

A Dragon In Australia

Caleb Jones | 12 November, 2015 | by Blackdragon

â€œNo worries, mite.â€œ

Australia is a land of contradictions. Itâ€™s definitely the Western world, but located in Asia (sort of). Its women are the most sex-positive in the Western world, yet some men say itâ€™s impossible to get laid there (which is bullshit, as I demonstrated [a few days ago](#) and will again today). As part of the Western world, its economy should be failing, but its proximity to the rising East has protected it (at least so far) from the economic decline [the US and Europe is now suffering](#).

Iâ€™ve done business with Australia and many Australians for at least 15 years, but this is the first time Iâ€™ve visited the country, a visit long overdue. Iâ€™m spending a week here, split evenly between its two largest cities, Sydney and Melbourne. Itâ€™s such a fantastic place that Iâ€™ll definitely be back next year, and as of now will begin to make regular business trips out here for consulting, coaching, and seminars.

I love Asia, but I admit itâ€™s nice to finally be back in the West. Being out of the blast furnace that is Singapore and into the normal (for me) cool, rainy weather of Australia in November is nice. Itâ€™s also a huge relief to see big round butts, big boobs, and blonde hair on women again. Praise Jesus.

Again, I love Asia, but whenever I leave Asia after a long trip, my subconscious gets â€œhappyâ€œ at hearing English spoken again, albeit this time spoken with a funny accent. But hey, English is English. Only after spending a lot of time abroad over the last few years do I now understand non-native people in America when they get excited at hearing their home language. You donâ€™t realize how much you miss it (at least subconsciously) until you hear it spoken again.

Alright. Letâ€™s talk about Australia, both the good and the bad, as thereâ€™s quite a bit of both.

A Tale of Two Cities

Sydney and Melbourne. While theyâ€™re both beautiful cities, both very Australian, only about one hour distant from each other via plane, and almost the same size (Sydneyâ€™s 4.8 million people vs. Melbourneâ€™s 4.4 million), these are two very different cities. Surprisingly so.

The best way I can explain it to those familiar with the US would be to say that Sydney is Australiaâ€™s Los Angeles, while Melbourne is Australiaâ€™s Seattle.

Sydney is flashy, exciting, and a little superficial. The pace is fast, the women are super hot (more on this in a minute), the men at least *appear* big and Alpha, and people are more stylish and gregarious. Melbourne is more quiet, artistic, and intellectual. The people are much more average looking, and after about 8:30 pm it feels like most of the city shuts down because everyone goes home to read a book or something.

Melbourne is also bizarrely similar to my home town of Portland. Left-wing culture, heavy focus on books and art, an overabundance of Asians, very cool, mild climate...being here felt just like being home, with both the good and bad that implies.

Interestingly, Sydney people (Synders?) and Melbourne people (Melbornians?) constantly badmouth each other. Itâ€™s hilarious. People in Melbourne talk about Sydney people like theyâ€™re all a bunch of douchebags and cheap sluts. Sydney people look down at Melbourne people and complain about how theyâ€™re a bunch of artsy nerds. Both sets of stereotypes arenâ€™t super wrong.

Letâ€™s talk about both the men and the women here.

1. The men. The rumor Iâ€™ve heard in the US is that Australian men are good-looking. When I first

arrived in Australia, hitting Sydney first, I did notice the men looked a little better than typical American men. At first, I thought it was because Sydney men had better style (which they do) and tend to sport a more rugged, masculine appearance than American guys (much more facial hair in Australia for example). But as time went on and I saw and met more men here, I had to admit that yes, Australian men are indeed better-looking than American men on average, at least a little. Most of the women I know in the US (including my own daughter) would be very happy here.

As to why the men look different, your guess is as good as mine. Is it because Australians are descended from England's criminals, and thus have more testosterone and masculine properties in their bloodlines? Don't know.

It's important to point out that "better looking" and perhaps "more masculine" don't necessarily translate to "more Alpha." There are definitely a lot of Alphas here, but I wouldn't go as far to say that Australian men are more Alpha than American men. Betas abound in the US and they abound here. They're just a little better looking here, particularly in Sydney (Melbourne men are more normal looking). A lot of people get caught up in the myth that good looking = Alpha, and this is flat out untrue. I know a hell of a lot of really good looking men who are clearly betas, both in the US and in Australia.

2. Sydney women. Oh my god. Amazing. I wasn't expecting this at all. I had it in my head that Australian women were supposed to be ugly. Boy, was I wrong, at least in terms of Sydney. Stepping out into Sydney for the first time, I was quite happy at the sheer amount of hotties I saw. White, mixed, blondes, brunettes, holy crap, hotties are everywhere in the downtown areas. One day I walked by a Subway at a mall and *the entire line of people* were hot women (8s or above). During a simple walk down from my office to get some lunch another day, three women who were 9s-10s walked past me in less than 90 seconds. Walking around Sydney during crowded times of the day is seriously like being in high school again.

Moreover, a high percentage of these women are exactly my type; big boobs, big asses, trim bodies, long hair, many blondes. Regardless of my personal tastes, I can tell you for an absolute fact that, in terms of what most men like in female appearances, Sydney ranks well beyond typical American cities like Chicago or Washington DC and just a notch below super-hot cities like LA or Miami. It's that good.

I would never live in Australia. Way too socialist (just their sales tax is 10%, on everything!), too mommy-state (they *force* you to vote or pay a fine, WTF?), but if I lived in Sydney, I would be extremely happy with my woman life. Sadly, my schedule for my eight-day stay in Australia was booked more solid with work than with my Asia visits, so I had no time to play. I'll have to set aside some woman-time next time I fly out here.

3. Melbourne women. Flying from Sydney and landing in Melbourne, the change is immediate and obvious. Women in Melbourne are clearly uglier, fatter, and more plain. No, Melbourne women aren't ugly, they're what I would call "very average." Again, very similar to my hometown of Portland, in that there *are* hot girls in Melbourne, but instead of walking around all over the place like in Sydney, you have to hunt for them and sift through a lot of chaff.

I also find facial structures of non-American whites very interesting. As compared to Americans, Australians, particularly the women, have much longer, pointer noses. It's not a good or bad thing, just different and very noticeable, similar to how Ukrainian women have clearly more round jaw lines. I find these facial structure differences very fascinating, and when I return to the US I'm going to do some reading on this.

3. The culture. The stereotype of Australians being laid back and chill is true, though I knew this well before actually visiting the country. Australians, even the ones in Sydney who are considered "the

worstâ□□ by Australian standards, are the second nicest people on the planet besides the Canadians.

The only reason Canadians are nicer is because Australians are more blunt and in-your-face than other former British enclaves. However, the bluntness of the Australian is always said with a warm smile and a genuine laugh. Blunt doesnâ□□t mean jerk. Australians are what New Yorkers would be if New Yorkers werenâ□□t assholes.

Laid back doesnâ□□t even begin to describe it. My first full day in Australia was on a national holiday for...get this...a fucking horse race. The entire city of Melbourne shuts down just to watch this damn thing. All the other cities, Sydney included, temporarily shuts down around 1 pm while everyone in the office gathers around the TV, drinks beer (yes, during a the workday), and cheers on whichever horse theyâ□□ve bet money on.

That day I was working in one of the tallest buildings in Sydney (Citibank Centre) and as I was hard at work on my laptop, suddenly a pile of loud, laughing Australians started crowding into the office area where I was, bringing food and beer. Soon there were about 20 people around me, laughing and talking and watching the TV mounted up in the wall with the horse races.

â□□Yo-ah welcome to have eh beeeah with us, mite,â□□ they repeatedly offered. I didnâ□□t have the heart to tell them [I donâ□□t drink alcohol](#); they probably would have fainted. I thanked them and had a few crackers instead. Finally, I couldnâ□□t stand the noise, so I grabbed my laptop and moved into the now abandoned break room. The only other people in there besides me working? Who else, but two Asians visiting from China.

So I huddled down and worked on my Mission, the two Asians worked on taking over the world, and the happy Australians cheered the horses in the next room. Afterwards, four different people came to apologize to me for the noise. Man, these people are nice.

They clearly knew how funny it was to shut everything down for a horse race and were very relaxed about it. â□□Yeh. Itâ□□s the craaiiziest thing we dew, mite.â□□

I told them it was fine, and that we in the USA go insane for the Super Bowl, mostly its commercials. Weâ□□re all entitled to our weird cultural events. (Though I didnâ□□t have the heart to admit I wasnâ□□t into the Super Bowl either.)

This laid back attitude extends into areas you wouldnâ□□t expect. For example, Australians swear more than any other Westerners Iâ□□ve encountered. Walking down the street, whether in a shitty area or in an upper-class business district, youâ□□ll hear the words â□□fuckâ□□ and â□□shitâ□□ fly out of peopleâ□□s mouths more than any other city (even New York!). All said with a smile and a laugh of course.

4. The infrastructure of Australia is a few notches lower than a typical American city. Some high tech, some low tech, lots of things set up wrong, and a hell of a lot of things that donâ□□t work. You can tell theyâ□□re just not trying very hard.

When you enter the country, youâ□□re supposed to register online. I did so, spending about \$35, thinking, â□□Oh, cool. This should save me time going through immigration.â□□

Wrong. Entering the airport from Singapore, youâ□□re supposed to use an automated computer kiosk. There were about ten of them. Just one problem. Eight of them didnâ□□t work or were turned off. Nice. So I had to line up at one of the only two available.

When I finally got up to one, youâ□□re supposed to scan your passport, so I did. It gave me an error. Tried again. Error. No explanation. I shrugged, knowing that spending the last two weeks in HK/Singapore made me very spoiled with hyper-efficiency and flawless technology. â□□Ah yes,â□□ I said, staring at the error on the screen, â□□Here I am in the declining West again.â□□

I had to go all the way over to the normal immigration desk, wait in line again, and fart around with immigration manually. There goes \$35. Oh well. At least they let me skip ahead in one of the lines.

Walking out of the immigration area, my first order of business, as always when I enter a new country, was to A) convert my cash to local currency and B) buy or rent a mobile wifi unit. I saw the currency exchange right around the corner, and was happy they had placed it right by immigration. Turning the corner, I saw no one was there and it was closed. In the middle of a workday. Ah, Australia.

Eventually, after farting around the Sydney airport and waiting in a few long lines, I had my cash converted and my wifi unit (which I purchased instead of rented, so I can use it during future visits here). Doing both took me about 45 minutes. Doing both took me under 10 minutes total in Hong Kong and Singapore.

Then the subways. Oh god, the subways. They suck ass. The actual trains are nice and clean and double-decker, which is cool. The problem is the train/subway stations are not labeled or designed in any way that makes sense. In Hong Kong and Singapore, I never had to *think* about what to do or where to go; it was all effortless, and I could navigate a train station I had never visited in literally seconds.

In Australia, I was constantly having to walk around, look for signs that weren't there, look for help that wasn't there, and waste time. Once while going to the Sydney airport to catch my flight to Melbourne, in the main train station (called Central) I could not find any sign showing me where the airport train was. I walked around and finally saw one. It listed all the stops by platform, which is stupid (it should list them by *stop*), forcing you to read down this entire massive list of stops in no particular order.

The airport wasn't on the list. The airport? Not on the station map? That can't be right. Nope, I was right, it wasn't there.

So once again, I had to walk around the entire station like an idiot looking for which platform housed the airport train. Amazingly, none of the platforms are labeled as to where they go (at best they show the name of the *line*, not any of the stops), so that wasn't any help. Finally I found a staffer and asked her. She told me *Platform 23* which was all the way back where I had come from.

Again, this entire process in Asia would have taken literally seconds.

So I fly to Melbourne, and in that airport, look for the train. But no! Unlike every other major city in the universe, *there is no train station at the Melbourne airport*. What!?!?

Oh well, I'll just use Uber. But no! Socialist Australia *has banned Uber from their airports*. What?!? THAT'S CORRECT, CITIZEN. WE MUST PROTECT OUR TAXI DRIVERS FROM TECHNOLOGY, PROGRESS, AND SUPERIOR SYSTEMS. I wonder if horse and buggy drivers had politically correct, socialist government protections like this in 1905. Would cars have ever been invented?

Sigh. I had to use an expensive shuttle bus just to get downtown. Insane. Because there's no train and no Uber at the airport, Melbourne people joke about *the big yellow line* on the road going to the airport. That yellow line is a line of taxis. Sure enough, when I went back to the airport to leave for Fiji, there was that big yellow line, sitting in a snarl of traffic, all piled up, trying to get people to the trainless, Uberless airport. I saw it, because I had to sit in that traffic too. Wow.

On top of all that, the subway/train costs in Australia are way overpriced. In Sydney, my hotel was just six stops, close together (with one interchange) from the airport. The subway ticket to get there? \$17 AUD, which is about \$12 USD. WTF? Twelve dollars to go *six stops*? Using a shitty subway system? Whereas the exact same distance in a hyper-expensive Asian city like Hong Kong or Singapore, using a top-notch subway system, would have cost me about \$1.70.

Arriving in Melbourne, I checked into my rented apartment. It's a beautiful apartment, but the air conditioning doesn't work. I'm a big man, raised in the Pacific Northwest. I get hot. I like my AC. I tell the guy who manages the building. He says he'll get right on it as the first thing in the morning.

The next morning comes and goes. Nothing. Coming back from my business appointment at about 5 pm, he texts me asking if the air conditioning guy can come by tomorrow. I tell him no, since that's when I'll be doing the Blackdragon Retreat. As of this writing I still have no AC in my apartment. It's not a big deal, but it's yet another symptom of Australia's lackadaisical attitude towards their infrastructure as compared to what I'm used to in America (which itself is light years behind urban Asia).

The West declines, the East rises. No worries mite.

5. Left wing as fuck. I know this is not news to most of you, but holy crap, Australia is left wing as hell. I don't watch much television in my normal life, but when I visit a new country I turn on various channels as I'm working or getting ready in the morning (or evening) to get a feel for the local culture.

And boy, did I get a feel for it! From the moment I turned on the TV I was assaulted with racial equality this and gender equality that and rich people don't pay enough taxes this and gay people that and god damn kill me now. Seriously, even the *business channels* are full of gender equality in business we need to protect the environment blah blah blah.

I knew Australia was a left-wing and socialist like the rest of the declining West, but man, they really don't hide it here at all. It's right out there for everyone to see. Which I guess is the way they like it. No worries, mite.

6. Sexual dynamics. As I talked about a few days ago, meeting and talking to many women here didn't indicate to me in any way that they were any bitchier, or had more ASD, or were more picky, or were more feminist than any typical American city, which in themselves are full of bitchy, feminist, high-ASD women. Once again, as I said a few days ago, these are Western conditions, not Australian ones. The entire West is moving this way, and moving this way fast, not just Australia.

I know plenty of normal-looking guys who get laid here and spoke to a few of them during my visit. I saw plenty of hot chicks with normal-looking men, both in Sydney and in Melbourne. I also used my eye-contact test, where I hold the eye contact of all the pretty girls I see as I walk around any time I visit a new country. Based on the complaining I've heard about Aussie women, I was expecting them to hold my gaze longer than American women. The Australian women didn't hold my eyes any stronger or more consistently than American women do.

At the Blackdragon Retreat, I asked the guys to raise their hands if they had sex with any *new* women in the last six months. Half the room raised their hands, and many guys not raising their hands were in mono-LTRs, so you can't even count those guys as "not raising hands." Of the men raising their hands, there was no correlation at all between the better-looking ones and the more average-looking ones. As a matter of fact, the oldest guy with his hand raised said, "Last night!"

I asked them about the internet rumor that "women are too feminist in Australia" or "betas can't get laid in Australia" or "older guys can't hook up with younger women in Australia." None of them agreed with it and had no idea what I was talking about (these were men from Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane). One Aussie there who had actually lived in England and the US said, "Women are like that everywhere, not just here."

Exactly.

One thing I did notice is that several women I talked to during my stay brought up the fact they had boyfriends almost immediately in the conversation, well before it was called for. Thatâs different. (*Ah HA! See BD??? Guys canât get laid here! I told you!* Dude, do you know how many women I have sex with who have boyfriends? Monogamy doesnât work. Stop pretending it does.)

Again, when I return with more time on my hands, Iâll have sex with a few of these women. (And as I said a few days ago, you Australia-bitchers will still complain.)

7. Wonderfully beautiful landscape. Australia is really beautiful. Green and lush, rolling landscapes, with water everywhere. Flying over the country, I saw some of the most beautiful vistas Iâve ever seen, and thatâs saying something, since I live in one of the most beautiful regions in the world. Itâs so nice that Iâve set a goal to visit the further interior of the continent on a future stay, both the forests and the desert. Tasmania too, which since watching the Willem Dafoe movie *The Hunter* Iâve always wanted to explore it. Perhaps on my future month-long Sydney trip.

The cities are also very clean, both physically and in terms of air quality. This was a nice change from the shitty air of Hong Kong and the sauna-like heat of Singapore.

Overall, I really like Australia. The relaxed atmosphere is nice (other than the substandard infrastructure and the socialism), the women are super hot (at least in Sydney), and the guys are chill and cool. Next year Iâm going to be back in Australia to do an entire battery of workshops, seminars, and in-person coaching in various cities. Canât wait to go back.

Next up, some well-earned vacation and relaxation time in Fiji...

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