

Ask Jimmy #1

Krauser PUA | 27 August, 2018 | by krauserpua

Most readers will be only dimly aware of *Rock Solid Game* founder [Jimmy Jambone](#) [1] who was my next-door neighbour at Chateau Hampstead. Those of you who've read *Balls Deep* and *A Deplorable Cad* will have a rather more fleshed-out image of the man [2]. He is perhaps best known in the modern London Daygame community by his nickname, "Krauser's Jimmy".

Memoir readers are well aware that for several years in my player's journey I'd encounter perplexing problems with girls and game. I'd get a text message I couldn't interpret, or get blocked on a date and not know why, or stumble in constructing a good DHV story. Whenever something in game confused me I had a simple go-to strategy to solve it:

Ask Jimmy.



Oh Mr. Jambone, what did you say?

It crossed my mind that perhaps my readers would like a similar opportunity. So with that in mind allow me to announce a new irregular feature on my blog [3] – **Ask Jimmy**. I've got the ball rolling by pitching him a few high-level game questions that he's written answers for that I'll post across several days. If you ask questions he fancies answering, this could go on quite a while. So without further ado lets get to it.

How do I differentiate myself from other day-gamers? Does other men stopping girls hurt my odds e.g. with same girls?

I remember back in 2010 people in the London game community were saying that game was becoming too well-known and the bars were full of pickup artists asking the same questions (to girls). They were probably right to some extent. Certain bars in London then were as populated with PUAs as Oxford Street is today. The saturation complaint has been consistently raised for as long as I've been around. First it was London bars that were saturated; then it was the London streets, now it's the European streets.

These days the London bars are all so loud that the only pickup I see being done is physical escalation. AKA: Filtering for sluts, drunks or girls that just happen to like you and are up for it, rather than working a girl's nature and ever changing social dynamics with finesse to get her to see you in a positive light. It's now just turning cards until you draw an ace.

We complained in 2010 about game imminently becoming too well known, then things developed and everyone moved on, got married and never thought about it again. The guys from 2010 aren't in the bars anymore. They're not the guys I see on the streets. It's all fresh faces. The girls of 2010 are by now in their 30s and even 40s. If they were complaining about pick up artists then, I seriously doubt they are now. I bet they think it's a fad that ended, if they think anything of it at all. They certainly don't realise they're simply no longer the target. Every year that goes by you get a new influx of girls who are suddenly old enough and to them it's all new. Guys drop out all the time for a variety of reasons. Eventually some guys get good, then they get what they want, then they drop out: removing some real competition from the market.

Much of the cohort of current players are fruits and losers. It was in 2010 too, believe me. This doesn't mean you're a fruit; there are tonnes of top lads in pickup too. You're probably a fruit though, statistically speaking.



A fruit salad, yesterday

When I see the dinks in the London bars trying to escalate skirt, it looks pathetic. I politely nod and smile,

but theyâ€¢re not pickup artists really. Theyâ€¢re just pussy beggars flipping lots of stones, calling themselves pickup artists. Some of them are even â€¢coachesâ€¢. Coaching what exactly? You can see stone flipping in any student union in any town all over the country. Flipping stones is just what lads do before they suss proper game. We reference it as 'that time before I knew gameâ€¢. Turn the music down for ten minutes and weâ€¢ll eat the stone flippers for breakfast, coaches and all.

I have no room to complain. I remember my uni days. My technique was to go into a bar with 5 to 10 friends and behave loudly and outrageously. After 20 minutes Iâ€¢d know the 3 to 5 girls whoâ€¢d been looking at me and Iâ€¢d just turn those stones. A crude method, which worked well, but we got ourselves into a lot of fights (not great if, like me, you canâ€¢t fight all that well), banned from a lot of bars and a few nights in the cells on several occasions. I was lucky to make my graduation; I had so much legal strife in my final year including a court case in a foreign country. But, hey, I was really well known for getting laid.

So if you want to differentiate yourself from other day gamers, or PUAs, **just be good and stick around**. Ride out the saturation, they all fuck off eventually and in two years itâ€¢s all new girls anyway. The good news is that â€¢goodâ€¢ doesnâ€¢t have to be that high a standard to be better than the rest. Donâ€¢t be creepy, donâ€¢t be deceitful. Just be confident, fresh and happy, and dress in clothes that fit and colours that go well together. After that, slowly but surely build up a bit of game and let the attrition rate work its magic.

Just donâ€¢t be a fruit. If you stop her to tell her she looks â€¢interestingâ€¢ and she starts to tell you about her university course, donâ€¢t ask her to â€¢tell you a secretâ€¢.

â€¢Iâ€¢m stopping you because, oh I donâ€¢t know, you just interest me in some way; you look like a little scientistâ€¢

â€¢Oh I am! My parents sacrificed all their lives and now I am the only girl ever to reach the final year at the Einstein schoo....â€¢

â€¢Cool. So theyâ€¢re the second best SHOES Iâ€¢ve seen this week [4]. Hahahaâ€¢

Try to get to know the girl and work out what her switches are. Nobody I have coached in the last few years is even close to doing anything like this. Itâ€¢s just not a philosophy thatâ€¢s out there anymore. Itâ€¢s all gambits and routines reeled off in any random order like theyâ€¢re supposed to be magic spells.

I donâ€¢t deny that in the early 2010s we had it cushy; we were the first to go to Europe and do this type of game. I remember the first time I went to Zagreb with Nick, he did the first stop of the trip and I remember thinking â€¢thatâ€¢s probably the first ever street stop in this city, the first of manyâ€¢. I even remember what the girl looked like. We were there for about eight days and we had the whole city to ourselves. Everywhere we went in Europe there were no day-gamers. Today itâ€¢s admittedly harder, thereâ€¢s more competition. Back then even Nick could get laid.

You may suffer on occasion the dreaded â€¢oh Iâ€¢ve been stopped three times already todayâ€¢, but for me this was never a big deal. Iâ€¢d just nod, ignore the comment and talk about something else, assuming that the other guys were probably pencil necks anyway. Maybe they were, maybe they werenâ€¢t, but we donâ€¢t care. We are absolutely convinced that our crew is the cool crew. If youâ€¢re not a fruit; then the chances are your crew is now the cool crew.

Every cloud has a silver lining, I am told. As it gets harder, people give up and before you know it, youâ€¢re the last of the few men standing. Youâ€¢re all trained up and on easy street. You may actually get laid at some point.

If you think Jimmy is someone worth asking, leave your question in the comments but please, try not to ask obvious bullshit. If you don't know who Jimmy is and thus whether he's worth asking, try reading about him in [Balls Deep](#) and [A Deplorable Cad](#). Or you could even try [his blog here](#).

[1] Consider yourself lucky

[2] He's also in the two *Death By A Thousand Sluts* books. So, four volumes of PUA memoir have him as a central character. Not bad going for a lazy layabout.

[3] If you know Jimmy you know why I'm not promising it as regular

[4] I am not saying this is a bad line; it's just a bad choice in this context.

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