex at no expense to himself while a regular Alpha either is faced with waiting, irregular sexual occurrences or shit tests before sexual promiscuity.

But let it be known that appearing Unattainable is not always possible and not all Enlightened Alphas are deemed as such. But why and why not?

”What makes an man Unattainable?”

I stress the word ”perception” fairly often for a reason.

Perception is the basis for personal opinion and personal opinion is one of the main

determinants in attraction.

If we're both ass men, we both *perceive* asses as a highly positive trait for a woman to have. However, our degree of positivity towards asses will vary subjectively: For me, asses are a (+7) to a woman's SMV, to you they're a (+12).

As such, while we can both generally agree that this woman is attractive, you find her more so than me.

An Unattainable Alpha runs tandem to this premise.

Enough positive traits must be present in the Alpha in order to put his SMV higher than she perceives attainable to her –the height point usually being determined by the highest SMV Alpha she's ever slept with.

In short, Unattainability can never be guaranteed with any particular woman as it is dependent on the woman perceiving the Alpha and not inherently dependent on the Alpha.

How does that help?

The idea isn't/should never be to appear Unattainable to this woman or that woman; the goal is to increase one's SMV to the point where being seen as Unattainable is more likely to occur en masse.

Preferences play a factor in attraction and are subjective to the individual, be the traits positive or otherwise.

Some preferences can act against one's Unattainability, like racial preferences, height preference, age preference, etc. (NOTE: this is not to say they *prevent* being perceived as Unattainable or Alpha, only that they may act as hindrances).

And preferences differ from woman to woman, making your own SMV the only controllable variable; you can't force someone into preferring large biceps over abs, so instead, try to possess both.

If abs attracted 1/3 of women, chest another 1/3 and biceps the last 1/3, the man with all three attracts the world.

And once you've reached the top 10%, you'd be amazed by what can happen.

"...Drop the Dough, Then We'll Talk"

138 upvotes | November 9, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- Dominant chick thinks she wants softer man then realizes she just wants to be dominated.

"...Drop the Dough, Then We'll Talk"

"What is grand is necessarily obscure to weak men. That which can be made explicit to the idiot is not worth my care." -William Blake

I know this cute chick named Ashley.

The dominant, overbearing type. Always has to be the center of attention and always looming over men.

Ashley's the unspoken "Alpha" in her circle of friends, most of which are guys. She decides everything they do, where they go, even what they eat. Like she's their mom or something.

Ashley's also bi.

This one time, one of the guys in her group –we'll call him Sam- brought over this pretty young thing he'd met at a bar. Short, submissive little HB7 blonde.

And wouldn't you know it, as soon as "lil' blondy" entered the room, Ashley begins lording over poor ol' Sam.

"Don't forget who's in charge here" she might say. Counter-arguing him, subtly bashing him. It was brutal display.

What's worse is he just sat there and took it. I mean, *what could he say?* She drives him around, takes him to work. He *needs* her.

By the end of the night, Ashley's rubbing her hand up and down blondy's inner thigh, Ashley makes Sam take a food run and they go do girl-on-girl things in the bathroom. I don't think Sam ever found out.

Anyways, we're all at Ashley's and she walks in with her boyfriend Scott.

Shocker. No, honestly. I never thought Ashley'd go the monogamous route.

But the real shocker was Scott himself.

Scott's a bit... *clingy*.

First off, the guy never shuts up. Apparently the guy's done anything and everything, because if you make a comment about it, he has something to say about it. Been mountain climbing? Get ready to hear this riveting, monotone story about how Scott climbed Mr. Everest with nothing but a wife-beater and a ham sandwich.

Okay so that's a bit overdramatic, but you get my point. Guy was a pathological liar, and not a very

good one.

He also kisses a lot. Like a lot, a lot. Ashley's back from the bathroom? Peck on the cheek. Ashley's back from making a sandwich? Another peck on the cheek.

And he cuddles. I don't know about you all, but insistent cuddling is not in my repertoire.

"Doughy" is the word I like to use for guys like Scott. Mushy, gushy, frameless, and soft. Softer than Ashley's little ratpack, if I'm being honest.

I go to the kitchen to make coffee. Ashley follows.

"What do you think of Scott, Ommy?"

I spare no punches. Like ever.

"The guy's soft."

"Ugh! I know right? I thought I wanted this."

"Wanted what?"

"A sweet guy for a change. But he's so... boring."

"No shit."

Allow me to interrupt this dialogue to quote Ashley's heavily liked post on Facebook the day before introducing Scott:

A lot of you know me as this "don't give a fuck", aggressive, no filter type of person. That is one of the personas I have.

...that isn't all of who I am though. I'm also a cuddly kitty, and of all things, a girl. That's right, I'm a girl.

My girly side is one of my sides I don't show very often, if at all. That side of me, along with most of the other things I do, is on the extreme side of the spectrum. I'm an extremely sexual sure, but it takes the right person to pull that side out of me. I often have a little rape fantasy. I want to have my partner make me his good little girl. I want him to claim me in every way.

I also want to be held though, told that I'm a good girl and that I make my man happy. I want to cuddle with him. I want to have my rainbow dash ponies. I want to snuggle and wake up to daddy's kisses.

I want to be able to show that side of myself without judgement or being made to feel less of an Alpha. I feel like people judge a lot by what they see from my normal persona, but that's not all I am. I am many things in this lifestyle and I don't want to hide my other sides anymore.

I head back towards the living room and Ashley stops me. Kino from her end.

"Why weren't we ever a thing?"

"I don't do mono."

"...you know, we don't have to be mono."

"Drop the dough then we'll talk."

And that was it. We watch a few movies then go our separate ways.

But this morning, I got a text from Ashley about Scott.

She dropped the dough.

Good for her.

I swing by her place after leaving the gym and we have sex.

And I think I left my shirt. Luckily I have spares.

"Don't Talk to Women Like Men"

643 upvotes | November 10, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- Men and women communicate differently.

“Don’t Talk to Women Like Men”

Do *NOT* talk to women like you'd talk to men. Do *NOT* talk to them like you've previously talked to women. Talk to them in *their* language.

I'll explain.

Women communicate through actions and body language. What she *says* isn't inherently important. It's what she *does* that matters.

That being said, she's watching your body language and actions moreso than she's listening to your words.

Act like you don't want her and the rest'll follow. Let her rationalize things *on her own*. Don't try to think or conclude for her. It'll come off as pleading or compensating.

You *must* maintain this, even after you've met in person. *DO NOT* pay attention to the words she says. Watch how she *acts*. Watch her body language.

Is she positioning herself closer to you than normal?

Is her body pointed towards you more oft than not?

Does she keep eye contact?

Does she smile more oft than usual?

Does she touch you occasionally?

ALL OF THESE THINGS ARE VERY INTENTIONAL.

Women communicate this way i.e. covertly. They "talk" with actions and body language and read yours for responses.

If *YOU'RE* the one constantly keeping eye contact, sitting too close for no reason, randomly touching her, etc. she'll read you as too interested. Too *invested*. Too *desperate*.

Watch her and dial your body language two notches behind hers. Let her touch you more than you touch her. Touch her once to establish you're physically interested. *This is required* for some women so they know to proceed. Do it early so she has enough time to consider it.

If you're *not* juggling plates, let her *believe* you are. Look at your phone from time to time and smirk. Look at other women with her around and let her *know* you're looking. Let her know she's not the only women you're considering WITHOUT OUTRIGHT SAYING IT.

And all of this should be communicated *without having to be said aloud*.

Remember (please remember because this is literally the most important point here), women do not –I repeat- DO NOT communicate through words. Men do that. Women communicate through ACTIONS, BODY LANGUAGE AND INTENTIONS.

Meaning that if you say you just want to be friends but your actions and body language show that you *actually* want to bend her over the railings, she'll read into that and consider you a liar.

Just like if she acts disinterested, turns away from you, checks her phone every 2 seconds instead of talking to you and yet says she “loves you”, most men would take those words at face value because men weigh words heavily.

Break eye contact more oft than her. Let conversations *die*. Feel comfortable keeping silence between the two of you and don't worry about what she thinks about it or if she'll leave.

Trust me. *She won't*.

Make her start conversations more oft than you. *Be blunt* but not too forward. Don't smile often, only when it's deserved (i.e. when you *actually* think something's funny).

These are ALL strong frame indicators. THESE ARE WHAT SHE'S LOOKING FOR. This is why most girls'll say they "want to be friends first" on dating sites; they have to see signs like this before they can be sexual.

It's kind of like if you were dating in Saudi Arabia and every woman you came across wore one of those sheets covering their entire body. You wouldn't know what you were dealing with until you got to the bedroom.

Heck, some could even be *guys!*

So you might meet for coffee first to get a chance to check for curves under the sheet or a casual slip revealing some details of what's underneath.

THIS IS WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING THROUGH SHIT TESTS.

Attractiveness is only *half* of it. You'll need strong frame as well, which isn't inherently apparent like physicality is for men.

The more she likes from what she sees underneath that sheet, the more likely she is to fuck you.

"Women Don't Want The Truth™, They Want To Be Lied To"

341 upvotes | November 12, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- Women say they want the Truth™, but they can't handle the Truth™.

"Women Don't Want The Truth™, They Want To Be Lied To"

Most women will go on and on about The Truth™ being of the *utmost* importance and that men should *always* be honest with them *even though* they'll blatantly lie through their teeth.

And yet, these same women will crave the comfort of their blissful sense of ignorance even at the expense of the very Truth™ they seem to hold so dearly.

Here's a conversation I had with a plate:

"[Beta] told me you're fucking a bunch of other women."

"...And."

"Like [Mutual Friend] and [Mutual Friend]."

"Aaaaand?"

pause

"...Aaaaand I'm okay with that."

"That's just great. Congratulations. So proud."

"...But when you fuck them, you have to think of me from now on."

"That's stupid."

"I'm demanding it."

"You can't demand that. You can't demand anything."

pause

"It would make me feel better if you at least said you would."

"...so lying makes you feel better?"

"Sometimes."

pause

"The Moon is made of cheese."

"...feel better?"

"(laughs) Strangely, yeah."

"...you're so fucking dumb."

"And YOU'RE a fucking prick!"

They're grown too accustomed to believing they're "always right" according to their horde of orbiter congregation and our female-coddling society. And the hotter they are, the less Truths™ they'll have to face.

Women don't know how to react to any Truth™ about themselves or the despicable things they've rationalized as "acceptable".

"It's not my fault. No one stopped me."

"I didn't know so don't put this on me."

"You're fine just the way you are. Men should just learn to love fat women."

"Men have sex all the time so my partner count shouldn't matter to you."

Basically, lying and being lied to give her the means to shift the burden of responsibility away from herself. A scape goat. A "pass".

This is what women really want; a way to skirt any responsibility or accountability at a moment's notice. They enjoy playing the victim and the validation that comes with it.

If a girl is in the wrong, the last thing you want to do is point it out. She'll use every frame of her being to reject the Truth™ you're trying to convey, like a child fights an accusation, crayons in hand and doodles on the wall.

It's Solipsism at it's finest; an ego-centrist selfishness to the point of believing their perspective is the only one that matters.

They've become pathological liars in that regard, purposefully blocking out any Truth™ requiring admittance of guilt, humility or deep, self re-evaluating introspection.

In short, not only do they want to be lied to, they're constantly lying to themselves.

So, with all of that being said: LIE.

Don't lie for their validation. They get enough of that from orbiters, bets ans society as a whole.

Lie for your own personal gain. Adapt solipsism yourselves and do whatever it takes to get what you want.

Life, society and the world are all amoral. Lying is just another means to an end.

That, and exposing the Truth™ to women will ultimately get you nowhere.

As stated earlier, women can't handle it because they've never had to. "Waking her up" to the realities of hypergamy, solipsism, amorality, AWALT, etc. might give you some form of self-masturbatory gratification, but it WON'T get you laid.

Women will dispose of men who try to force their perspective outside of their little complacency bubbles. As I've stated in "[The Red Pill Guide to Women](#)":

As reference to the "Mindset" section, Brenda directed her anger, fear and frustration back towards the Bob because in her mind Bob was the root cause of her "bad feeling" by making her feel unattractive and the cause of her loss of the "feel-good" stimuli of her belief she was attractive.

In short, "Bob made me think, which made me feel, which felt bad, so Bob is to blame."

In short, girls never know what they want and it doesn't really matter what you say, but rather how you make her feel.

And why should her "enlightenment" matter to us in the first place?

We're not out here to change the world and persuade people to see the world through Red-tinted glasses. We use the elements around us to our own best interest.

So, lie. And gullibility will be their undoing.

"Don't Be Afraid to Dominate"

756 upvotes | November 12, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

"Don't Be Afraid to Dominate"

I used to see this cute chick named Suzy.

We'd been seeing each other for the past few months. We'd met during the creation of the original version of "[The Red Pill's Guide to Online Dating](#)".

She was... the dominant type. She'd step on any man who'd give her the chance. But I respected her for that, even more so for her brutal honesty on the matter.

"If he's dumb enough to buy some random girl he barely knows a Tiffany bracelet, I'd be dumb not to take it. Anybody'd do the same and spin it like they've earned it. Morality? I can't pawn morality."

Well, she wasn't *wrong*.

She didn't want a serious relationship, so our relationship was strictly sexual.

Over time, with careful frame control, dominance and a touch of influence, she became one of the most submissive woman I've ever met.

She would bring a meal every single time she'd stop by, wait quietly for sex and leave as soon as it was over.

You may say she sounds trained. I see it moreso as discipline.

She kicked at being dominated at first. *Hard*. And it was by no means a *delicate* process. But she ultimately adapted and grew to like our established roles.

Well anyways, I received an email recently with her resignation.

I'd like to share it with you all to show the *positive* qualities real dominance can have on a woman under the vein of mutual beneficence.

redactedname [redacted@yahoo.com] 2:02 PM (1 hour ago)

Ommy,

I do believe in marriage and monogamy. I want the fairy tale ending and true love. Yes, I do understand that life happens and people get divorced like my parents.

But no matter how hard I try not to accept it, I still believe in it.

I know Im an asshole to most people that don't understand me. I love family and I am all about it. I am the baby of two older siblings so I don't like to share at all.

Also you made a comment that I'm obedient now.

That's because thanks to you my level of confidence has changed. I have been racking my mind trying to figure out why would you pick me?

But yu made me realize I do have worth and deserve to be loved. I thank you for introducing me into your world because it has pushed me passed my comfort zone. Also hanging out with you has been amazing and one of the most honest experiences that I have ever had.

-[redacted] xoxox

I'm sure she's left for reasons other than marriage and monogamy, I'm not mourning the loss of her, nor am I valuing these words alone as anything more than chaff.

The real takeaway here is that through submission, she's benefited in kind.

She's reached a level of discipline she never would have gained on her own, all taught while putting myself first.

Now my turn is over. She'll live a better life from what I've instilled in her and I walk away with a better sense of what I'm capable of.

So don't be afraid to dominate. To lead. To get rough, get dirty or push limits. So long as it's done correctly, they'll ultimately thank you for it.

"Don't Be Afraid to Dominate" Part 2

212 upvotes | November 30, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

"Don't Be Afraid to Dominate" Part 2

So I've spent the past few weeks racking my brain trying to come up with a guide on "Dominance". But I had a ton of issues trying to come up with a purely objective method of asserting dominance that would work for everyone.

So, I figured it would be more fun *-and a lot less stress-inducing-* if I simply explained *my* method of asserting dominance.

It should be noted, however, that since this is *my* method, I cannot guarantee that you'll see the same results should you attempt this. Again, it's mine and a bit catered to the way I think and operate.

Unlike texting, online dating sites or the nature of women, dominance is subjective to the individual asserting it and should cater towards one's strengths, personality and experience in leadership.

Once again, this is not a guide. It's merely an example.

Use this summary as an end-goal, then develop a means to best suit you.

So, for starters, I'm pretty easy-going. A lay-back, c'est la vie kind of guy.

I don't stress over drama, flakes, failed attempts, pre-selectoral signs, IOIs, anything really. I don't make a big deal about things that don't directly affect me.

I don't talk much about my beliefs, passions or desires to anyone. This is very intentional.

I like to remain purposely vague. Be mysterious but not cold or distant. Sociable and extroverted, but also complex and complicated.

Which "side" I lean towards or favor is unclear. And if I absolutely *have* to chime in on something, I'll try to keep my response as objective as possible and as personally vague as I can.

"What are you *really* thinking?" has been the second-most common shit test I've received for quite some time now.

And yet, should I feel like a woman is worth coming around again, I'll begin my "dominance method" by giving her small taste of who I am. Who I *really* am.

I'll begin the process early as nothing more than a simple observer.

I'll listen, interpret, analyze but I never speak about either three. I'll "load my gun", so to speak.

I'll build a sort of "plate character profile"; I'll figure out what makes her tick, or, at very least, I'll figure her out to the point where I can somewhat predict what she'll say and do before she does.

It's honestly not *too* too hard. Women are easy to read once you get the hang of reading body language. Anyone can do it so long as you know what to look for. It's like... going to Mexico before

vs. after having a fluency in Spanish. You're like, "so *this* is what you've all been talking about!"

Anyways, more to the point.

After I've found out what makes her tick, I'll tell it to her. Flat out. Yep, you read that right. I'll tell her all about herself. The cold, hard, unapologetic truth. The things she kept hidden, things she thought no one knew, things she didn't even know. A regular ol' shock to the system.

Or rather, I'll give her the version of "the truth" that she's capable of swallowing. *Just* enough to show how deeply I comprehend her circuitry and sprockets.

No TRP stuff; just the cold, hard, brutal facts. And I'll keep it as objective as possible and avoid saying anything that could misconstrue or reveal my intentions.

I call this moment **"The Big Reveal"**. Catchy, I'm sure.

So, just as an example, I might say something along the lines of:

"...you play this 'dominant persona' in front of the guys only because you're the dominant figure amongst a group of submissive men. I know that dominance is nothing but a façade. In all actuality, you're fitting the absence of a dominant figure where you deemed others inept. And yet in taking that step you royally damage your chances at finding a guy you want who'll want you in return. You have trouble finding guys you're rudimentally attracted to because you want someone who is confident enough in his own actions to lead others, but by going down the dominant path pushes all men away from you, including the dominant ones. No man wants to be or is attracted to a dominant woman. When presented with an option, they will take the submissive route..."

"...your rebellious tendencies stem from some level of self-doubt. You compare your goals and achievements to your peers and wonder if the path you've chosen was the right one or if you would've done better "following the crowd" by going off to college with student loans. From there, you've attempted to justify your decisions yet even to this day the doubt still lingers..."

"...you let the quote-unquote "traumatic past completely dictate how you approach relationships thereon, but it completely ruins your chances of living in the moment. Yeah, it sucked but using a past experience as a crutch is self-depracatory..."

I'll reveal these things with intricate detail yet with a tone of fleeting interest. Like when you talk about the weather or a football game.

And I DO NOT provide her the answers to these issues. I only bring to light the deeper problem.

If I retorted with, "It'll be fine" or "All you have to do is", it'd be a pretty safe bet that Beta would soon become my label.

I'll keep a deep level of eye-contact the whole way through. Fun fact, I find it easier to stare into one eye as opposed to trying to looking into both.

As I'm speaking, I'm also watching how her body moves. This gives me a sense of how "right/off" I am. If her eyes dart back and forth, or if she begins to ball up or if she drops her head, it tells me she's thinking "how does he know all of this?" I'm on the money.

It's kind of within the same frame of phony mind readers that use the context of speech and blanket statements to predict the future or read minds.

And on that note, my next step is to quote-unquote “read her mind”. Play into the role a bit. This is my favorite part.

“...now you’re wondering how I could possibly know all of that after only knowing you for a day...”

“...now you’re about to tell me how that’s not true but we both know it is...”

“...and here’s the point where you ask me how a guy like me could know you better than your parents..”

And so on and so forth. This is usually a bit more "aloof-y", I guess. The whole “amused mastery”, but in a deeper sense. This is mastery over her, theoretically speaking.

It quite literally puts several notions in her head:

“There’s nothing I can hide from him.”

(A sense of “pseudo-omnipotence” over her thoughts and actions, even when operant outside of perceptive)

“He might know me better than I know myself.”

(Immediate trust garnered through assumed –not amused- mastery in lieu of pre-mentioned pseudo-omnipotence)

“He knows me better than [ex-boyfriend]”

(Removing the “Silhouette Constant Fallacy” of the Alpha Widow and her presumably absent Original Alpha)

“I can trust him. He already knows me. I am comfortable around him.”

After breaking her down, I’ll pontificate a bit more about this thing or that, maybe crack a joke or two as a means to make light of said breakdown as if it were just some parlor trick (which ultimately it is).

And after that, I’ll lay out what I expect in exchange for a glimpse into my perspective, something she’s dying to find out at this point.

I’ll drop the "aloof" act and revert back to the deep eye-contact I’d used before.

First, I’ll tell her who I am:

”...I __, __, ____ and __. I enjoy __ and I believe ____.”

(I have a set list of basic traits about me I don’t reveal until “The Big Reveal” to make sure that when they hit, they hit hard. They are things very specific to me, things that give me a sense of identification or originality in her mind. They aren’t the greater traits either. Over time, with obedience, I reveal more about myself in very small portions. They’ll often ask, “Why do you withhold so much about yourself?” I respond, “To give you something to look forward to. A puzzle to solve.” They usually think that’s clever and stop asking after that. Truth is, that’s been my automatic

response for a while now.)

”...I am not monogamous, in any sense. I am polyamorous by nature. That will not change. You need to decide now whether or not you can handle that.”

(Usually followed up with questions as to why or what polyamoury is, etc)

”...I see multiple women at any given point in time –or– I am seeing __ women right now. You need to decide now whether or not you can handle that.”

(Usually followed up with “I don’t mind, just no names” or “Just don’t tell me about it”, etc. Most women are just happy to her it so overtly addressed. Women don’t care about the physicality of promiscuity, they care about the fact that it wasn’t addressed until X or Y. In a woman’s mind, their instance rationalization towards HIDDEN promiscuity is that there was a reason for it to be hidden, whether or not that’s actually true. Don’t hide it, they’re content. Be blunt, no secrets because there’s seriously no need.)

”...I am very busy. I cannot say when I will be able to see you at any given time.”

(Usually followed up with her providing her schedule, offering to come over on specific days, etc. I told some advice of other RPer and made up a spreadsheet for things like this.)

”...I do not tolerate __, __ or ____.”

(Usually followed up with “I’m against ____ too!” or “I’d never do ____!”, even if I’ve seen counter with my own eyes. Girls will be girls, I suppose.)

I’ll then tell her what I expect:

”If you are to continue seeing me, you are to address me as sir.”

(I make the younger plates to call me “Sir”. Say what you will, but so far it’s been a rather effective method of reinforcing dominance through Pavlovian conditioning practices.)

”Your nickname is ____.”

(Although it seems small, giving plates a nickname has some very strong conditional attributes. It gives the plate an alter-ego, a means to re-identify through and, most importantly, a justification for her actions while with you. For example, Fine China’s nickname from me is “China”. She subconsciously reassociates her behavioural patterns when called China counter to the way she holds herself when called by her real name. Re-self-identification and alternative persona reconstruction onset by long-term classical conditioning. Try it once and see for yourself. I think I’m pretty witty, so most of the nicknames the girls seem to like. I’ll work with them a bit if they don’t. The more they like the nickname, the easier it will be for them to identify with it.)

”I expect you over once a week.”

(I don't always make this one a requirement. Truth be told, it'll all depend on whether or not I enjoyed their company. They rarely have issues with this. If they can't make it in a particular week, they usually provide a mountain of evidence as to why. Honestly speaking, I'm normally the one to cancel for one reason or the other.)

”When you come over, you must bring something for us to eat.”

(While this began as a Pavlovian experiment on one plate, I've begun implementing it with all reoccurring sexual partners to wondrous results! My fridge is stuffed full and I haven't had to cook in weeks.)

”You are to go to the gym at least three times a week.”

(I do this one from time to time. To prevent hamstring or LMR, I'll usually explain briefly my rationale and 'spin' it in a way that paints me as only looking out for her best interest. I don't police it, but they'll usually subtly tell me when they go as some sense of paternal pride in this “look what I did daddy” type of way. It's cute.)

“I don't care who you are or what you do out there. But here, around me, this is what's expected of you.”

(Again, this one's case-by-case, usually reserved for the more dominant or younger women. The “I don't care” portion, contrary to popular belief, has improved the consistency of obedience in multiple plates. Knowing they won't have to worry about being policed in their hypergamy or whatever in turn makes it easier for them to “play the part” around me. Almost as if they see my space as a stage where they play the character so long as they are upon it. I may make a separate article about policing and “handcuffing” irregularities at some point.)

Now, I won't just sit there and recite these "requirements" like a parrot recites poetry.

I'll give a requirement, I might explain it a bit, a few long-pauses after the points I want to emphasize, joke a bit to keep the whole endeavor light, then I'll ask if she has any questions. Everything in-between stays pretty casual.

I do, however, make a point to straighten back up when telling her each "requirement".

So, after all that's said, I'm usually met with a flurry of questions within the vein of **“The Shit Test to End All Shit Tests”**. Not every time, but most.

Her questions themselves are normally pretty reasonable or relevant –if they weren't, my frame probably wavered a bit during “The Big Reveal”.

But what she's *actually* doing is watching for any last signs of falsehood. She's thinking, “surely a man this bold can't be fake, but I *have* to be sure.” At least, that's how it's portrayed.

In any case, this is the final stretch, so I have to make it count.

So, deep breaths, deep voice, no choking on spit -(This happens *quite* a bit to me, sad to say. It's a

very frame destructive. Maybe I just talk to fast), body spread out, relaxed muscles relaxed eyes with deep eye-contact.

Oh! Another fun fact: Relaxing in moments like these can be difficult, especially if I've gone to the gym recently; my muscles can stay real tense for long periods of time afterwards. If this happens to you too, pop a couple of Aleve beforehand to help your body language match your composure. Remember, women read into body language moreso than words, into intention and action moreso than conversation.

The "End-Game Shit Tests" usually conclude with indirect acceptance of all of the terms in question.

"What kind of food should I bring?"

"What times would you want me over, sir?"

"Would it be alright if I cooked here too?"

Now actually I don't police *any* of these requirements once she leaves my apartment, out doing her own thing.

As long as she stays in line *here*, I don't care what she does out there. It's kind of like a form of escapism, in that way.

But, should she try to step out of line *here* (and it's happened a couple of times with the younger ones), my go-to line is this:

"I'm very disappointed in you/your behavior/your actions. Leave. Come back when you've learned how to ____."

Any lip in response they're done, no matter the apology, rationale, deals/bargaining or plead she comes back with. You'd be surprised what they drum up as an excuse. One woman outright lied and said her dog died. I mean, come on.

On a separate note, I've found that dominance makes threesomes a lot more... *feasible*, I guess.

The women that don't care about knowing about other women are usually more sexually open-minded. Those are the ones open to experimentation and ultimately threesomes.

For example, I might say, "Come join me and Candy tonight at 9. We are having sex".

She might say "Who's Candy?" or "What does Candy look like?".

Then I'll conclude with "I'll introduce you tonight" or I'll just send her a picture of Candy or I'll just call. It really just depends on the plate.

Anyways, that about sums it up.

Not all of my plates are subjected to an assertion of dominance. Only the ones I plan on keeping around.

I suppose I should end this article with a few examples.

After "The Big Reveal"

“...can we have sex tomorrow, sir?”

“...is this strictly sex?”

“...no to file our taxes”

When reporting a change of plans

And here are a few random conversations just for the heck of it.

“...are you a real person?”

“...there’s got to be a catch.”

Nexted but still trying

“...are you gonna use my number?”

Blunt and to the point

“A gentleman holds my hand. A man pulls my hair.”

— *Alessandra Torre*

Until next time.

"Don't Hate Women For Being Women"

136 upvotes | December 1, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- *Don't hate women for what they are, for what they've done against you nor over what they have the propensity to do to you. Blame the society that allow them to behave in such a way both freely and without consequence.*

"Don't Hate Women For Being Women"

To those of you still suffering through the anger phase and to those who still elicit some hostility or resentment towards women in your lives, I implore you, hear me out.

Don't hate women for what they are, for what they've done against you nor over what they have the propensity to do to you.

Women are women; all women are like that, they've have always been like that and they'll always be like that. Such Is Their Nature.

Your angry *not* because of what women are or have done or can do or could do but because you've only just found out.

You may feel cheated, feel lied to, feel scorned by every women you've ever come in contact with and feel distrust towards any woman you may encounter.

But they haven't lied. You just didn't know the truth until now.

And how could you have learned? There is no purely objective discussion on the Nature of Women beyond here. You're standing in the last bastion of man enlightenment.

But now you know. The Nature of women is spelled out for you across a few webpages and computer pixels. It's like reading the definition of a word you'd never known. Once you have it, that's it.

Same goes for the Nature of women. There's only the one definition, once you've got it you're set and, should you forget, the dictionary's always here.

You may believe they've kept the truth from you in spite of you.

While they may have kept the truth, they've done so in some frame or fashion because they acting within what they *thought* was mutual benefit, you as a loyal beta and her as your item of worship.

In short, a beta makes a better beta when they are ignorant or in opposition to Alphas. To her, you made a good beta, so the truth stayed hidden. "For your own good", she might say.

Like how a leader might hide the truth from his followers to avoid mass panic. An ignorant follower is easier to lead.

What's more, most of these tactics are operand subconscious, drilled into their very biological make-up.

They act upon their self-perservatory instincts. They manipulate through emotion and sexuality to get

what they want. Due to the lack of the male's physicality to reach their own ends, it's in their nature to do so covertly.

So then tell me: If you found out today that mosquitoes were the cause of those itchy red bumps you'd sometimes get, do you get angry at every mosquito you've ever encountered or everyone you will from then on?

Of course not.

Mosquitoes have been biting long before you and will continue long after. You can't hate a mosquito for doing what mosquitoes do.

So, with all of that being said, consider a Wolf hunting a Rabbit.

Say the Wolf hunts, chases, outruns and bites the Rabbit.

It would be foolhardy for the rabbit to hold grudge against the Wolf.

A wolf is a wolf. Wolves hunt. Wolves eat rabbits. Such is Their Nature.

Truth is, the Rabbit was slow or didn't comprehend the Nature of the Wolf.

It would also be foolhardy of the Rabbit to hold grudge once he learned of the Wolf or feel resentment over how much time he'd wasted not preparing for the inevitable chase.

The Wolf has always been there, whether the rabbit had realized it or not. An angry Rabbit is still a slow Rabbit.

Anger does not make him faster nor does it change the Nature of the Wolf.

The epiphany of the Wolf should bring relief to the rabbit, not anger. Should he gone without knowing, he'd surely have been eaten eventually.

And the Wolf will not wait for the rabbit to get faster. "Fair" is not a factor in Nature. A faster rabbit makes for a harder meal. The Wolf enjoys hunting slower rabbits. It makes for an abundant supply of food.

But, should the Wolf come upon the Rabbit again, whose now knows of the Wolf and trained for the chase, even though the wolf may struggle and eventually lose the rabbit, both will benefit from the chase itself.

Both have become faster, the Rabbit for escaping even faster wolves and the Wolf for catching faster rabbits. A benefit of oppositions.

The Wolf learns and adapts, chasing fast rabbits for exercise and eating slow rabbits for nourishment.

[Or, outside the analogy, betas -the slower- for validation and Alphas -the faster- for sex, respectively]

And the Rabbit learns, adapts and becomes so fast that the Wolf and all other wolves become an afterthought. He lives a long, happy life with no fears or restraints.

So don't hate women for being women.

They've always been that way. Such Is Their Nature. So with that said, learn their Nature, adapt to it and women will become but an afterthought.

Only then can you live a happy, fulfilling life.

Until next time.

"The Shit Test Buster Game: Round 1"

661 upvotes | December 3, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

"The Shit Test Buster Game: Round 1"

The Rules

Let's play a little game.

I've listed several shit tests of varying difficulty and severity in this article.

In the comment section below, any Red Piller playing provides a response/action they would take as a **"Shit Test Buster"** in order to pass each of the listed shit tests.

Then, by upvoting/downvoting these answers or by replying in the thread below the answer, his fellow Red Pill peers will ultimately decide how effective the "Shit Test Buster" was, which of their answers were the best and why.

The shit tests are split into 3 sections: **Basic, Intermediate and Advanced.**

You can choose to respond to 1 section, 2 or all 3. Same goes to those critiquing the answers.

The final "score" will come down to the upvote/downvote of the answers.

The judgement/critique of said answers are both to explain to the others why the answers should be passed or failed and to aid the Red Piller in bettering his approach to shit test busting.

I'd encourage those of who are playing not to look on other posts, threads or sites for the best answer. The idea here is to gauge one's ability to answer these questions and not how effectively they can do research.

Answer each shit tests as best as possible as if in the heat of the moment.

We will start with Round 1, which focuses on conversation-based shit tests. The top 3 commenters will win the round. There will be 3 rounds total, or more/less depending on how well this all goes.

So let's begin.

Example

Question 1: *"Are you a player?"*

[-] **Kevin_the_Beta** -213 points 2 hours ago

1. Oh of course not, m'lady! Why would you ever think such things of me?! I'll have you know that I treat my women with the utmost respect!

permalink save parent report give gold reply

[-] **GayLubeOil** 57 points 30 minutes ago

Failed. Keep that shit up and your girl will disappear faster than a Homosexual in Saudi Arabia.

permalink save parent report give gold reply

[-] **Archwinger** 43 points 23 minutes ago

Failed. She's asking "Are you successful with women, you fucking chump I'm hoping to manipulate?" You've just identified as the latter.

permalink save parent report give gold reply

ROUND 1

Basic

Question 1: *"Are you a player?"*

Question 2: *"Yeah, I bet you say that to all the girls.."*

Question 3: *"What's the matter? You look so sad."*

Question 4: *"How many girls have you slept with?"*

Question 5: *"Are you seeing anyone else?"*

Intermediate

Question 6: *"Are you gay?"*

Question 7: *"Wow. Your friend Chad is hot."*

Question 8: *"I have a boyfriend."*

Question 9: *"I don't date little boys/old men"*

Question 10: *"Sorry, I don't just give out my number."*

Advanced

Question 11: *"I'm looking for someone who's not afraid to wait."*

Question 12: *"...and just so you know, we aren't having sex."*

Question 13: *"Sorry. I need to get to know you first."*

Question 14: *"Stop, stop. This is moving too fast. Let's take things slow."*

Question 15: *"What kind of girl do you think I am?! I'm not some whore!"*

Bonus Round

Bonus: *You're at the club with an HB9 and leave to use the restroom. When you come back, the HB9 is grinding intensely on the crouch of some guy who's much bigger than you. How do you handle this situation?*

Until next time.

"The Machiavellian Approach" Part 4

108 upvotes | December 11, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- An extensive analysis on the Machiavellianistic implementation of passive/pre-selection sexual strategy, using the manipulation process behind a threesome as it's framework.

"The Machiavellian Approach" Part 4

"Fortune is a woman, and if you wish to keep her under it is necessary to beat and ill-use her; and it is seen that she allows herself to be mastered by the adventurous rather than by those who go to work more coldly." -Niccolò Machiavelli

Disclaimer: On Machiavellianistic Amorality

First and foremost, both in comprehension throughout and in commentary below, leave your sense of morality at the door.

Game is amoral. Machiavellianism is amoral. The world is amoral.

Manipulating those around you for your own personal benefit i.e. adopting a psuedo-Machiavellian persona is big part of this strategy.

People will be used, discarded. Your lessers stepped on. Your blue friends manipulated.

Unlike other strategies, a high level of morality will hinder you.

But not unlike one's perceptions and opinions, morality is innately subjective.

Its subjective in that no one will value your sense of moral justice as highly as you.

While I do have *some* codes of ethics (don't purposefully persue a friend's LTR, etc.), this is still in my own best interest and I would never expect someone to hold my code of ethics to the same level that I do. That level is subjective to me.

That said, anyone that exists outside of my inner circle that is weak or frail enough to be stepped on or over for my own personal betterment, will be. I'd encourage you to adapt this line of mental processing before proceeding forward.

Again, to those who abhor the notions of absolutist or objectivist amorality, this was your warning. This is not the place for you.

The Key Players

The Red Players

- **OmLaLa:** *OP, highest male SMV present at event*
 - **Cam:** *Natural Alpha (Chad Thundercock), a close friend, non-RP, has a crush on **Jill***
 - **Scarlett:** *Self-Identifying Machiavellian Black Widow (Devil's Daughter), "Open" Marriage to Beta, HB9, highest female SMV present at event*
-

The Blue Players

- **Brad:** *Natural Beta, very low SMV, has a crush on **Cindy***
 - **Ben:** *Chad-ish Beta, low SMV, dating **Jill***
-

The Female Players

- **Cindy:** *Bi-Curious mid-CC HB8, ex-girlfriend to **Mandy***
 - **Mandy:** *Bi-Curious mid-CC HB7, ex-girlfriend to **Cindy***
 - **Jill:** *Normal attractive HB9, dating **Ben**, second most highest female SMV present at event behind **Scarlett***
 - **Bri:** *early-CC HB7, friend of a friend, used a pre-selection firewood by **OmLaLa***
-

Machiavellian vs. Machiavellian

Scarlett and I sat outside, talked/smoked for a bit after **Bri** headed back to the party.

Scarlett was the first self-identifying Machiavellian I'd ever met and she said she'd noticed Machiavellian behaviors in me. She'd been watching me operate throughout the party and said we shared some of our views on how each of us approached peer manipulations.

First let's cover a little of who Scarlett is.

Scarlett is easily one of the highest SMV women in my area. Winner of the genetic lottery, well read and extremely successful in the corporate world. SMV-wise, she's out of my league.

Unlike a natural Machiavellian like myself, Scarlett's what you'd call an "Advisor" Machiavellian. She read herself into the Machiavellian trifecta, beginning from philosophers like John Locke and Adam Smith and working her way up.

Because of this, the strategization she takes when manipulating her peers was a bit more introvertly calculated than my own. That also meant, however, that her ability to lead and command others/implementation of said strategies is weaker than mine, respectively so. "I know the best ways of lining the dominoes up," she said, "but I can't knock them down unless they line themselves up." That line stuck with me.

Up until now, I never would have guessed that Scarlett operated under Machiavellian principles. Like me, she facades this "aloof" persona when in public spaces.

She said she pretends to be dumber than she actually is because it makes the men around her easier to manipulate. She said that a woman with both power, beauty and a rational mind can intimidate a normal man which would cause them to keep their guard up and make it harder to get what she wanted from them.

I asked her what she wanted from them. She said that she simply took whatever her worshippers gave her.

"You see that guy on the patio?" she pointed out. "He's been trying to fuck me something fierce. He's a disgusting, pathetic excuse for a man. I pretend to be interested in him enough to keep him 'on the line'. And last week he bought me a Tiffany necklace."

The guy she was referring to had sat by himself the entire party. Beta behavior, out of shape, dull personality, cucked into an open marriage while his wife ran around flirting with any 20-something that would look in her direction. And he'd bought Scarlett a necklace just for continuously leading him to believe he had a chance. All calculated.

I laughed and told her that's how strippers operated. "Machiavellians are just strippers that keep their clothes on." she said. That line stuck with me too.

I asked her why she even bothered being married (she's in an open marriage, husband not present) if she can just manipulate men to get what she wanted.

She said her husband was weak enough to keep around while still being able to behave as if she were single. "He's like... a constant." she said. She explained that because her husband made a lot of also made a lot of money, it only made sense to partner with him.

She kept using the word "partnering" when discussing their relationship. She said that because he was unattractive, she'd try to help him find a girlfriend to keep him "pre-occupied". But he was always too timid to keep up with them.

I asked if she loved him.

She answered with "well, he loves me".

She said that she didn't believe in love, like myself. She said she approached her marriage like a job, in a way: she was getting paid in money, gifts and attention for "wearing the mask" of his wife. Like a paid actress, she said. And when he wasn't around, she did as she pleases. She said that because she

knew how weak-minded men operate, she'd never disclose nor hint at the true level of experimentation she does outside of their household. "Two different people, two different personas."

I asked her what made her decide to reveal all of this to me.

She said that for one, it was because she was drunk. Fair enough, I guess.

The second reason really hit home. She also said it's because, as a Machiavellian, she was lonely.

No one could truly understand her as a person because Machiavellianism is impossible for the vanilla world to accept. She said that the only person who could truly understand her as a Machiavellian is another Machiavellian and she'd finally found one in me.

I asked what gave me away. "You're an attractive guy," she'd started, "in there working the crowd in the same way as me. Game recognize game."

She went on about how "befriending the majority" and staying on the "winning side" makes it much easier for her as it gives her the largest denominator of people to manipulate.

The more people who worship you, the more people you can bend to your will. "More tools in the toolbox" she said. She even quoted the 48 Laws of Power:

LAW 27) Play on people's need to believe to create a cultlike following

LAW 38) Think as you like but behave like others

LAW 48) Assume formlessness

We then discussed 48 Laws for a while. I was impressed by how well she had conceptualized the book for Machiavellian practices.

She then asked what *my* end-goal was. And I told her. Cindy, Mandy or Jill.

She asked how I had planned it out. I briefly described the rationale behind my PPS approach. She loved it. She offered to play along. I asked her in what way. She said just wait and see.

It should be noted that, according to u/Ilimitableman's "Nuances in Machiavellian Style", "Advisor" Machiavellians and "General" Machiavellians make for a gruesome pair. The following section should describe why.

Dual Machiavellian PPS Implementation

Scarlett and I headed back to the party. On our way up the hill, Cam called down to us loudly, "where the hell have YOU TWO been, huh?!"

Scarlett responded, equally as loud, "Having SEX."

We got a lot of stares. Me and Scarlett split off and Cam parades on with questions.

Some time passed and I was left to believe that Scarlett's declaration of "having sex" was all there was to her attempt at "playing along". Then she showed up near me and Cam talking excitedly with **Cindy, Mandy** and **Jill**.

I couldn't hear their conversation, but I knew she was talking about me. She kept looking over at me with the best fake-IOI "fuck me" glare I'd ever seen. If I didn't know she was Machiavellian, I would've assumed she actually did want to have sex.

She talked with these huge hand/arm gestures that were a tad over-exuberant for her. And, shortly

after Scarlett's IOI, one by one, Cindy, Mandy and Bri began looking over as well.

Scarlett walked over and sat in my lap and pretended to care about what me and Cam were conversing about. She threw her arms around my neck and faked a laugh at something dumb I'd said. She was very good at faking intrigue.

I asked her what she'd said to the others. "Don't worry about that," she said. "You got them interested, I got them primed, now let's make them jealous."

She then kissed me in the most X-rated way possible. It caught me completely off guard. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Cindy, Mandy and Jill. They were watching. Wait in to see what I'd do in response.

I felt that a show of grandiose was the best option at the time. Scarlett had given me an interesting opportunity here, and so I planned to take full advantage of it.

We spun around, I pinned her to the couch and she wrapped her legs around my waist. We kissed some more while we ground our genitalia against each other in a way I could only assume looked like sex.

The zipper of my jeans grating against my cock was an awful feeling, but it was warranted in order to play our moment off to the full effect.

And I understood what Scarlett was going for.

She was providing the physical "proof" for her earlier "sex" declaration to the targets. Even though we weren't *actually* having sex in front of these people, the intensity of our "interaction" would have alleviated anyone's doubts on whether we'd actually had sex earlier or it would lead anyone to believe that we'd had sex before. Well played.

I found a good stopping point and we separated. We locked eyes and grinned. The sexual tension in the room was maddening.

We went our separate ways and I went back to Cam, who immediately lost his fucking shit.

Shortly after, while I began to process what'd just happened, I eventually realized how Scarlett benefited from all of this.

Scarlett had been stalked by several "orbiters" ever since party began. Apparently they couldn't take a hint.

She'd used me as an "interim boyfriend"/as her "beta scarecrow" to intimidate these orbiters away. In a "I've made my decision and it ain't you" sort of way.

They were now spread out to the far corners of the party, staring me down in envy, anger and jealous. They were not subtle about it either.

But i didnt mind them. Mutual benefit. I'll hand it to her, that was a smart play.

Ending Context

As Cam continues to lose his fucking shit (apparently Scarlett had told him she was a lesbian), I headed back to the bar for more scotch. Jill quickly ditched her boyfriend **Ben** mid-conversation and approaches.

I'll try to wrap this up in 1 more part, considering how long it's gotten and considering Scarlett's throwing another party this weekend to which all the current players will be attending. I'd like to start a separate series should this event become as enlightening as the last one.

Until next time.

"The Silhouette Constant"

145 upvotes | December 15, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- A quick word on Alpha Widows, her "past Alphas" and the importance of walking away.

"The Silhouette Constant"

Over shorter periods of time, the woman will have a clearer picture of both good and bad traits from which to judge the man on.

But as time progresses, her memory of the actual man fades and her over-all perception becomes no more than a lump sum of how she last felt about him i.e. a "*silhouette*" of the impact his frame left on her.

If she felt he leaned towards beta, his silhouette will become Beta. If she felt he leaned towards Alpha, his silhouette will become Alpha.

The *actual* Alpha may have had beta traits or the *actual* Beta may have had alpha traits, but over time, they have been forgotten in lieu of their absence.

This explains several commonalities.

1) It explains why Alphas use "walking away" and dread game as a buff towards their perception.

By suddenly disappearing from her perception, she builds a "silhouette" around the Alpha-esque characteristics he exuded and begins to forget any of bad/beta characteristics he may have portrayed (so long as the summation of her perception of him was "Alpha" at his time of departure).

This is why "soft nexting" or "hard nexting" are such common practices in askTRP and TRP; They're using this notion as a passive gaming tactic.

2) It explains why Alpha Widows exist.

When the Alpha disappears inexplicably with only the silhouette of his frame left in his wake, the woman will judge *all* future potential mates, NOT against the Alpha himself but against* how she REMEMBERS him* i.e. against his silhouette. Meaning that should said Alpha return, if the new Alpha's SMV is lower than the old Alpha's silhouette, she's likely to return to the arms of her old Alpha.

When it comes down to a sure thing v. risk, women will usually air on the side of risk aversion.

3) It explains why old flames are never impressed.

The Silhouette Constant works both ways.

Should a man leave as a beta, his silhouette will be perceived as a beta and all previously-demonstrated Alpha traits lost to her.

Any Alpha traits displayed by the man *after* this point will be seen as a mere facade to the "truth that lay beneath". This makes reconnecting with old flings is ill-advisable, especially those that were left with "beta silhouettes".

In short, the passage of time is only beneficial if her last perception of you was Alpha. Otherwise, due to the frailty of memory and the ease of compartmentalization, as time passes, those perceptions of beta become hard-grained and nigh-impossible to shatter.

Lesson Learned- All in all, if she perceives an Enlightened Alpha as beta, being enlightened, he should pursue other women. A rekindling without previously established Alpha identification is fighting an unnecessarily difficult uphill climb, all while other men watch from up high, happily riding a gondola to it's summit.

"Don't Rekindle Old Flames"

197 upvotes | December 15, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- A quick note on why improving oneself as a way of reconnecting with old exes is a really bad idea.

"Don't Rekindle Old Flames"

Over-investment into the downfall of exes and using newfound RP enlightenment of women's true nature as some sort of "weapon" to be wielded against the feminine populace are two of the biggest frame-destructive reoccurrences I've seen on TRP thus far.

Newly Enlightened Alphas usually do *so well* up until the point where they begin to see genuine, positive results i.e. when they begin receiving multiple IOIs from a variety of women.

And once they've reached this point, they'll typically scoop up all the IOIs they've garnered, put them in a little bucket, skip down to Lil' Sally's place -i.e. that mean ol' girl who inadvertently led them down the path of RP enlightenment-, then proceed to dump the contents at her feet and proudly proclaim, "Look how *Alpha* I am!"

Unfortunately for them, perception is collectively garnered and not circumstantially so.

Lil' Sally may notice the great strides of improvement this shiny new Enlightened Alpha has made. She might even be impressed by them.

And yet, the Enlightened Alpha's Beta past is not lost on her.

Women judge SMV based upon the good traits AND the bad traits they've perceived within him. She'll recall every beta trait this Enlightened Alpha has ever portrayed and will constantly hold them against him, no matter the improvements he currently displays.

Past posts have mentioned that even if a fat woman loses all of the extra weight (in turn becoming attractive), her self control still comes into question.

And Why? Because we've perceived her "fat-state" as her normative state; she's been fat longer than she's been attractive, so reversion back to her normative state is highly likely.

In most cases, people will "relapse" and resort back to what they're accustomed to or how they normally were due to the inherent longing for the familiarity and complacency their normative state brought them.

It's through these same lenses that she'll base her perceptions of the Newly Enlightened Alpha's shiny new coat of paint: as both temporal and thin.

To her, whether his "Alpha-state" is true or not is irrelevant; she's constantly remnant on the rusty-

scarred coat of paint beneath that bright red exterior.

What's more, not only is trying to demonstrate "how Alpha you've become" or attempting to invoke some sense of lust into women who've previously seen you unfavorably not worth your time, it's futile to it's very core.

The *very attempt* of rekindling old flames is a counter-balance against the basis of being an Alpha. You're not pursuing them because they're attractive, you're pursuing them to *make a point*.

A *real* Alpha wouldn't concern himself with her or their past experiences together, so any outright attempt at "rekindling" or readdressing said past would be perceived by her as a non-Alpha characteristic.

Not only that, some women will never see you as the Alpha you've become. My roommate from college is a professional lawyer, and yet I'll always see him as the stoner who slept through half his classes.

Lesson Learned- Perception trumps all when it comes to the bases/influences towards individualistic opinion.

"Women Want A Rock, Not An Equal"

401 upvotes | December 16, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- A quick word on the importance of frame, ending with a few more examples.

"Women Want A Rock, Not An Equal"

A woman inherently wants to be dependent on a man, not the other way around.

She wants to feel as though he's her "unwavering rock" should problems in her life arise. It's a survivalist trait past down from our ancestors.

"That said, when a man exposes his flaws, faults and weaknesses or when he shows a high level of emotional dependence on the woman's thoughts and feelings, he is seen moreso as just another human being rather than as a rock."

And while she may respect him for his humanitarian ways, this does not fundamentally garner her attraction, let alone her arousal.

Women are turned on by rocks and stones, not mush and goop, although Hollywood would have you believe otherwise.

A rock is the perfect version of stoic. A rock is non-judgmental, independent, strong, self-sufficient and doesn't mind when someone leaves (as another will soon arrive).

A few more RP examples:

OmLaLa's Tinder Profile

"Your hair is disappointing." (Candy from "...And Candy Cheats Again")

"...I found you on Tinder accidentally." (Tinderina from "...You Are Not My Type")

"...can I see you tonight?"

"...can we have sex today?"

"Are you saying you're open to an orgy?" (Diva from "Poker with Black Widows")

"...I'm on my way now."

"Under what pretenses?" (Candy from "...And Candy Cheats Again")

BONUS: "...are you one of those needy betas?"

[EDIT] I've gone through some of the pictures (the ones i didnt completely black out) and added some identification to confirm these messages came from multiple plates.

[EDIT 2] Plates younger than me refer to me as "sir". All plates bring food when coming over. All

plates know from the start that I have other plates. That's how I choose to maintain my relationship with plates. I know it's not for everyone.

“The Red Pill’s Guide to Online Dating: Over-Investment”

165 upvotes | December 28, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Foreword

I've decided that instead of making an entirely new “dating site” guide, I'll make a new series based off of the original article instead.

Thank you all for your continued support.

“The Red Pill’s Guide to Online Dating”: Over-Investment

“In any relationship, the person with the most power is the one who needs the other the least.” – [u/Rollo-Tomassi](#) & [u/Ilimitableman](#)

From this quote we can determine that a portrayal of **over-investment**, a common mistake made amongst men who hunt on dating sites, stems from a Local Sexy Single Woman (“LSSW”) perceiving their approach as need-driven, desperate or highly-dependent on the results of said conversation, be it for sex, reaffirmation of SMV, etc.

LSSW: the result of an endless supply of betas and alphas alike that'll give up validation to women by the barrel-full just for the slim chance she might open her Pearly Gates™. She will then rationalize all of this new-found attention as deserved and raise her self-perceived SMV to unrealistically-high levels.

Over-investment: *when a person holds a comparibly higher dependence on the ends or means of any exchange between two individuals.*

Because the man's intention is clear (sex) and he don't yet exist to the girl in question (compartmentalization of online validation vs. in-person validation), she sees no reason to bring him within her perception as the risk (in that he may be an “Alpha façade”, a dangerous individual, be catfishing, etc.) doesn't justify a reward that's all too accessible for her (sex).

Men are primarily seen as validation resources on dating sites and are initially addressed as such.

In short, in order for her to sleep with a guy she met online, she first has to perceive that he could care less whether or not they end up together and, in some cases, whether or not they'll even meet.

She has to feel that he feels he can do better than her. That she may be a burden on you in some way. And, most importantly, that he isn't invested in her any more than he is in the other LSSWs online.

You'll have to convey a lot with very little because the more you attempt to convey to her, the more

you “care” about her understanding you and your SMV and the more over-invested you inadvertently seem. A catch-22 of sorts. For example (for clarification, this is a made-up example):

[12:15 PM] **RP:** Hey

[2:13 PM] **Her:** Hey

[2:15 PM] **Her:** Wyd

[2:20 PM] **RP:** Benchpressing the Eiffel tower with one hand and eating cornflakes with the other. You?

[3:15 PM] **Her:** lol watchn tv

[3:25 PM] **RP:** So what're you looking for on here?

[4:15 PM] **Her:** friends maybe more

[4:25 PM] **RP:** Yeah, same here.

[6:15 PM] **Her:** cool

[6:20 PM] **RP:** You should come and get drinks with me. 9:30 at Bubba's.

[7:30 PM] **Her:** K

[7:35 PM] **RP:** So what's your number?

[8:00 PM] **Her:** 800-IMA-LSSW

[7:35 PM] **RP:** Okay great.

At first glance, some of you may think this is a successful endeavor simply because the number was received, A&A was used and the date was set up fairly quickly. But I'm here to tell you that the likelihood of her flaking after this conversation is high and detail out why that is.

A&A with LSSWs

Had he met this girl in person beforehand, this form of A&A may have worked. But without *any* determinant of SMV beyond his profile, bios and pictures, his A&A *may* be misconstrued as overly-gamy. Use it sparingly until you've met in-person.

Making her laugh/A&A done *in-person* or *after meeting in-person* improves her perception of the guy's SMV.

Timing/Baking

Also look at her responses and the time gap between them. As soon as she asked what he was doing, he immediately jumped to respond. While it may seem minor, this also portrays a sense of over-investment because it conveys they at the moment of her text he dropped whatever he was doing at the moment in order to respond. If she texts him at various times during the day and always gets a quick response, she'll likely presume that either:

a) He has nothing better to do and so he has either has no life or does very little (which is why "nothing" is never a good answer to this question).

b) He is so invested into their conversation (or into the "ends" of the conversation's "means" i.e. sex) that it out-prioritizes everything else he has going on.

This is why baking is important. Since perception is all she has to go on regarding determining your SMV, the truth behind whether you're *actually* preoccupied is irrelevant. Spacing out your responses subtly hints that you're as busy as the man your bio, pictures, etc. convey would be expected to be.

Baking: *the process of leaving messages or text messages unanswered for long periods of time to invoke intrigue.*

Would a high-valued man doing multiple, interesting things have the time to respond to every dating site message with the span of 15 minutes? Are dating sites really *that* important to him?

Investment v. Investment

Remember: "In any relationship, the person with the most power is the one who needs the other the least."

This means that even in a digital setting you dial your investment 2 notches behind hers. Back to the example:

[3:25 PM] **RP: So what're you looking for on here?**

("On here" is unnecessary. If she'd asked "what do you mean?" it could be clarified further but here

it's redundant and obvious. "So" is also unnecessary. It's a conflict-adverse reflect word ("word fodder") men'll use to 'soften' the tone of their messages, similar to how some guys'll add 'lol' or ' :-) ' before/after messages to make them less blunt, brash, harsh, cold or succinct.)

[4:15 PM] Her: friends maybe more

(No punctuation, no grammar, no capitalization. Her response is clearly of lower-investment. She wins.)

[4:25 PM] RP: Yeah, same here.

(Punctuation and capital letters used in response. "Yeah" and "here" are unnecessary. And while both levels of invest may be low, hers is lower. She wins.)

[6:15 PM] Her: cool

(Again, but now it's down to one word. Even-lower investment in response.)

[6:20 PM] RP: You should come and get drinks with me. 9:30 at Bubba's.

(Long reply in response. "You should" is unnecessary. "With me" is unnecessary. "And" is unnecessary. "Come get drinks" would've worked better. Either way, she wins.)

[7:30 PM] Her: K

(...you get the picture.)

Lesson Learned

Having her number and setting up a date doesn't guarantee success. She has to first perceive that he could care less whether or not they end up together and, in some cases, whether or not they even meet.

From the original "The Red Pill's Guide to Online Dating":

"The goal of this section will be to get her number as effortlessly as possible ALL WHILE MAINTAINING YOUR FRAME."

"I stress this because getting a number is meaningless if the LSSW's perception of you is beta or a validation resource. Until you're standing right in front of her, perception is all you have - false or otherwise."

"She MUST perceive you as alpha all the way through for this to succeed or else you'll all fall on

your ass."

P.S.- I did not know that guys could be "super-liked" on Tinder.

“The Red Pill’s Guide to Online Dating: Browsing, Tinder and Supermarkets of Men”

140 upvotes | December 29, 2015 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- I compare some dating sites and hopefully get you laid some more by telling you to do less.

“The Red Pill’s Guide to Online Dating”: Browsing, Tinder and Supermarkets of Men

There’s a fairly easy method of improving your odds of having an LSSW likely to meet up with you. I like to call it the “window shopping method”.

The process is simple. Instead of initiating with all of the women you’d enjoy sleeping with, just open their bio so they see you’ve viewed their profile and move on. If they view your profile in response, you know that you’ve piqued their interest.

But why does this work?

First let’s discuss the unavoidable investment.

The Unavoidable Investment

Note: Yeah, yeah, I know, reeal "witty" title, LaLa. Screw you, I'm out of coffee.

The last article focused primarily on how over-investment works between two people in that, as I’ll quote again:

“In any relationship, the person with the most power is the one who needs the other the least.”

By initiating without any form of IOI, while it can be seen as a dominant frame *in-person*, online it can easily be misconstrued among the other “approaches” from the dozens of other beta men messaging her, some of which might even be succinctly initiating just like the Alpha (“hey” or “hi”).

If this is the case, it could prove to be an uphill battle to get her to see how genuine your under-investment is especially considering the catch-22 we mentioned in the last post (the more you try to prove your SMV, the more invested you become in her opinion). It’s always a step into her frame.

The *very act* of initiating online, no matter how succinct or under-invested you make it, is an investment into her moreso than she in you (she didn’t reach out because such an act would be overt and women primarily communicate covertly). Remember, online we can only deal in the perceptions garnered by our texts, messages, pictures and bios as that’s all she has to base her judgements on our SMV off of.

There are two ways at which you could reduce this deficit of initial investment between the two of you. You can,

a) not open with high levels of investment i.e. “hey baby, what’re you up to?” which would only serve to increase the already-unavoidable gap in initial investment

b) garner *some* IOI to close the deficit gap a bit, should you try window shopping.

c) offset yourself from the other men by *not* messaging her as soon as you see her profile, which is also achieved by window shopping.

More on option C, think about it from an LSSW’s perspective: an attractive woman who is overly-accustomed to receiving a combination of profile views then initial messages from a wide variety of men checks her profile and sees that some hunky Alpha dude looked at her profile once then moved on (yes, girl think about shit like this). It bothers her. “Why didn’t he message me like the others? He saw how attractive I am.”

She’ll then visit his profile and her hamster will spin up some convoluted plot as to why you brushed over her. Then, a few hours later, she gets a message from the Alpha and she’s equally as invested. He made himself relevant by not doing anything (the best kind of relevance).

That explanation was a bit dramatic, sure. And it won’t play out that way every time (some will completely miss it/skip over it) but the ones that responded to me looking at them by looking back at me (in some cases they’ll even overtly reach out and initiate) have been some of the fastest/easiest escalations I’ve experienced with LSSWs.

Note: A long explanation for a simple method, surely. I feel that it’s important for us to understand why and how these interactions work so that with time we can tweak these inner-workings to suit each of our personalities. It’s like figuring out why a computer turns on when you press the power button. Pressing the button’s easy, but learning how it works provides insight which births innovation.

Implementation

How to window browse in practice is *really* easy:

1) Take a few minutes a view all of the profiles of women you’d sleep with. Nothing more.

2) Check back later to see if any have viewed you back.

3) If they have, bake for a short amount of time (depending on their SMV, longer for more attractive).

4) Initiate.

Note: That’s all there is to it. As simple as the implementation is, even if you don’t agree with me, at

least give it a go. I'll normally switch between this method and my method from the original "RP Dating Guide", but it's up to you.

Now let's get more analytical. I'd like to go back to a previous comment I'd made regarding a "step into her frame" on dating sites and use that as a means to address how this varies between different sites (buckle up kids).

The "Free Markets" (Plenty of Fish, Badoo, OK Cupid, LOVOO, Skout, Jaumo, Hot or Not)

This free market "step into frame" on dating sites like POF, OKC and Badoo is usually abhorred by LSSWs as it gives men they'd perceive below their Beta Ladders endless opportunities to attempt to "convince" them of their SMV, thus flooding their inboxes.

LSSWs only respond to men they would either place on their Beta Ladder or Alpha Ladder, so all of the extra spam is seen as unnecessary and annoying, especially for the more attractive LSSWs. Not only do women not like reaffirmations from low-SMV men, they resent it and the men giving it.

For them, a low-SMV man that considers her attainable enough to reach out to her causes a negative reaffirmation (introspection) on how attractive she *really* is, which is counter to the feel-good stimuli she generally expects from dating sites. Matches, likes, favorites and communications with betas (as faceless validation sources or potential provisions) and Alphas (for FWB, ONS and NSA) is all women want from dating sites.

This is ultimately why sites like Tinder, CAB and Bumble are so popular amongst attractive LSSWs; on "free market" dating sites, their inboxes become so flooded that it's difficult to filter out the Alphas from the betas, etc. etc.

The "Supermarkets" (Tinder, Bumble, Coffee or Bagel, Happn)

On Tinder, her inbox is *directly controlled by her*; only the men she deems "worthy" can even begin to speak with her, and only after she "swipes right". To her, it's like online shopping. She swipes right for guys she thinks she could use for either sex or validation based upon their profile pictures (people rarely look at the bio on Tinder) and swipes left for the guys she perceives couldn't meet her standards.

Because of this, on sites like Tinder, physique is much more than a prerequisite to attraction. It'll determine how you'll begin each and every LSSW interaction. It'll determine whether or not your battle will be uphill and how steep the slope. It'll determine which ladder she leans towards for you before you even initiate.

Bumble is worse on terms of giving the LSSW control of the interaction.

On Bumble, even after you've both "swiped right" ala Tinder, the woman must make the first move and initiate within 24 hours in order for a conversation to begin. This is counter to the very nature of women's preferred method of communication i.e. covert communication.

Initiating an interaction is very overt, which means there's a strong likelihood that an LSSW matched with *and* one who openly initiates on Bumble will be dominant by nature (and thus akin to more overt methods of communication). What's more, by having to wait on said initiation the man must begin the interaction men even deeper into the LSSW's frame than normal.

It's the purest version of online validation. The LSSWs get all of the likes and matches and

reaffirmations of their SMV they would get on any other dating site, they can control whomever they actually converse with, when the converse, etc. and after 24 hours the LSSW will disappear with the man's wasted time, effort and validation.

The man literally becomes a product on the shelf at a supermarket. This is why attractive women flock to it. No risk, all reward, all control over the interaction. It takes what little dominance that could be garnered initiating off the table.

Note: I'm not saying don't use Tinder, Bumble, Happn or CaB. Just be wary of how heavily female-catered these sites in particular have been crafted. It's always better to know exactly what you're up against so you can form a strategy around it rather than resort to blindly throwing the dice or throwing your hands and not playing at all. The former's what TRP's all about.

“...And Lucy Tries Harder”

568 upvotes | January 11, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

TL;DR- A newer plate has issues with an older plate and tries to cause problems.

“...And Lucy Tries Harder”

I ...had a plate named **Lucy**.

Bright blonde, blue-eyed definition of submission.

One of those “quiet as a church-mouse” types. The one’s that speak *real soft* and always look at their feet when they speak.

Lucy was jealous of Fine China (another plate).

To be more specific, Lucy was jealous of how FC looked.

Lucy'd seen one of FC's racier pictures on my phone. Fine China’s better looking and she knows it.

So she gets insecure. Comfort tests increase. “Am I enough for you?” “Why *me?*” Etc. etc. My plates know about each other so whatever. They just never bump into each other (Except Candy and FC but that’s something else).

At least until last night.

Fine China makes Katsudon (my favorite). She comes over and we eat. Lucy texts and asks if I’m available.

Om: no

Lucy asks why.

Om: busy

She begs. She pleads. Says that she *has* to see me tonight.

Om: chinas here

More begging. More pleading. I put my phone on silent. Me and Fine China get busy.

Not 10 minutes in there’s a knock at the door. Already know who it is. We ignore it. Another knock. We ignore it again.

By the third knock I’d had it. I answer the door. Guess who.

She just stood in the doorway. She just stares at her feet. Like a guilty puppy-dog. Doesn't say a word. Maybe she was cold.

“I’m busy.”

She asks if FC’s still here.

“Yes.”

She pours out this *long. winded. schpeel.* about some *horrible* thing some sleazy guy had done at the party just left.

The "horrible thing" was vague and ill-defined. Still don't know what it was.

Question 1: Does the oddly-convenient the timing of this “traumatic incident” and how it just so happened to take place immediately following her knowledge of FC being over fall under mere coincidence or as a means of justification of action?

a) *Justification. It would be difficult for anyone to rationally believe that level of coincidence in timing and to overlook such an obvious plea for validation.*

b) *Coincidence. You weren't there so you never know.*

c) *Neither. She just thinks you're stupid.*

(the correct answer was A.)

She makes a comment about Fine China.

“She's pretty.”

Translation: She makes me feel insecure. Not used to being outclassed I guess.

“And?”

She asks to come in. Says she won't say or do anything. That she just doesn't want to be alone or at home.

Truth is she wants to cunt-block Fine China. I tell her

“No. Go home.”

Gaslighting comes next. She tries to guilt trip. “So you would leave some poor traumatized girl out in the cold when she needs you?”

...I close the door.

Standing there and talking to her would be giving her exactly what she wanted: giving her attention over FC.

And I'm not pissed nor surprised by it. Just sort of... done.

She knew what she was doing was crazy. No need to reaffirm that for her.

I come back and Fine China makes some snide remark, something about thirsty bitches and not enough Gatorade. I don't respond.

We finish where we left off, she leaves after. I check my phone. 12 missed calls. 8 text messages. All from Lucy.

The first few texts were pretty aggressive and “gaslight-y”. Yadda yadda, I thought you were a better man than that. Blah blah, a real man wouldn't treat a girl like that.

Then the comfort tests.

“...but I always know how to fuck shit up. Cuz that's what I do. That's who I am.” “I'm a pain in the ass and someone that no one wants. Someone that is worthless and replaceable.”

What killed me though (although it didn't surprise me) was how not one of her texts gave any inkling of an apology. No “I'm sorry for showing up unannounced, but..” or “sorry for interrupting, but...”.

All she did was play the “victim”:

- I’m a pain in the ass
- someone that no one wants
- Someone that is worthless and replaceable
- some poor traumatized girl out in the cold
- doesn’t want to be alone

Question 2: Why didn’t Lucy admit or acknowledge guilt over her reckless, impulsive and sporadic behavior? (Experienced RPer, please don’t answer.)

a) *Because she’s crazy.*

b) *Because she’s menstruating so it’s okay.*

c) *Because what she did was okay. Women should get a pussy pass because women are special and should always be treated with respect and chivalry.*

d) *Because she doesn’t feel guilty. And that’s the point. She felt justified. She felt bad not being the prettiest, she didn’t like it, she’s the most important person ever (to her) and so she was gonna do something about it and sort it all out later. So she came over with the specific purpose of cunt-blocking the girl that made her feel bad, failed, saw no fault in her actions but fault in us for not “sympathizing” with her.*

(The correct answer was D.)

I step outside to smoke.

Surprise surprise. Lucy’s still in the parking lot.

I don’t look in her car’s direction. I finish my smoke, lock my doors, ignore my phone and sleep.

Lesson Learned

“Treat every woman like a loaded gun”.

All it took for Lucy was to know that the another woman being “prettier than her” for shit to get psychotic. You never know how light a gun’s trigger will be. You never know what might set it off. And we’re not Neo.

The only way for us to dodge a bullet is to point the gun away from us.

Consider Lucy nexted.

"The Red Piller's Guide to Online Dating:" Word Fodder

273 upvotes | January 14, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

"The Red Piller's Guide to Online Dating:" Word Fodder

Word Fodder (werd fod.der) *n.* -a conflict-adverse reflective word or words men'll use to 'soften' the tone of their messages, similar to how some guys'll add 'lol' or ' :-)' before/after messages to make them less blunt, brash, harsh, cold or succinct.

This post'll teach you how to tell if you're word foddering when you're texting bitches.

At the bottom you'll find a nice list of the most common Word Fodders I've noticed after months of giving RPer's Text-Game/Tinder advice.

If you're using these a lot, you're weakening your Alpha assertion in favor of PC-esque linguistics.

Without the big words? You care too much about whether the girl on the other end sees you as "overly-abrasive", "overly-aggressive", "too to-the-point" or too predatory.

But you *want* to be those things. Or at least seen as those things. It causes Polarization.

While I'm not a big fan of the book Models I really like that term. I'm gonna dumb this *way* down but:

Polarization (po.lar.ee.zay.shun) *v.* -an act, appearance or trait that, for those who're perceiving them, makes the process of categorization within some sub-genre (in this case either Alf or Betafish) both easy and effort-free.

Speaking/texting succinctly instead of padding you're responses. Don't decorate it. Just say it. It sounds more Alpha.

- **Ambiguous:** So then, what brings are you all the way out here to L.A.?
- **Alpha-esque:** Why'd you move here?

Sounds like a no-brainer. But I bet my bottom bitch that if you talking to an some hot little thing compared to your run-of-the-mill Ugg-wearing Chia-drinker you're likely over-packing your sentences with Word Fodder.

How do I know? Why do you do that? Because you don't want to mess shit up. She's hot. And not wearing Uggs. You don't want her not to like you. You know if you polarize and she doesnt reciprocate, you're donezo. Being ambiguous (not leaning heavy-Red or heavy-Blue) gives you some

time to work with.

But you know what? If she doesn't respond to quick polarization, the long con's moot.

If acting Red from the start puts her off then showing up Red later isn't going to change her mind. She wasn't interested before, isn't interested now. And by waiting you've wasted time gaming a dud.

I've been there. It sucks.

Chicks make their mind up *fast*.

If she's cute she's got options. Mr. Ambiguous loses out to Clearly-Red guy because where Red guy stands on stuff is clear from the start.

Again. By padding out sentences to make your sentences "softer"...

| you're weakening your Alpha assertion in favor of PC-esque linguistics.

Anyways, here's some examples of Word Fodder. Think about them for a bit.

Examples

"So what do you do for fun?"

Note: Common word fodder.

"Well what do you do for fun?"

"Yeah I love sushi."

Note: The "Yeah" is redundant. Use either "Yeah" or just "I love sushi".

"Hey, can I ask you something?"

"You should make me a sandwich."

Note: "Should" implies a suggestion and is a covert attempt at being overt. Women say "You should" to strongly suggest they want something without outright saying it. Alpha's are expected to be overt.

"Why don't we go to the bar for some drinks."

Note: Common word fodder.

"We should go to the bar for some drinks."

Note: This is also common word fodder.

"Let's go to the bar for some drinks?"

Note: Even more common.

Another Note: A better phrase to start these with would be like... I don't know, "Come with me..." "Come to..." "I'm going to..." "Meet me at..." "I'll be at..." "See you at...". Something like those I guess.

"Don't worry. I don't bite."

"I don't bite ;-)"

Note: The winky faces are the worst in my opinion.

"Lol I don't bite."

"Haha I don't bite."

"I don't bite lol"

Note: Obviously just "I don't bite" would've been the best alternative.

"What are you looking for on here?"

Note: "on here" is redundant/overly-specific. Like going to the mall at asking someone "What're you shopping for at the mall?"

"What're you looking for on Tinder?"

Note: Same deal here.

Look guys. You ain't got to be succinct and stern (S&S?) and junk to text girls without word fodder.

A&A for example.

- **"Yeah, I'm the sexiest man alive. I benchpress dolphins on nude benches lol"**
- "I'm the sexiest man alive. I bench press dolphins on nude beaches."

Minor change, but look at the difference it makes in tone. Just a twinge of seriousness and confidence in there that the "Yeah" and "lol" take away. Word fodder.

Lesson Learned

You're not the only one that thinks online dating/texting is annoying as hell. Shit's tough. We say "watch what they do not what they say" but that's tough when texting is nothing but saying. Length of text, time of text, frequency of text and choice of wording is all we've got to go by. But we don't give up. We learn and adapt.

-Om the Mach

"10s"

620 upvotes | May 2, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

*A **Quick Word**- Hey. It's been awhile. FYI I'm still on RP lurking. I'm not dead. I've been busy. Mad busy. But as busy as I've become, I still have gallons of RP I want to dump on your heads. So. As compensation I'll be making smaller "snippet" posts until things settle down for me.*

"10s"

So you've noticed you're consistently grabbing the attention of the hottest girl at the bar. But how exactly do you go about plating her?

Don't you worry. OmLaLa's back to give you a hand. So let's get started.

Remove the rose-tinted glasses.

Ever hear of the halo effect? It boils down to this: if you're hot, people believe you can do no wrong. The keyword here though is *believe*.

I guarantee to you that any other-worldly attractive chick you meet has some serious baggage. And how do I know this? Because of the halo effect. If everyone around her constantly sees her as blameless, she's almost certain to go down some dark paths with little to no resistance.

How can you benefit from this? Be assertive with her, zero tolerance and firm. Be her daddy.

Well.

Not literally her daddy.

She's used to even high-tier alphas bending to her just for a chance to fuck. Show interest, give kino, but DO NOT BEND. If she says or does something you find unacceptable (which she will because she's stepped on men for X years), tell her flat out. If she asks what you like or what you want, be direct. And if she keeps persisting with the shit tests...

Walk away while you're in control.

Oh my god. Do this a lot. Especially with hot chicks. They can't stand the thought of being (nonchalantly) dumped. Indifference is your greatest weapon.

I'm serious. Try it. Get a girl at least semi-invested in you in some way, wait for her to try and start an argument or debate over something stupid, don't engage, say something neutral like "Ok" (as if you didn't hear a word she just said) and walk off. You don't actually have to leave the place. Go piss or something.

It's one thing to say you have no problem leaving her, but to actually show her how quickly you can drop all interest and walk off on her (something she's probably never experienced) makes you all the more valuable and interesting. A man who can't be caged or caught always sparks intrigue, especially if she's used to easily catching men. Use that.

Remember: People want what they can't have and people always want to tame the untamable.

-Om

"Trap"

207 upvotes | May 4, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

“Trap”

“Trapping” someone (cuffing someone, locking someone down, etc.) is using things like pregnancy, suicide, dating, marriage, love, guilt, etc. to limit or hinder a partner's ability to leave, see other people, act freely with consequence, etc.

But all circumstances of trapping girls/guys always boils down to one thing: they're all an attempt to establish power where there is none.

Relationships are nothing more than a balance of power (or frames, as RPer's would say) and the power in any relationship is ultimately held by whoever cares the least. Trapping is all about interrupting this balance by forcing the disinterested to care i.e. by removing as many alternative paths as possible. Me or no one.

Example 1: Moving in together.

Moving in together in order to quote “become closer as a couple” puts power in the girl's hands by giving her control over how quickly and feasibly he could leave her (lease, shared rent, etc.), giving her access to his personal male space and by giving her access to his life and stuff while he's asleep, at work or away, like a loosened noose swaying ominously around his neck.

Before she had no power over him. He had no direct ties to her. He'd suffered no losses from walking away. If she'd've done some fucked up shit to him all he'd have to do is delete her number and carry on. But with this he'd be tied to a 10-month lease and limited finances to put towards a sudden move/break of the lease. Not to mention the possibility of common law alimony. She has power now.

Example 2: "Boyfriend/Girlfriend" titles.

A girl who pushes vehemently to label a relationship is a girl who's trying to give a man a weak spot to exploit. Without labels he can fuck whoever whenever. So she tries to label him in an attempt to keep him for herself. To establish control over her feel good stimuli. But with that label come the socially-decided restrictions and consequences for a boyfriend plus any other restrictions she chooses to drum up. Tomorrow she could decide looking at other women is cheating while holding sex hostage and with cheating considered “wrong” he is left with no other agreeable path to sex other than to obey. She has power now.

All in all, this is how the long-term Game is played: When the dust settles, who's *really* got the power? Whose trapped who? Who needs who more? Am I really in control here?

It's not about discovering whether or not she has an ulterior motive. It's about discovering what her ulterior motive is.

My Advice:

Plan and prepare for any possible scenario. Don't move in without a plan and money set aside for moving out. Get a vesactamy or use condoms. Don't date or at the very least be upfront about other chicks from the jump. In short, never put yourself in a situation you're not prepared for.

Life's a pop quiz. Study everything, question everyone and stay prepared at all times. You never know.

-Om

"Conditioning"

171 upvotes | May 9, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

"Conditioning "

Don't try and explain your side of things.

Don't tell her why you feel a certain way. Don't ask for a second opinion. Don't use facts to back you up, don't try to flip the situation back at her, don't cite her past instances, etc. It's a waste of time.

She's always going to take her own side. To her she's always justified. To her she'll always be right.

And what's more, by telling a girl that you're miffed over something she's done (withholding sex, etc.) or over something she said (overly shit testing, etc.) you're showing her by that doing/saying those things she's got an effective way to break you, your frame and to get what she wants.

It makes things worse.

Instead, show her dissatisfaction through action.

These're all effective ways of condition her to act or speak a certain way and all serve to get your point across:

Be distant. Don't answer her calls and texts. When she asks what's wrong tell her everything's fine. Give her attention only after sex. Barely look in her direction. Take longer-than-average glances at prettier women. Speak monotone to her and with a natural inflection with other people. Use blunt short words when talking or texting her. Turn your body away from her when talking in public. Be vague when she asks questions like what'd you do today or where're you going. Smile at other women. Act excited to see everyone else.

And if that doesn't work, disappear completely, move on and if she chases give her an ultimatum. No bargaining. No hashing it out. Either this or nothing at all.

There's also dread.

When she goes off on long tangents or goes on and on with shit testing, just play with your phone.

Chuckle to yourself a bit like some prettier girl just messaged you something coy. Act like you missed what she said. Set your phone face down and away from her on purpose and let her hamster up the reason why. If you get a call turn the screen away and walk off to take it. Be vague about who you're talking to.

Basically just make whatever going on in your phone seem more important than her. Get this right and it's foolproof. It's also good for dates that're going nowhere.

Lastly there's silence.

Chicks hate awkward silences and will typically fill the silence themselves.

That said, if it's your first time together her IOIs or intensions for you seem unclear, force an awkward silence, pull out your phone and let the silence bake.

If she caves and fills it, she's likely invested in you (i.e. she doesn't want you to lose interest). If 40 seconds pass and she still doesn't fill it or if you're the one constantly keeping the convo going or

filling in those awkward silences then it's not like to go anywhere. Just something to keep an eye on.

-Om

"...And Ruth Gets Jealous "

417 upvotes | June 29, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

...And Ruth Gets Jealous

So I invite these 2 new Tinderinas over the same night. Sue and Ruth.

Sue comes over right after I got off, Ruth comes later that night. Cool.

They fall under that "standard-practice" level of Tinder fodder so after gaming a devils daughter these past 2 months (which is a whole nother story altogether) gaming them's cake.

So the Sue chick shows up early. I throw on some Netflix and we start "chilling" right away. We watch *We Are Still Here*. Best damn horror movie on Netflix. Seriously. Have no idea what happened the first half and it was still the shit.

Anyways Sue pretty much knows her role so she leaves the shit tests at a minimum. She just likes the chilling part.

About halfway in I get a text. But fuck stopping. Let's text and chill at the same time. Who says guys can't multitask?

Guess who. Ruth. "I'm omw." Hour and a half early.

I tell her not now. Next text "I'm here" then a knock on the door.

Sound familiar? If not go read "...And Lucy Tries Harder".

Anyways since we're chilling by the door I know she could hear is. The Netflix I mean. I open the door and she's wearing this mesh body suit, a robe and a kink collar.

So I've got two options here. I could

a) *Do like last time: shut the door and tally the losses.*

OR I could

b) *Go for broke, throw the Hail Mary, invite her in and aim for threesome because Sue likes girls and I like 2 girls.*

So I invite her in and tell her to sit in the love seat. I sit between them. They just sit and stare at each other and it's mad awkward.

NOTE: *In situations like these you can't let that awkward silence sit and stay as blunt and upfront as possible. They'll both listen for inconsistencies and attempts to console and justify.*

In short, don't act like you've been caught with your pants down (even if you just were). Act casual and be calm. They'll subconsciously mimic your "vibe".

Ruth says something along the "plausible deniability" line of "Is this your friend?" I tell her yeah. "Is she your...special friend?" I look over at Sue to try and keep this a 3-man conversation. I say special

how.

"Do you have sex with her too?" I don't hesitate. I say yeah. That's it. No explaining why, no going into detail and no justification of action. Just. Yeah.

"What is she to you?" I say a special friend. "Is that what I am?" I say yes that's what you are. And Sues sitting quietly. Good Sue.

NOTE: *If a girl ever grills you on another girl answer swiftly and err on the side of either equality (i.e. you see/value them both equally; safest and easiest route) or the other girl being better than her (ex. "Am I the best lay you ever had?" "No Christy was.") It shifts her focus away from trying to manipulate you to a deep-seeded desire to be better than the other female (or at least to convince herself that she is).*

The whole "daddy's little princess" fads given these chicks an incessant need to prove that they're better than the other princesses (therein becoming that special princess everyone told her she was). So if she thinks you think Christy fucks better than her she'll fuck the literal shit out of you out of spite for Christy. You become a sex judge all to suit her own self gratification ("I'll show YOU whose better at sex! Fuck Christy and her damn fake implants!"). Gradually tell her she's getting closer to Christy level, draw it out to keep it going longer. It's a win-win. Hooray for game.

Ruth wants to talk in the back so we talk in the back. Sues fine so whatever.

She starts by talking in past tense:

"I liked you..."

"I thought you were..."

"I wanted you..."

Then she says:

"So you were gonna fuck her then fuck me right after?" I say yep.

Then she's gives this big finale of a statement:

"I just can't do this anymore."

She slowly gets up and walks to the door. She waits for me to try to convince her not to leave. I say see yah. That's it. Short pause, then she sits back down.

NOTE: *I say this all the time and it bears repeating: ALWAYS let them leave without consoling or trying to justify yourself or arguing against her or whatever. Just don't react.*

A ton of guys make this mistake. She's gonna try to get you to chase her. If you don't chase her however, in her mind you two are "unresolved" or "lack closure" and come back. Why?

"Closure" to girls is a basis to be unattractive to you. They can't be more invested and just let go. They need something to support letting go. This could cover a whole post ultimately they need you to do something beta-ish to "get over you". Else they'll just become another Alpha Widow.

Her tone 180s. She goes on about how she was wrong and how I warned her about me fucking other

chicks and that because we aren't together she shouldn't be upset. I don't answer. She says she guessed the situation just shocked her and she feels silly walking in in all fishnet.

She asks what I want her to do. I tell her stay. She says "I want you to kick her out but I know that's not you." I say it isn't. She says she doesn't like girls. So much for the threesome. Some of the other plates are down so whatever. She leaves.

Sue says she's never seen some shit like that before. I laugh and we start chilling.

About halfway through my phone rings. I answer knee deep in chilling.

It's Ruth. All she says is text me when she's gone. I say ok.

We finish and Sue leaves. I text Ruth and she shows up not 2 minutes later.

The first thing she says walking in: "Did she say anything about me after I left?" I say no. She begins to talk mad shit about Sue and I let her ramble on.

NOTE: *You see? It was never about me. It was about competing with Sue.*

She asks what the sex with Sue was like and if Sue gave me head and if I liked it and if Sue was better than her. Sue Sue Sue. I say yeah. She says and I quote "You need to wear a condom because I don't know what that bitch has." I say no. She doesn't argue it further (but seriously guys wear a condom).

She shit tests a bit more. I ignore her. Then she starts talking about the last time we chilled. And that's my cue to fire up Netflix.

LL: *Let girls squabble and get jealous. Jealousy's a strong indication of investment and a sign that in some way preselects on is at work.*

By letting her know that there are other chicks better than her you establish your standards and where she fits on that scale. From there it's up to her and her hamster do decide how to increase her ranking.

-Om

EDIT: Okay so I've had a bunch of people request to see what my physique is so here's a picture of me plus a screenshot of my Tinder profile.

"Get off of TRP"

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[removed]

OmLaLa on YouTube - “Enlightened Alpha: On How Women Listen”

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I’ve started up a YouTube channel called Enlightened Alpha. I’ll start by uploading videos for my old posts and if it goes well I’ll upload some new stuff. Might do Skype stuff again through Patreon.

Look forward to seeing you guys again.

-Om

OmLaLa on YouTube - “ Enlightened Alpha: On How Women Listen”

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